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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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THE contemporaries of Boswell had a higher opinion of his abilities than prevails at present. Lord Buchan said 'he had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim.' Dr. Johnson, in his 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,' bore testimony to his 'acuteness and gaiety of conversation.' Sir William Forbes acknowledged that his 'talents were considerable,' and a writer, who was probably Isaac Reed, described him in the 'European Magazine' 'as a man of excellent natural parts, on which he had engrafted a great deal of knowledge.' His social powers were universally recognised. 'If general approbation,' Johnson wrote to him in 1778,* 'will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a person whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give.' The next year Johnson writes to him, 'The more you are seen the more you will be liked;' and, describing him to a lady, he said, 'Boswell is a man who I believe never left a house without leaving a wish for his return.' David Hume speaks of him in a letter as being 'very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad.' Burke doubted if he were fit to be a member of the Literary Club, but it was before they were acquainted, and when he was elected the great statesman was won over by an hilarity so abounding and spontaneous that he maintained it to be no more meritorious than to possess a good constitution. To Boswell's other qualities for enlivening a circle was joined a talent for mimicry, which was then in fashion among the wits of the metropolis, most of whom employed it, as he tells in his 'Life of Johnson,' to add piquancy to their anecdotes. In his boyhood he had imitated in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre the lowing of a cow with such success, that there was a general cry

in the gallery ‘*Encore the cow!*’ He attempted to vary the performance with very inferior effect, and Dr. Hugh Blair, who sat next him, whispered in his ear, ‘*Stick to the cow, mon!*’ His proficiency in the art increased with years, and in a trial of skill between himself and Garrick to see which could give the best personation of Johnson, he absolutely outdid the incomparable actor, who was famous for the faculty, in the conversational part, and was only surpassed by him in the inferior branch of taking off their friend’s method of reciting verse. Hannah More was the umpire. With the accuracy of distinction for which he was celebrated, Johnson has remarked that mimicry requires great powers, though it is to make a mean use of them—‘great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed.’ It is not a little singular that a work which has conferred an immortality upon Boswell far beyond what the most indulgent of his applauding friends would have supposed him capable of attaining, should be the very ground with posterity for questioning his abilities. That a dunce should have produced a biography which, by general confession, stands at the head of its own department of literature—a department so difficult that it can boast fewer masterpieces than any other species of composition—is without a parallel, and hardly conceivable. Imbecility and absurdity could not of themselves give birth to excellence. To exaggerate Boswell’s weaknesses was perhaps impossible, but the talents which mingled with them have sometimes been denied or underrated, and a paradoxical antithesis has been set up between the folly of the man and the greatness of his book. His reasoning faculties were, no doubt, small; he was childishly vain, and often silly in his conduct; all of which may be equally affirmed of Lord Nelson, and yet did not prevent the coexistence of genius. The ‘*Life of Johnson*’ is rendered in some degree more entertaining by the foibles of its author, but its plan and execution, everything which constitutes its enduring interest and value, are due to mind and skill, and not to the absence of these qualities.

Johnson asserted in 1773 that up to that period there had been no good biography of any literary man in England. ‘*Besides,*’ he said, ‘the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works.’ There were two things which he was confident he could do well—state what a book ought to be, and why it fell short of the conception. This must have been more particularly the case with biography, which was his favourite pursuit, and one upon which he had reflected

flected much. Yet before he had uttered the observation which embodied his scheme Boswell had framed a far superior plan, and his correspondence is evidence, if any evidence could be required, that his work was original by design, and not by chance. 'I am absolutely certain,' he writes to his friend Temple, 'that my mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has yet appeared.' Several persons had reported the conversations of eminent writers, many had given collections of letters to the world, but nobody before Boswell had framed a distinct idea of combining them into a life-like portrait; of reproducing departed greatness upon paper; of depicting habits, talk, manners, disposition, and appearance, with the fulness and exactness of reality. Biography had been cultivated by the ancients as well as the moderns; and after hundreds had tried their hands upon it for centuries, it was no small intellectual distinction to be the first to perceive its true compass and capabilities. Neither was it a mere mechanical task to fill up the outline. Boswell was not very witty, nor very wise, but he had an exquisite appreciation of wit and wisdom. He avows again and again that he only recorded portions of what he heard, and the internal evidence would prove of itself, without his assertion, that he winnowed his matter. No wholesale and servile report could possess the vigour and raciness of his selections. In one or two instances others have retailed the same conversations as himself at more than treble the length, and with not a tithe of the spirit. His tact is the more remarkable, that he carefully treasured up trifles, when, to use his own words, 'they were amusing and characteristic,' and it is seldom in these cases that his judgment is at fault. Fitzherbert said that it was not every man who could carry a *bon mot*, and probably no man carries witticisms correctly, who has not himself a full comprehension of their point. Boswell carried repartees, maxims, and arguments with accuracy, because he felt their force, and throughout his work details them in a manner which shows the keenness of his relish. To follow the hum of conversation with so much intelligence, and amid the confused medley to distinguish what was worthy to be preserved, required unusual quickness of apprehension, and cannot be reconciled to the notion that he was simply endowed with strength of memory. His sharp eye for manners and motives taught him in addition to preserve the dramatic vitality of his scenes. 'The incidental observations,'

says Mr. Croker, 'with which he explains or enlivens* the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, we see them.'

His perception, again, of character was acute. His portraits not only of Johnson, but of the society grouped around his central figure, are marked by the nicest lines of individuality. Goldsmith, Garrick, Beauclerk, and Dr. Taylor, are drawn with a vividness which could hardly be eclipsed, and, what is the perfection of the art, the result is produced by half-a-dozen easy strokes. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to single out the precise traits which were peculiar to each person, and whoever tries to imitate him will learn to respect the felicitous touches of his discriminating pen. 'Few people,' said Johnson, 'who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The chaplain of Bishop Pearce, whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his Lordship, could tell me scarcely anything.' He wanted in his early days of authorship to give a *Life of Dryden*, and applied for materials to Swinney and Colley Cibber, the only two persons then alive who had seen him. Swinney had nothing to relate of so famous a personage, except that at Will's coffee-house he had a chair by the fire in winter, when it was called his winter chair, and that it was set in the balcony in summer, when it was called his summer chair. Cibber asserted that he was as well acquainted with him as if he had been his own brother, and could tell a thousand anecdotes of him, but his reminiscences were summed up in the barren announcement 'that he recollected him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' In the latter case Johnson thought that the poverty of the information was partly explained by the little intimacy which Dryden was likely to have permitted to Cibber, in spite of his boasted familiarity. 'He had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other.' Derrick was sent to Dryden's relations with no better result. 'I believe,' said Johnson, 'he got all that I should have got myself, but it was nothing.' In the '*Rambler*' he states that there are not many who can describe a living acquaintance except by his grosser peculiarities. Swinney, Cibber, and his own relations could not describe the great poet at all. Notwithstanding the immense advantage of having the masterly model of Boswell to work by, the *Lives* which have appeared since his time have not tended to weaken the opinion expressed by Johnson of the extreme difficulty of the art of biographical portraiture. With rare exceptions the authors have neither known what to tell, nor what to leave untold.

The

The value of Boswell's graphic narrative is vastly increased by the minute fidelity of the representation. Sir Joshua Reynolds observed of the veracious Johnson, that, admirable as he was in sketching characters, he obtained distinctness at the expense of perfect accuracy, and assigned to people more than they really had, whether of good or bad; but to Boswell's book the great painter gave the remarkable testimony, that every word of it might be depended upon as if delivered upon oath. Though many persons, when it appeared, were displeased with the way in which they themselves were exhibited, no one accused him of serious misrepresentation, or of sacrificing truth to effect. He never heightened a scene, exaggerated a feature, improved a story, or polished a conversation. His veneration for his hero could not entice him into smoothing down his asperities. Hannah More begged that he might be drawn less rudely than life. 'I will not cut off his claws,' Boswell roughly replied, 'nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody.'

When it was asserted in Johnson's presence that the 'life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining,' Johnson replied 'that this was a remark which had been made and repeated without justice.' He had previously written a paper in the 'Idler' to disprove the opinion by argument, and had since done much in his 'Lives of the Poets' to disprove it by example. He affirmed in conversation that no mode of existence had more interesting variety, and in his essay he pointed out that, besides partaking of the common condition of humanity, a writer was exposed to many vicissitudes which were peculiar to his craft. He argued that the life of a literary man might be very entertaining as a *literary* life, and that, as the 'gradations of a general's career were from battle to battle, those of an author's were from book to book.' Boswell has added to his other distinctions that he has even gone beyond the position of his hero, and has demonstrated that the history of a literary man may not only be as entertaining as any other, but may be 'without exception the most entertaining book ever read.' This is his own judgment of his 'Life of Johnson,' and posterity has confirmed the verdict. The wit, the wisdom, the anecdote, the talk of famous men and the talk about them, the strangeness and vivacity of the incidents, the singularity and eminence of the characters, the whole of a grand scene in a great period, revealed, as it were, both to the eye and ear, combine to render his book the most fascinating and instructive that ever issued from the press.

The 'Letters of Boswell,' which have recently appeared, exhibit him rather in his weakness than his strength. Many of them ought never to have seen the light, and they have been
edited

edited with a flippancy and a bad taste which are far too glaring to need exposure. The contradictory elements of which Boswell's character was compounded come out more strongly if possible in his private correspondence than in the works he gave to the world. The pride of ancient blood, he said in his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' was his predominant passion, and he tells Temple that his grand object in life is the family of Auchinleck. The importance he attached to his station was no doubt extravagant, and often broke out in a childish fashion, as, when some spurious lines by 'Mr. Boswell' appeared in an obscure paper called the 'Oracle,' he went to the editor and got him to promise to mention 'handsomely' that they were not by *James Boswell, Esq.* But his respect for the aristocracy of rank was swallowed up in his veneration for the aristocracy of genius. 'I have the happiness,' he wrote to Lord Chatham, 'of being capable to contemplate with supreme delight those distinguished spirits by which God is sometimes pleased to honour humanity.' To these he attached himself with a fervour which no ridicule could abate, and he is immortal through his devotion to the plebeian Johnson, who declared, 'I have great merit in being zealous for the honours of birth, for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather.' The narrow-minded old judge who really believed that a knowledge of the technicalities of law was a higher acquisition than any literary attainment, and that to be Laird of Auchinleck was a loftier distinction than to be a Johnson or a Burke, upbraided his son 'for going over Scotland with a brute.' The son who, in spite of his own assertion, had a far more predominant passion than pride of blood, exclaimed, when relating the circumstance, 'Think how shockingly erroneous!' He had equal enthusiasm for General Paoli; and when he brought both his idols together, and acted as interpreter between them, he happily compared himself to an isthmus connecting two great continents. He did not, however, in his zeal for Corsica and its hero, commit the often quoted absurdity of parading himself at the Stratford Jubilee with the label 'Corsica Boswell' on his hat. Davies, who is the sole authority for the assertion, withdrew it when better informed, and substituted a version which agrees with that which was given at the time in the 'London Magazine.' The struggles of Corsica for independence had roused popular sympathy in England. Boswell's account of the island and people had been recently published, and generally applauded; and in the midst of the attention which he himself had largely contributed to attract to the cause, he went to the Stratford *masquerade*, where everybody appeared in a fancy dress, habited as a Corsican chief. The true inscription embroidered upon

upon his cap was *Viva la Liberta*, which referred to the character he personated. In this there was nothing preposterous, nor was it considered in the least inappropriate by his brother masqueraders. He was guilty, however, of the folly of putting on the Corsican costume when he called on Mr. Pitt to present a letter from Paoli. The great commoner, said Lord Buchan, who was present, 'smiled, but received him very graciously in his pompous manner.' A little later he wrote to the stately minister, now become Lord Chatham, and told him that he could labour hard, that he felt himself coming forward, and that he hoped to be useful to his country, adding, 'Could your Lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter?' His friend Malone mentions among his qualities that he was an excellent judge of human nature, but, as frequently happens, self-conceit and self-interest would not permit him to apply to his own conduct the penetration which he displayed in his observation of others. He told Johnson that his father contrived to amuse himself with 'very small matters.' 'I have tried this,' he went on, 'but it would not do with *me*.' JOHNSON (laughing)—'No, sir: it must be born with a man to be contented to take up with little things.' What Boswell supposed Johnson to have laughed at is impossible to be conjectured, but the same importance which led him to fancy that his vanities and frivolities were the reverse of little would not allow him to perceive that the laugh was at *him*.

The ardour of Boswell's admiration for the products of intellect was sometimes displayed in curious ways. In a fit of melancholy he was distressed to think that in a new state of being the poetry of Shakespeare would not exist. A lady relieved him by saying, 'The first thing you will meet with in the next world will be an elegant copy of Shakespeare's works presented to you.' He repeated this to Johnson, and relates that the sage smiled benignantly, and did not appear to disapprove of the notion. In the case of any other person Boswell, as in the former instance, would have given a truer interpretation to a smile which was elicited by the gross absurdity of the supposition. Mr. Croker has put the circumstance into his index under the head of 'Worldly-mindedness, singular instance of,' and it may be questioned whether a second person ever existed who was tormented by the idea that no felicity could be perfect without a Shakespeare, or who would instantly have admitted into his religious creed the suggestion that he would meet with an 'elegant copy' beyond the grave. Impious men may have talked such language in profane levity; Boswell alone could have adopted it in solemn seriousness.

In his determination to obtain the acquaintance of eminent persons he was often led to be forward and intrusive. He talked of going to Sweden with Johnson, and expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the King. 'I doubt, sir,' said Johnson, 'if he would speak to us.' 'I am sure,' subjoined Colonel Macleod, 'Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*.' This leads Boswell to offer 'a short defence of his propensity,' which 'he hoped did not deserve so hard a name as impudence,' which 'had procured him much happiness,' and which he thought must be excusable if it was praiseworthy to seek knowledge in defiance of any other description of difficulty. But there is the obvious difference that the laborious student involves no one except himself. His book cannot be disgusted by his advances, or mortify him by repulsing them. The strange mixture of jarring qualities is here again apparent. However Boswell might lower himself by forcing his way into company where he was unwelcome, the homage he showed to genius was rarely debased by any tincture of sycophancy. His worship of Johnson could not win him to acquiesce in many of the favourite opinions of his oracle. He differed stoutly upon the question of American Taxation, and his more catholic tastes would not permit him to be unjust to the novels of Fielding, the poetry of Gray, and the acting of Garrick. His was the independent, honest admiration of what was truly admirable. He simply paid to the living author the respect which posterity admits to be due to the name, works, and conversation of Johnson. As he said himself, 'It is a noble attachment, for the attractions are genius, learning, and piety.' Even the sarcasm and vehemence of the master, before which most people quailed, could not awe the pupil into a seeming compliance. Notwithstanding that in his argumentative contests with his friend he was little better than an untrained stripling in the hands of a brawny and dexterous prize-fighter, he continued as long as he was able to return blow for blow, was always ready to re-enter the ring where he had so often been mauled, and, in spite of ingenious sophistry and witty repartee, occasionally gained an advantage over his formidable opponent.

If Boswell's traditional respect for hereditary rank was overborne by his intenser admiration for self-raised genius, his abstract notions of dignity were equally contradicted by his native sociality of disposition. He calls himself to Temple 'the proud Boswell,' and talks of his 'Spanish stateliness of manner.' One of his resolutions of amendment when the publication of his *Account of Corsica* should have given him a character to support was 'to be grave and reserved.' But nature was stronger than artifice. 'You are a philosopher,' said Mr. Edwards, an old fellow-

fellow-collegian, to Dr. Johnson; 'I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher, but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' Boswell relates that Burke, Reynolds, and all the eminent persons to whom he repeated this remark thought it an exquisite trait of character that simple Mr. Edwards should so ludicrously mistake the nature of philosophy, and should labour in vain to get rid of a blessing and set up melancholy in its stead. Yet the biographer who joined in the smile did the same thing when he fruitlessly endeavoured to supplant geniality by haughtiness, a virtue by a vice, and in spite of his efforts to be distant and self-important good-humour and good-fellowship were 'always breaking in.' He would have learnt to value his native disposition if the conclusive observation of Baxter had ever occurred to his mind, that, howsoever proud a man may be himself, he always loves humility in others. Vanity, indeed, Boswell retained in abundance, but it was familiar and not stately, intrusive and not reserved, inviting liberties rather than repelling advances. He shared for a short time a set of chambers in London with a younger brother of his friend Temple, a half-pay lieutenant. He lamented to the elder Temple that he had unluckily allowed his fellow-lodger to be too free with him, and owned he was hurt to be upon an equality with the military stripling. His own age was but twenty-three. He soon apparently abandoned a struggle in which he was always defeated. 'He was generally liked,' Lord Stowell told Mr. Croker, 'as a good-natured, jolly fellow;' but to the inquiry, 'Was he respected?' Lord Stowell replied, 'Why, I think he had about that proportion of respect you might guess would be shown to a jolly fellow.' Stiffness would have been torture to a man of his animal spirits and convivial temperament. His reason for liking the society of players and soldiers was because they surpassed all others 'in animation and relish of existence.' 'His eye' is said by the writer in the 'European Magazine' 'to have glistened, and his countenance to have lighted up, when he saw the human face divine.' This social propensity, which broke in an instant through the chilling reserve habitual to Englishmen, put strangers immediately at ease with him. 'No man,' he tells Temple, 'has been more successful in making acquaintances than I have been; I even bring people on quickly to a degree of cordiality.' But, with his usual *naïveté*, he mistook the cause of his success, and instead of perceiving that his own frankness and cordiality kindled heartiness in others, he seemed to fancy that it sprung up spontaneously towards himself from some indefinable fascination of appearance. After relating that in a journey to Scotland an agreeable young widow in the coach
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nursed his lame foot on her knee, he triumphantly subjoins, 'Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favour?' His chief defect as a companion was, as he acknowledges, that he talked at random, and in the exuberance of his spirits sometimes talked too much. 'Boswell shall talk to you,' was one of the inflictions with which Beauclerk playfully threatened Lord Charlemont.

For the principles of mankind to be better than their practice is far too frequent an inconsistency to be particularly characteristic; but even this common contradiction becomes noticeable in Boswell from the excess to which he carried it. In his opinions he was religious and moral, in his conduct a libertine and a drunkard. In acknowledging to Temple, at the age of twenty-six, some of his licentious proceedings, he adds, 'You may depend upon it that very soon my follies will be at an end, and I shall turn out an admirable member of society.' A little later and he fixes a period when what he calls 'his perfection' is to commence. The period arrives, and he confesses that 'he has been as wild as ever,' but declares that, 'if there is any firmness at all in him, he will never again behave in a manner so unworthy the friend of Paoli.' This protestation was succeeded by more relapses, and more futile promises of perfection. His appetites to the last continued to get the better of his virtue. His love of wine increased with years, and he died prematurely at the age of fifty-five from the effects of dissipation. Besides his general turn for conviviality, he had recourse to the bottle to drive away care; for, like most joyous men, he was liable to corresponding periods of depression. One of his latest dreads was lest he should be carried off in a fit of intoxication. In the midst of these excesses he never ceased to bewail his offences, and to acknowledge how much they degraded him. His reverence for religion is frequently manifested in his 'Life of Johnson,' and his 'Letters' contain an instance of his respect for it which would hardly have been looked for in a person so lax in his habits. A Mr. Nicholls, who from various circumstances appears to have been the person known as the friend of the poet Gray,* related at Boswell's house, that when he presented himself for

* Boswell speaks of Nicholls as exhibiting 'a foppery unbecoming in a clergyman.' Foppery was one of the littlenesses of Gray; and his friends appear in this respect to have resembled him. In a letter from an unknown correspondent of Temple, and which, though printed with the initials N. N. R., would, we suspect, turn out upon investigation to have come from this same Norton Nicholls, an observation of Dr. Robertson, the historian, is reported, 'that when he saw Mr. Gray in Scotland he gave him the idea of a person who meant to pass for a very fine gentleman.' Dr. Robertson himself is described as 'a nervous man, who talks broad Scotch.'

ordination to Archbishop Drummond, and was asked what divinity he had read, he answered, 'None at all;' that the archbishop replied he would send him to a clergyman who would examine him *properly*—implying that his examination would be a farce; that the clergyman set him to write upon the necessity of a Mediator, and that, hardly understanding what was meant, he scribbled 'some strange stuff as fast as he would do a card to a lady.' He repeated the incident with profane levity, avowing himself to be perfidious to the Archbishop if the story was true, and a calumniator if, as Boswell believed, it was false—

'And if he lies not must at least betray.'

In either case he was a traitor to the flock whom he professed to guide, a hypocrite, and a cheat. The man whose life is a standing fraud upon the most important of all subjects can never be believed upon any. A second infidel was present at the conversation, and Boswell confined himself to looking rebuke, because, he said, 'If I had argued upon the impropriety of the story, the matter would have been made worse, while they were two to one.' But he declared he would never again admit Nicholls into his house, and twice called upon him to remonstrate without being able to meet with him till he was stepping into his chaise to go southwards. 'Perhaps,' he adds, 'it was as well that I did not see him. You know I speak pretty strongly.' Boswell to be sure kept company with David Hume, telling him, however, that he was not clear that it was right, and excusing himself upon the ground that his infidel friend was much better than his books. The historian at any rate was not guilty of shocking the ears of his believing associates with impieties which proved the dishonesty of the man, without any reference to the credibility of the faith of the Christian.

The errors, foibles, and inconsistencies of Boswell appear doubly glaring from his habit of blazoning them. He one day mentioned to Johnson that he was 'occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness.' 'Why, sir,' replied Johnson, 'so am I. *But I do not tell it.*' This Boswell relates to illustrate his assertion that the extraordinary liberality of his hero was combined with 'a propensity to paltry saving,' instead of perceiving that it was meant to rebuke his own inconsiderate loquacity.*

* Among the miscellaneous observations of Johnson which Boswell has preserved there is one which was evidently directed against the biographer in person. 'A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time; but they will be remembered and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion.' The Duke of Wellington used to say that no one was ever the better for advice. Boswell assuredly was not an exception to the rule.

As Swift says, some grains of folly are part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us whether we please to wear them embossed or inlaid, and it was Boswell's choice to wear his embossed. He extenuated Goldsmith's envy by the plea that he frankly owned it upon all occasions. Johnson maintained that it was an aggravation of the charge; 'for what,' he said, 'a man avows he is not ashamed to think.' This, which is true of most people, is only a partial explanation of the singular candour of Boswell, who related the things which he acknowledged to be to his discredit with unparalleled openness. But Johnson's assertion is to a great extent applicable to the ostentatious conceit of his biographer, who was far too vain to blush at the ebullitions of his vanity. He plainly thought that 'pride should be its own glass, its own trumpet, its own chronicle,' and he would never have assented to the remainder of Agamemnon's reflection, that 'whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.' His confident creed upon this point could alone have induced him to publish the reprimand he received from Johnson 'for applauding himself too frequently in company.' 'You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him—"Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No, sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the *great* Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron."' Not in the least abashed by the comparison, Boswell is careful to add to the ridicule by explaining in a note that 'what the great Twalmley was so proud of having invented was a species of box-iron for smoothing linen.' In the entertaining extracts from one of his manuscripts, which Mr. Milnes edited for the Philobiblon Society, we find him recording that his friend Temple interrupted his boastful talk with the retort—"We have heard of many kinds of hobby-horses, but, Boswell, you ride upon yourself." The poignancy of the truth was even with him a temptation to preserve it. His love of a good saying made him treasure it up, although directed against himself. As he exposed in the works he published the thrusts he had received from Johnson as carefully as Antony exhibited the stabs in the mantle of Cæsar, so he perpetuates in his notebook the wounds inflicted by inferior hands. He tells that he once complained of dullness in the presence of Lord Kames, who replied, 'Yes, yes; Homer sometimes nods;' and upon his childishy construing the remark into a serious compliment, and being elated by the comparison, the old Judge, to sober him, added, 'Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer.'

Homer.' What he conceived to be the felicity of the image must have been his motive for setting down, undeterred by the rebuke of Temple, a vainglorious speech, when expressing his regret that the King had not promoted him. 'I am already the statue; it is only the pedestal that is wanting.' But he did not need the provocation of a pointed sentence to entice him into proclaiming his own merits. He imputes it to 'some unhappy turn in the disposition' of his father—a man, he says, of sense and worth—that he was dissatisfied with his heir; and asks Temple if *he* would not feel a glow of parental joy in the possession of such a son?—Temple, to whom he was for ever confessing vices and weaknesses of the most debasing kind. At the mature age of fifty he had still the assurance to write to his friend—'It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his administration a man of my popular and pleasing talents.' Yet, however much he may have overrated himself in the aggregate, it is surprising how justly he judged his qualities in detail. When he warns Temple, on one occasion, against indulging in ambition, by reminding him that they had once expected to be the greatest men of their age, and exclaims, on another occasion, 'how inconsiderable we are in comparison with what we hoped we should be,' he assigns their failure to its true cause, 'their want of solidity and force of understanding.' He exhorts the same friend to give over puzzling himself with political speculations, as being above his compass; for 'neither of us,' he says, 'are fit for that sort of mental labour.' In repeating Johnson's compliment to him, 'that he did not talk from books,' he adds that he was 'afraid that he had not read books enough to be able to talk from them.' He dined at the Fellows' table when he carried his son to Eton, and, fitting his conversation to his company, had 'his classical quotations very ready;' but instead of vaunting his scholarship, confesses that the creditable part he contrived to keep up was due to 'the art of making the most of what he had.' He speaks of the pleasures of knowledge, and conceives they must be great to truly learned men, because 'he who knew so little' has experienced them. 'The ambition which,' he says, 'had ever raged in his veins like a fever,' made him indulge in dreams of a brilliant reputation in Westminster Hall; but while he fostered the idea, he called it 'a delusion,' and expressed his belief that, if practice came, his want of acquaintance with the forms and technicalities of law would lead him 'to expose himself.' According to an anecdote related by Lord Eldon, he signally verified his own prophecy. At a Lancaster assizes he was found lying drunk upon the pavement, and the wags of the bar drew up a brief, which they sent with a guinea fee, instructing him to
move

move for what they denominated the writ of *Quare adhæsit pavimento*. The judge was astounded, the bar laughed, and an *amicus curiæ* explained that it was the mover for the writ who, the night before, had adhered to the pavement. But it appears to us that the credulity which could credit the story must be at least as great as that which it imputed to Boswell. Nor, though Lord Eldon represents himself to have been among the actors in the scene, is the authority sufficient to countervail the inherent improbability of the incident. Many of his anecdotes were written in advanced age, at the request of his grandson, when the boundary which separates memory from imagination was broken down. Some of them are known to be exceedingly inaccurate, and we have little doubt that, as constantly happens at his time of life, he had confounded things talked of with things done.* Whatever may have been Boswell's forensic foolery, the learned lawyers who made him the subject of their practical jokes could not have had a clearer perception than he himself displays in his letters that his talents were all of the lighter kind. Once, when mentioning that his second son 'had much of his father,' he subjoins the almost pathetic comment—'Vanity of vanities!' He carried his self-knowledge further still, and spoke as of an admitted fact of the 'strong degree of madness in his composition.' He wished the circumstance to be intimated to a lady with whom he was in love as an excuse for his irregularities, and with the intention of reconciling her to them. The very notion that he would advance his suit by proving himself to be

* An instance of this common failing, and one of which he himself was the object, is mentioned by Boswell. An erroneous account of his first introduction to Johnson was published by Arthur Murphy, who asserted that he witnessed it. Boswell appealed to his own strong recollection of so memorable an occasion, and to the narrative he entered in his Journal at the time, to show that Murphy's account was quite inaccurate, and that he was *not* present at the scene. This Murphy did not venture to contradict. As Boswell suggested, he had doubtless heard the circumstances repeated till at the end of thirty years he had come to fancy that he was an actor in them. His good faith was unquestionable, and that he should have been so deluded is a memorable example of the fallibility of testimony, and of the extreme difficulty of arriving at the truth. Another story respecting Boswell in Lord Eldon's anecdote-book is an evident exaggeration. He represents Boswell as calling upon him at his chambers to ask his definition of *taste*. He refused to give an answer which he was sure would be published by his interrogator; but Boswell, he says, continued calling *frequently* to importune him on the subject. The importunity of Boswell would be credible enough, if the topic had been less strange, or even if the person to whom he applied had been Burke, Thurlow, or Reynolds. That, in spite of repeated refusals, he should have gone again and again on such an errand to Sir John Scott, who had paid no attention to matters of the kind, who made no pretension to literary or artistic connoisseurship, and whose mode of speaking and writing was peculiarly wanting in all the graces of composition, is far less likely than that this consummate lawyer in the decline of his faculties should have had a confused recollection of the transactions of his earlier days.

a madman showed that he was mad. There were others besides David Hume who concurred in the idea that his extravagances were not wholly free from insanity. 'The earth,' wrote John Wilkes, during a drought which occurred coterminously with the publication of the 'Life of Johnson,' 'is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places as he certainly is in one.'

There is scarce a frailty in Boswell but is found in combination with some virtue which rarely unites with it. Dr. Johnson has remarked in 'The Adventurer' that perhaps the commonest of all lies are lies of vanity. Boswell was among the vainest men that ever existed, and he was also among the most veracious. He neither invented circumstances to add to his credit, nor, as we have already remarked, concealed the facts which inflicted humiliation. He offered to a young lady, and told her, in pleading his cause, that it was a circumstance in his favour that she liked his family seat. 'I wish,' she replied, 'I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.' Such rebuffs are detailed with the same frankness that he repeated a compliment. He cringed to Lord Lonsdale in the hope of being put into Parliament, and when his claims were rejected with disdain, and he suffered pangs from mortified pride and a sense of abasement endured in vain, he reveals his fault and his punishment to Temple with the openness that he would have related his triumphant election. Amid his many weaknesses, it should never be forgotten that he was truth itself.

As his vanity did not taint his veracity, so neither did his ambition generate envy. His passion for distinction, and the feeling often expressed till success at the close of his days attended his 'Life of Johnson,' that his career had been a failure, never rendered him jealous of those who had outstripped him in the race, or unjust to their merits. 'Often,' he wrote, 'do I upbraid and look down upon myself when I view my own inferiority, and think how much many others, and amongst them you, Temple, are above me.' He had a generous appreciation of excellence wherever it was to be found; and though it has been sometimes alleged that he was hostile to Goldsmith, the charge, we think, proceeds upon the erroneous assumption that he has represented him unfairly. He has paid no grudging tribute to what was admirable in him, and his account of his weaknesses is confirmed by such a phalanx of testimony that we must reject historical evidence altogether if we are to refuse to believe that the Irishman, whose writings would charm us into the conviction that he was a model of graceful manners, elegant conversation, and upright conduct, was, with all his genius and virtues, awkward, envious, conceited, and dissolute.

With

With his wonted complacency, Boswell enters in his note-book that M. d'Ankerville said of him 'that he was the man of genius who had the best heart he had ever known.' 'In general,' observed the flattering Frenchman, 'the brain consumes the heart,' and he instanced Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. Whatever may be thought of the genius, Boswell's letters attest the assertion of Sir William Forbes, that his warmth of feeling was very great. Johnson applied to Garrick the Greek saying—'He that has *friends* has no *friend*;' adding, 'He was so diffused he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself.' Boswell, in his passion for society, and his rage for knowing everybody, was more diffused than even Garrick, but on this head, as on so many others, he blended qualities which seldom coalesce, and had both friends and a friend. It is true he in one place intimates that his attachments were not durable, and, with the combined candour and vanity which were so eminently characteristic of him, he compared himself 'to a taper which can light up a lasting fire, though itself is soon extinguished.' But his inconstancy was of the kind which is inevitable with men whose social leanings are strong. He was hurried away by first impressions, and must often have found that faults which were hidden from superficial observation became apparent on a closer acquaintance. His select alliances were not less lasting because he had brief likings where colder minds would have remained apathetic. If his friendship survived the test of knowledge, it does not appear that he ever tired. His worship of Johnson rather increased than diminished, and he continued to cling to Paoli when the Corsican patriot had ceased to be a notoriety.

During the extreme depression which hung over him throughout his closing years, his spirits were still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was wont to be esteemed the happiest man in the world, nearly as low as himself. The great painter, blind in one eye and in danger of losing the other, was debarred the use of his pencil, and was now brooding over the dismal apprehension of being compelled to lay it aside for ever. Boswell left the gayer scenes to which he fled for the dissipation of his own worse distress, to cheer with simulated vivacity the despondency of the friend to whose hospitality he was indebted for so many memorable acquaintances and brilliant hours. 'I force myself,' he writes, 'to be a great deal with him, to do what is in my power to amuse him.' This single sentence speaks volumes for the tender and thoughtful constancy of him who penned it.

The correspondence with Temple, which extends from Boswell's boyhood to his death, is marked throughout by unlimited confidence

confidence and undiminished regard. The tone is that of hearty and often of fervid friendship. In his youth his father opposed his entering the army, and Temple volunteered the loan of a thousand pounds, which was not accepted, to buy a commission in the Guards. Years afterwards Boswell referred to this proffered generosity in the language of glowing gratitude, and as establishing a claim for any assistance he could render. 'Your kindness,' he says, in answer to some consolatory words addressed to him in the latter part of his life, 'fairly makes me shed tears.' He attempted to write from his death-bed to this valued confidant, and, his strength failing him after the first line, he dictated the remainder, concluding with the words, 'I ever am your old and affectionate friend here, and I trust hereafter.' Once again, in the midst of his sufferings, which were acute, he set his son to communicate with Temple. 'His affection for you,' says the brief note, 'remains the same.' Apparently the dying man retained him in his heart to the last conscious beat. 'We have both lost a kind, affectionate friend,' wrote Boswell's brother, when announcing that all was over, 'I shall never have such another.'

Boswell appears in his usual motley colours in his domestic relations, and warmth of heart is curiously combined with unfeeling conduct. 'You say well,' he wrote to Temple at twenty-seven, 'that I find mistresses wherever I am.' He had not only a rapid succession of charmers, but sometimes two or three together, and inclined to give the preference now to one, and now to another. The facility with which he transferred his adoration promised ill for the permanence of his allegiance when his choice was fixed, nor either before marriage or after did his affection long restrain his profligate propensities. He relates how, when he went to Auchinleck to soothe his wife during her sickness, he deserted her to get intoxicated at the house of his neighbours, or invited his boon companions to get drunk with him at his own. He confesses with contrition that often and often when she was ill in London he sallied out to indulge in festivities, and came back the worse for wine at unseasonable hours to disturb her repose. Yet although, with these proofs of his ill-behaviour, we cannot accept his assertion 'that no one ever had a higher esteem, or a warmer love for a wife,' it is certain that his fondness was far more fervent than is frequent among more considerate men. He loved Mrs. Boswell, but he loved dissipation also, and was much too weak to sacrifice the bad passion to the good. Hence he exhibits the anomaly of a husband at once faithless and doting—kind in intention, and constantly cruel in act. His affectionate nature broke out when his first-born son died immediately

after his birth. This, which to many persons would have been only a disappointment, was a sorrow to him. Temple, who wanted the instincts to comprehend the distress, endeavoured to console him by representing that affection was irrational where there was no knowledge of qualities to endear. Boswell answered that it was a question of feeling and not of reason, and that it was vain to argue against emotions which he had experienced to be real. He justified his tenderness by the example of Adam Ferguson, the author of the 'Essay on Civil Society,' who had been accustomed to maintain that till a child was four years old he was no better than a cabbage. The theorist became a parent, the infant died almost as soon as born, and he was plunged into grief. The stoicism of philosophy is only heard by those in whom nature is silent. But it was the loss of his wife which showed the duration of Boswell's affection in its strength. Judging from the previous indications afforded by his career, we should have expected that the house of mourning would have been quickly forgotten in the house of feasting, and that new attachments would soon have obliterated the old in his supple heart. The miserable depression, on the contrary, into which he was cast by her death in 1789 continued, with rare intermissions, throughout the whole of the six years he survived her. His letters abound in piteous groans of anguish. The merriment which had heretofore flowed from an elastic mind, was now the laboured effort to relieve a despondent spirit. 'I walk upon the earth,' he says in one letter, 'with inward discontent, though I may appear the most cheerful man you meet.' 'I go into jovial scenes,' he says in another, 'but feel no pleasure in existence except the mere gratification of the senses. Oh! my friend, this is sad.' It is upon this sad scene of hopeless dejection, aggravated by the attempted alleviations of debauchery, that the curtain finally falls, and leaves upon the mind the strangely mixed impression of amiable qualities marred by sensual indulgence, of talents rendered ridiculous by vanity and indiscretion, of truth and candour deprived of half their moral dignity by indiscriminate loquacity, and turned against their possessor through the many infirmities with which they were allied.

'There are few people,' said Dr. Johnson to his future biographer shortly after they first met, 'to whom I take so much as to you.' The partiality which he conceived at the outset deepened with increased familiarity, and in 1773, when their intimacy had lasted for ten years, he wrote to Boswell, 'Think only, when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him.' In 1777 he said to him in conversation, 'My regard for you is almost greater than I have
words

words to express,' and a twelvemonth later he reiterates in a letter 'that he very highly esteemed, and very cordially loved him.' The sarcasms which he sometimes aimed at his worshipper in conversation take nothing from the weight of his deliberate commendation. In the fervour of colloquial contest he spared, as his biographer states, and as the 'Life' evidences, 'neither sex nor age.' Once, when Boswell was lamenting that he had not been a contemporary of Pope, Johnson is reported to have burst forth with, 'Sir, he is in the right, for, perhaps, he has lost the opportunity of having his name immortalized in the "Dunciad."' On another occasion Boswell asked if a man might not be allowed to drink wine to drive away care, and enable him to forget what was disagreeable. 'Yes, sir,' replied Johnson, 'if he sat next *you*.' On a third occasion the company were talking how to get Mr. Langton out of London, where he was dissipating his fortune, and Boswell proposed that his friends should quarrel with him in order to drive him away. 'Nay, sir,' Johnson joined in, 'we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.' But his sarcasms were the sallies of the minute, produced by a passing provocation, as in the last of these instances the dictator confessed that he had spoken in anger to take revenge for some observations of Boswell during a discussion upon the Americans. The stroke is felt by him who receives when it is forgotten by him who gives it, and Johnson, who intended his antagonist to reel under the blow, always appeared surprised that he should smart from the bruise. 'Poh, poh,' he said to his biographer, when complaining of one of his retorts, 'never mind these things.' Except in the momentary heat of debate he never once varied from his panegyric language, and, when coupled with the general popularity of Boswell, it may be taken for an evidence that his better qualities were most conspicuous to those who knew him, as his worse assume the greatest prominence now that they are no longer modified by the presence of that heartiness, vivacity, and good humour, which, to be felt, must have been known. But there were especial reasons why he should win upon Johnson. The literary monarch could not be insensible to the exuberant homage of the most devoted of his subjects. The perpetual liveliness, again, of Boswell, and his intense enjoyment of existence, were more than ordinarily attractive to a man whose principal effort in life was to drive away the gloom which clouded his mind. With this view, as he tells in the sketch of himself in the 'Idler,' under the name of Sober, his chief pleasure was conversation, and a tavern chair the throne of human felicity. 'There,' he said, 'I experience an oblivion from care; I dog-

matise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.' No one ministered to his colloquial cravings with the same zeal and skill as the inquisitive young Scotchman, whose own passion was social converse, and who was eager to hear the sentiments of the dictator on all subjects, human and divine. Notwithstanding his eagerness for discussion and his denunciation of Englishmen for disregarding the common rights of humanity by their sullen silence when two strangers were shown into a room together, Johnson had the peculiarity of rarely opening his lips till his companions addressed him. He said that Tom Tyers had described him truly as being like a ghost, who never spoke till he was spoken to. Boswell did him the service to draw him out, and questioned and cross-examined him as a counsel might a witness, not only upon the passing topics of the day, but upon the events of his life, the characters he had known, and the opinions he had formed. Much as he must have loved to descant to an auditor so insatiable and discerning, he was sometimes weary of answering before Boswell was tired of asking. 'I will not,' he once broke out, 'be baited with *what* and *why*; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?' Boswell pleaded that he ventured to trouble him because he was so good. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill.' It added vastly to the charm of his inquiring companion that though an admiring he was not an obsequious listener. Johnson was a master of fence, and took supreme delight in the animation of contest and the pride of victory. Talk would have been tame to his apprehension with a deferential disciple, who flung down his weapon and acknowledged himself defeated at the first thrust. The pertinacity of Boswell, which roused him to exertion and gave him an opportunity for the display of his dexterity, was essential to his satisfaction. Even the profligacy of his disciple, which could not be entirely concealed from him, was in a large degree atoned for in his eyes by the better principles which accompanied it. The great moralist, as he was called, was at all times inclined to be over lenient to errors of practice as long as the principles continued sound, and the perpetual resolutions of poor Boswell to amend, and his ready submission to the observances of the church, might well keep alive the toleration of infirmities which always seemed on the eve of extinction. In a note which Johnson wrote to introduce him to John Wesley, he says, 'I give it with great willingness because I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other.' The advantage of a friendship which looks so ill-assorted at a casual glance

glance and so perfectly suitable upon a closer inspection, was evenly balanced; and if the credit from the alliance was chiefly reaped by the lesser of the two, the biographer has amply repaid the distinction the living hero conferred. Johnson is the most remarkable exception upon record to his own maxim, 'that the best part of an author will always be found in his writings.' 'He is greater,' said Burke, 'in Boswell's books than in his own'—a high compliment to Boswell as well as to the conversation of Johnson, and one which the illustrious statesman did not extend to the numerous other Lives and recollections which appeared when he remarked, in his forcible metaphorical style, 'How many maggots have crawled out of that great body!'

Of all the persons who have made literature their exclusive profession, and who have risen from a low origin to a splendid reputation, Dr. Johnson is the most striking. He arrived in London poor and friendless. For years he remained in a state of beggary, his great faculties, and incessant toil, often failing to procure him the subsistence of a common labourer. Works which will last as long as the language brought him when most successful inadequate fame, and still less adequate profit. He had no lucky hits, till, at the age of 53, he obtained a pension of which the annual amount did not equal the sum that was constantly paid with a single brief to lawyers who were gifted with but a fraction of his powers. Oppressed with want, he was further the victim of a constitutional melancholy which darkened prosperity itself, and of a constitutional indolence, the effect of his malady, which rendered exertion more than ordinarily irksome to him. With these accumulated disadvantages he never lost courage, though he must many times have lost hope. As he says in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, he was like 'a man struggling for life in the water,' but the water which went over his head could not go over his soul:—

'He did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with heart of controversy.'

Amid all the subsequent inquiries which were addressed to him respecting his early days, no complaint of hardship or neglect, and, what is more to be wondered at, no boast of difficulties conquered, ever escaped his lips. Yet even this rare magnanimity makes but a small part of his moral greatness. He passed through these long years of privation with a 'surly virtue' and a lofty independence which nothing could bend. Mixed up with a rabble of authors as hungry and ragged as himself, he was never seduced into imitating their laxity of principle and dishonest

dishonest shifts. No superior was ever courted by him, no dishonourable act was ever done by him, no falsehood was ever spoken by him, no line opposed to conscience was ever penned by him. Far from lowering his spirit to his circumstances, his dignity amounted to haughtiness, and his resolution to stand by his convictions to dogmatism. As little did he attempt to adapt his writings to the taste of the multitude. Beginning life at a period when the tone of society was not high, his principal works were devoted to enforcing moral sentiments in stately diction, and it was consequently long before they attracted much notice. Slowly his uncouth figure emerged from the crowd, and in spite of an ungainly appearance, slovenly habits, and disputatious violence, he grew to be courted by his equals in genius, and his superiors in rank. The sun had no more power over him than the wind. He continued to maintain his bold bearing and rugged pertinacity, and was as stiff in opinion with Burke as with Tom Davies, in the saloon of Mrs. Montague as in the shop of Cave. Even the vigour of his thoughts and the energy of his language could not excuse the rude impetuosity of his disposition, but it is lost in a beneficence which was only bounded by his means, and which would of itself have entitled him to be remembered among the names whose example should be kept before the eyes of the world. The incomparable work of Boswell has not yet rendered it superfluous to ask attention to some of these grand circumstances in the character and career of Johnson. Though the attention of the public at large was recalled to it by the admirable edition of Mr. Croker, which by explaining allusions, and supplying names, has given a personal interest to numerous passages which had become barren generalities, we have remarked with surprise how many educated people continue ignorant of the contents of a book that is altogether unrivalled. It is singular to observe for how few persons the finest effusions of the mind are penned. In the age which produces them they are usually in everybody's hands. In the next generation the names of their authors may be in everybody's mouth, and their works on everybody's shelves, but commonly in proportion as they are honoured more they are read less, and the herd who are yawning over the dulness of the last flimsy book of the day seldom think of reverting to productions which never tire, and for which the relish becomes greater the oftener they are conned.

Johnson was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. His eyes soon showed symptoms of disease, his body broke out in scrofulous sores, and altogether he was so miserable an object that his aunt afterwards told him she would not have picked

picked up such an infant in the street. Dr. Swinfen, a local physician of extensive practice, and his godfather, said he never knew a child reared with so much difficulty. He grew to be a man of massive frame and giant strength, but his hereditary disease continued in one of its aspects to taint his constitution to the close of his days. 'I inherited,' he said to Lady Macleod, 'a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober.' To hope or fear beyond the limits of probability was, according to Johnson's definition, a degree of insanity, and as his depression was often disproportioned to his circumstances he pronounced it aberration of mind. In this estimate he considered too exclusively external objects, and forgot that a disordered circulation or an enfeebled digestion might be just as substantial and a more imperious cause of dejection than poverty and disappointment. The malady which preyed upon his spirits never perverted his reason, though it sometimes prostrated his energies. There were times when he was too languid to distinguish the hour upon the clock. On these occasions his disorder seemed to himself to be on the point of overwhelming his faculties. In a letter to Joseph Warton, in 1754, he spoke of Collins, the poet, who was then in confinement, and adds, 'I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration.'

Johnson's mother is said by Boswell to have been a woman of distinguished understanding. All the circumstances which her son related of her would leave a contrary impression. By his own account he loved but did not respect her, and the love he chiefly ascribed to her practising self-denial to procure him coffee. She was always telling him 'to learn behaviour,' a species of admonition which he designated *cant*, and as often as he answered that she ought to teach him what to do, and what to avoid, she was reduced to silence. Having eaten voraciously of a leg of mutton, when he was ten years old, at the house of an aunt, his mother assured him seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten, which drew from him the comment that she 'had lived in a narrow sphere, and was affected by little things.' She was a pious woman, and was anxious to impress her son with her principles, but from want of judgment made Sunday 'a heavy day to him.' He complained that she confined him to the house and compelled him to read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which he could derive no instruction. She was quite unacquainted with books, and would talk to her husband of nothing except his affairs, which were embarrassed, and of which he hated to hear. Even of her single unwelcome topic 'she had,' says Johnson, 'no distinct conception, and therefore her discourse

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was composed only of complaint, fear, and suspicion.' Without ideas derived either from reading or observation, and with an apparent want of practical sense in her conduct, she must, in intellect, have been below the average of women. Her merit was in a disposition so benevolent that she was beloved by all who knew her, and when some sharper endeavoured to despoil her of a field, not an attorney in the place would undertake his cause. It was of her that Johnson wrote the line in the '*Vanity of Human Wishes*'—'*The general favourite as the general friend.*' Her strong affection begot in her son a corresponding attachment. '*These little memorials soothe my mind,*' he wrote in after life, when recording a couple of observations she had made to him in his childhood, and which are too trifling to be worth repeating. On the death of the mother of his friend Mr. Elphinston he sent him a letter of consolation, and advised him to set down minutely all he could remember of her from his earliest years. '*You will read it,*' he said, '*with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration.*' This reveals his own object in putting upon paper observations which in themselves were absolutely insignificant; and if we consider what a robust and manly heart he had, and how he toiled for bread at one period of his life, and how distinguished he was at another, we shall be struck with the tenderness which in this hurry or splendour of existence could pause to console himself with reading the most trivial recollections of maternal kindness.

The elder Johnson kept a bookseller's shop in Lichfield and a stall in Birmingham and other places on market-days. He had a large share of vanity, which was a good deal kept down by adversity, and was foolish in talking of his children, which was one of the forms that his vanity assumed. His very caresses were loathed by his son, because they were always the preface to some exhibition of his precocious abilities. ● He compared himself in these performances to a little boy's dog, teased with awkward fondness, and forced to sit up and beg. To avoid the infliction he used to run away when visitors called, and hide himself in a tree. But Michael Johnson was a man of considerable attainments. '*He propagates learning all over this diocese,*' wrote the chaplain of Lord Gower in 1716; '*all the clergy here are his pupils, and suck all they have from him.*' Though he was not much at home, his books and his knowledge must have had some effect in giving a literary turn to the mind of his son, one of whose early reminiscences was of having read '*Hamlet*' alone in the kitchen, till, terrified by the ghost scene,
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he rushed to the street-door to get into company. The narrow circumstances of his parents did not interfere with his education, for he was sent before he was eight years of age to the grammar-school at Lichfield. He was indulged by his first master, and cried when he was promoted to the upper school. His second master, Mr. Hunter, was, he said, 'wrongheadedly severe, and beat us unmercifully. He never taught a boy in his life; he whipped and they learned.' He ascribed, however, his knowledge of Latin to the discipline, and confessed that unless he had been well flogged he should have done nothing whatever. Idleness is too common both with boys and men to be quoted as an especial characteristic of Johnson, but most of his future peculiarities were developed in his early days, and he is, as Boswell states, a memorable instance of the observation that the child is the man in miniature. As was his habit in maturer years he drove off his occupations to the latest moment, and when compelled to grapple with a task completed it with unequalled rapidity. He had just as great an aversion as during his literary career to the use of the pen, and would dictate verses and themes to his favourites, but would never be at the trouble of writing them. He exhibited at school the same readiness of memory which afterwards astonished his literary associates, and had been known to recite eighteen verses, after hearing them once read, with the variation of only a single epithet. He had the same proud averseness as in manhood to be second to anybody with whom he came in competition—a passion which was stronger than his native indolence, and seconded the stimulus he received from the rod of his master. 'They never,' he told Boswell, with evident exultation, 'thought to raise me by comparing me to any one; they never said Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one, but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe; and I do not think he was as good a scholar.' His physical inertness still more than his imperfect sight kept him from joining in the rivalry of games, and it was wonderful, he remarked, how well he had contrived to be idle without them. His favourite recreation was to saunter through fields with a schoolfellow, though he talked more to himself than to his companion, so early had he acquired that abstraction of mind which led him to mutter his thoughts, unconscious either of his own utterance, or else oblivious of the presence of others. In one respect, if we were to trust the report of Mrs. Thrale, the youth was very unlike the man. His cousin Ford, a clergyman of great ability, but of licentious life, prognosticating his future eminence as a writer, told him that he would make his way more easily in the world

world as he showed no disposition to dispute anybody's claim to colloquial superiority. Either, however, he was restrained by the presence of his relative, or the observation must have been made during a lull in his usual habits; for he told Boswell 'that when he was a boy he always chose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things could be said upon it.'

At fifteen he was sent by the advice of Mr. Ford to a school at Stourbridge in Worcestershire, where he remained little more than a year. His superiority had then become so apparent that Dr. Percy states him to have been admitted into the best company of the place, and, boy as he was, to have had attentions paid him of which remarkable instances were long remembered there. The master, Mr. Wentworth, who perhaps found a rival as well as a pupil, was less considerate than the inhabitants. He was very severe to him; 'yet taught me,' says Johnson, 'a great deal.' The harsh treatment to which he was subjected by both Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wentworth was trifling in comparison with the subsequent miseries he endured; and in his most prosperous period he contended that schooldays were the happiest days of life. 'Ah! sir,' he said, 'a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him.'

From Stourbridge the lad went back to Lichfield, and lived, or as his biographer expresses it, 'loitered at home for two years in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities.' If by loitering Boswell meant idling, his own narrative refutes the assertion. Johnson, he relates, once said to him, 'Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now.' When he made this confession he was fifty-four. He told Langton that his great period of study was from twelve to eighteen; and on another occasion he mentioned to Boswell that in the very interval during which he is described as loitering he did not read works of amusement, 'but all literature, sir, all ancient writers, all manly.' The passion for knowledge is strongest in youth, because the charm of novelty is then conjoined with the ardour of acquisition. The cravings of a vigorous mind in Johnson more than counterbalanced its sluggishness, and he was hurried along by eager curiosity, and the delight of new ideas. One day he climbed to an upper shelf in his father's shop to look for some apples which he suspected his brother to have hid behind a large folio. The folio was the Latin and Italian works of Petrarch, and having heard him mentioned among the restorers of learning, he fastened upon it immediately, and read it nearly to an end. Notwithstanding these feats he was upbraided by his father for want of steady application. There are two kinds of students—those
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who work quietly and constantly, and those who apply vehemently and fitfully. The methods differ much the same as walking does from running. The one who goes quickest clears a greater space in a short time, and is soonest out of breath. Johnson in reading was among the runners. He glanced his eye rapidly from the top to the bottom of the page, and seemed, in the words of Boswell, to devour it ravenously. 'He gets at the substance of a book directly,' said Mrs. Knowles; 'he tears out the heart of it.' All such persons, in the many truant hours in which they abandon their desk, appear idle to casual observers. But there is a repletion of the mind as well as of the body, and if satiety did not compel these pauses memory could not retain the knowledge, nor reason digest it. Seldom, however, has a man of his acquirements been equally desultory. He assured Boswell that, possessing a particular partiality for poetry, he hardly ever got to the end of a poem. If any one spoke of having read a book through he heard the assertion with incredulity. His advice to others was framed upon his own practice. He had never persisted in a plan for two days together, and did not believe that much good could be got from task-work. Unless inclination conspired with diligence, nothing, he maintained, made a strong impression. If a man opened a volume in the middle and was pleased, he advised him not to leave off and go to the beginning lest his interest in it should die away and be no more renewed. He thought it one of the advantages of having a large library, that, unless a subject could be pursued the instant the desire arose in the mind, the chance was that the fancy would never return. He concluded from the effects that some persons, such as Bentley and Samuel Clarke, must have studied hard, but nobody he affirmed had done it whose habits he had known. His notions of what ought to be the attainments of a scholar led him to underrate his own. He always denied that his learning was extensive, though Adam Smith considered him to be acquainted with more books than any one alive. Tyers asserts that he had the most knowledge in ready cash of all the celebrities he ever met, and that he appeared from his innumerable quotations to be the man in the whole of England who had taken the widest range. Churchill, the poet, made an observation which alone must be conclusive to those who are familiar with Johnson's labours, that if it was true that he had read little, he could not be the author of his own works. The mere quotations in his Dictionary would show what a vast variety of authors he had skimmed. In theology, metaphysics, philology, and even in Latin scholarship, though all of them subjects in which he was far better versed than he was willing to allow, he had been surpassed

passed by others who had made a special study of one or other of these departments of knowledge; but very few writers in his own class—that of general literature—have excelled him in the aggregate extent of his information. He had larger stores we believe on the whole than Dryden, Addison, Swift, or Pope—every one of whom, and especially the first three, were learned men. Poetry, criticism, moral precepts, maxims of life, and biographical narratives, require embellishments of style, quickness of observation, miscellaneous reading, and habits of thought, rather than the concentrated diligence which exhausts a topic. To dig the ore from the mine, and to strike the coin at the mint, are separate operations, and he who does the one is seldom qualified for the other. To reproach men of letters, as has often been done, with being inferior to natural philosophers in science, to theologians in divinity, and to classic commentators in Greek and Latin, is to complain that a single man has been gifted with but a single genius, and ~~has~~ only, like other mortals, a day of twenty-four hours in which to exercise it. If Addison could not have elaborated the ‘*Principia*,’ Sir Isaac Newton was just as incompetent to write the ‘*Spectators*.’

The tastes of Johnson would have led him to prefer discursive reading to treading in a single track, but he had the advice of his cousin Ford to second his inclinations. ‘Obtain,’ urged this counsellor, who was a sagacious observer of life, ‘some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please.’ Pascal had before enforced the same maxim. ‘You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics. You assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses.’ The people that he thought the most pleasant and the most praiseworthy were those who bore the badge of no profession, who were neither called poets nor mathematicians, but were good judges of both, and who upon entering a room could join in the conversation they found going on at the moment. Special attainments are required in but few in each generation. The grand business of life is carried on by persons of diversified knowledge, who would leave an immense portion of their best functions undischarged if they were only proficient in one pursuit.

Johnson

Johnson went to Pembroke College, Oxford, the 31st October, 1728. His varied reading was displayed in an interview with his tutor on the night of his arrival, when the first words he uttered were to illustrate the subject of conversation by a quotation from Macrobius. Dr. Adams, afterwards master of the college, told him he was the best prepared student that had ever come to the University, where he manifested his usual reluctance to be outdone by any one. There was a person of the name of Meeke who excelled him in classical translation. 'I could not,' says Johnson, 'bear his superiority, and I tried at the lecture to sit as far from him as I could, that I might not hear him construe.' His predominance over Meeke must in most things have been decided. His maiden declamation was a characteristic exhibition of three of his prominent qualities—his procrastination, his memory, and his readiness. He neglected to write the essay till the morning he was to deliver it, learnt a part as he walked from his room to the hall, and spoke the remainder extempore. He was all his life a precise and fluent converser in Latin. He soon gave a more finished specimen of his classical skill by his translation of the 'Messiah.' His version was published in 1731, and Pope is reported to have said, 'The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original.' By reading the Latin authors of all ages Johnson sacrificed something of that purity of style which rigid scholars demand. He did not reject expressions for which it would be vain to seek a precedent in the best Roman writers, and perhaps would have considered it an affectation of fastidiousness in a modern to condemn such freedoms. Many of his lines are neither elegant nor harmonious, but others are sweet and sonorous, and they are generally distinguished by vigour and conciseness of expression.

Young as he was when he went to Oxford, his haughty independence was already full-blown. Possessed with the pride of intellectual superiority, his spirit rose against the contempt which he suspected would be excited by his poverty. Apprehensive of indignity, he assumed an attitude of defiance before he was provoked. He attended the lecture the first day he was at Oxford, and the next four was absent. His tutor inquired the reason, and he replied that he had been sliding in Christchurch meadow. This answer, he says, was dictated by 'stark insensibility,' or, in other words, by ignorance of the requirements of the place. The inattention which resulted from inexperience was quickly changed for rebellion by design. He was by no means irregular in his conduct, but he liked to show by occasional insubordination that he was not obedient from submission.

mission. He composed his translation of the 'Messiah' to intimidate his tutors, for in those more sensitive days the college dignitaries stood in awe of a satirical epigram, and they feared to punish him when they saw that he could retaliate with the pen. He spent much of his time in lounging about the college gate, surrounded by a circle of admiring undergraduates, whom he entertained by his spirited talk. 'Sir,' observed one of his fellow-students, Mr. Edwards, at an accidental interview with him fifty years afterwards, 'I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at college. For even then, sir (turning to Boswell), he was delicate in language, and we all feared him.' 'Sir,' Johnson remarked in explanation, when Edwards was gone, 'they respected me for my literature; and yet it was not great but by comparison. Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world.* As he appeared among the scholars like a king among his subjects, he indulged in jest, and overflowed with what seemed to be irresistible mirth. When Boswell repeated to him this account, he replied, 'Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit, so I disregarded all power and all authority.' 'All my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself,' said Swift, 'were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts.' The determination of Johnson to make mind supply the place of money and rank was of a more dignified kind. He was not asking homage, but warding off insult. But, though his talents could exact respect both from his masters and companions, his penury grew at last too extreme to be exhibited in a place where all his fellow-students were well-dressed gentlemen. His father became insolvent, and a friend who had engaged to assist him broke his promise. His feet appeared through his shoes, and when some unknown person delicately set a new pair at his door, he indignantly flung them away. Boswell calls this 'a proper pride.' Johnson himself, in relating the refusal of Savage, when his clothes were worn out, to accept a suit which was sent him anonymously, seems by his language to imply that the resentment was misplaced. If it is a duty to give, it certainly cannot

* Of this Edwards himself was a signal example. Though he had received a college education, and lived most of his life in London, where he practised as a Chancery solicitor, he seems not to have heard of 'The Rambler' till near thirty years after it had rendered Johnson famous; for, meeting the author one day at the expiration of that interval, he said, 'I am told you have written a very pretty book called "The Rambler."' He had at least never seen it, and was utterly ignorant of its nature. 'I was unwilling,' said Johnson, 'that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set.'

be a fault to accept, unless poverty is a crime. If generosity is thought to degrade the recipient, it cannot elevate the donor, who becomes by his proffered aid a partner in the error. But the common vice of mean dependence in creatures who have neither the resolution to economise, nor the industry to work, makes high-minded men intolerant of help and wins admiration to over-scrupulous indigence.

When Johnson was driven away from Oxford by poverty, in the autumn of 1731, he had not completed the requisite residence, and could not take a degree. Of the other advantages of the place he had reaped scarcely any. His tutor was very worthy but very ignorant, and hardly knew a noun from an adverb. The pupil, being vastly more learned than the master, naturally gave way to his constitutional indolence, and neglected his studies. His principal reading of a solid kind was in the Greek poets, and especially Homer and Euripides. Mr. Gifford once remarked to Jacob Bryant, that Johnson had admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. 'Sir,' replied Bryant with an impressive air, 'it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar.' 'I hope,' adds Gifford, 'that I profited by that lesson,—certainly I never forgot it.' Bryant was right in his hypothesis. Giants measure themselves with giants; and acquirements which are great to the little are little to the great. Dr. Burney the younger, well known for his classical attainments, found that, though Johnson was not universally skilled in the critical niceties of the tongue, his general knowledge of it was extensive. He could give a Greek word for almost every English one, read the language with facility, and occasionally wrote verses in it. A Danish nobleman, who had been told how loudly he proclaimed his own deficiencies upon the subject, introduced the topic at an interview, for the purpose, as he avowed, of favouring himself. Johnson accepted the challenge, and displayed such an extensive acquaintance with Greek literature and learning, that his antagonist was astonished. But while his professed ignorance eclipsed the vaunted knowledge of common men, he was so scrupulous not to take credit for more than he possessed, that he insisted he owed his triumph over the Dane to a Xenophon of Mr. Thrale's, which was, he said, the only Greek book he had read for ten years.

An immeasurably more important acquisition than an improvement in classical lore belongs to his Oxford career. When he was nine years old the church of Lichfield was shut up to be repaired. His short sight, which obliged him to grope about in search of a seat, made it disagreeable to him to attend a strange place of worship, and he preferred to go into the fields and read.

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From neglecting religion he grew to talk against it, and drunk and swore with the same vehemence that he did everything which he did at all. At Oxford he took up 'Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life,' expecting to find it dull, and intending to ridicule it. He quickly discovered that he was over-matched, and for the first time since he was capable of rational inquiry he thought in earnest about religion. The work of Law he afterwards commended as 'the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language,' and its power is proved by the magical influence it has exercised over the ablest minds. This was the treatise which completed the conversion of the learned but once licentious Psalmanazar, who was the only person whom Johnson much courted, whom he never contradicted, whom he unhesitatingly pronounced the best man he had ever known, and whose piety and penitence he affirmed to have exceeded almost all that is recorded in the lives of saints. Psalmanazar like Johnson had read the work accidentally. The clergyman from whose table he had picked it up took it from his hand, gave him an unfavourable account of it, and refused to lend it him. Deeply impressed with the page at which he had glanced, he purchased a copy, and read it over and over with eager satisfaction and lasting profit. It was the same treatise again which confirmed and extended the growing zeal of John Wesley, and had a prominent share in the formation of his character. 'It is said,' writes Southey, 'that few books have made so many religious enthusiasts.' Even the infidel Gibbon admitted that 'if it found a spark of piety in the reader's mind it would soon kindle it to a flame.' The book is now neglected, but if goodness could trace its genealogy through all the intermediate steps to its source, how much of the excellence which at present exists in the world would be found to have had its origin in the writings of Law. From the period when Johnson had dipped into the 'Serious Call' at Oxford, he entertained an abhorrence of scepticism, and in after years was emphatic in showing it. The Abbé Raynal, on being introduced to him, held out his hand. Johnson received the advance by putting his behind his back, and to the expostulation of a friend replied, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel.' He would not admit a quotation into his Dictionary from works which were dangerous to religion or morality, lest any one should be enticed into consulting the originals, and perchance have their minds misled for ever.

The impression produced upon Johnson's mind by the treatise of Law was confirmed by an illness which seized him on his return to Lichfield. This was a severe attack of his hereditary hypochondriasis, which filled him with despair and fretfulness, and

and made his friends apprehensive for his life or his intellect. His circumstances were calculated to bring a disorder which was always threatening him to a head. 'When I was towering in the confidence of twenty-one,' he wrote to Mr. Langton in 1759, 'little did I suspect that I should be at forty-nine what I am now.' The confidence was not of long duration. He told Mrs. Thrale that, in his history of Gelaleddin in the 'Idler,' he shadowed out a chapter of his own life, and it is to his return from Oxford that the sketch refers. Gelaleddin has obtained reputation in the school of Asia which is most famous for the learning of its professors and the number of its students. He is looked up to by his associates as an oracular guide, and thought competent to appreciate the converse of his masters. He fondly imagines that, if he is thus conspicuous in the brilliant regions of literature, he will shine with redoubled lustre in the twilight of his native place. He enters his father's house, expecting to be received with pride and delight. He is met by a greeting which, though not unkind, manifests neither fondness nor exultation. 'His father had in his absence suffered many losses, and Gelaleddin was considered as an additional burden to a falling family. When he recovered from his surprise he began to display his acquisitions, but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile.' He hoped to obtain that attention from his neighbours which he failed to command at home; but some censured his arrogance and pedantry; others wondered why he should have taken pains to acquire knowledge which could never do him any good; others admitted him to their tables, but when he chanced to manifest in a remarkable degree his superiority to his company, he was seldom invited a second time. He next solicits employment, and is told by one that he has no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit is above private patronage; by a third, that he will not forget him; and by a fourth, that he does not think literature of any use in business. This can easily be recognised as a true picture of the reception which would be given in a provincial town to learning in rags during the earlier half of the last century. The notion that genius will excite the deepest reverence in those by whom it is least understood is an ever-recurring and yet manifest delusion. Talent is best appreciated by talent, knowledge by knowledge; and the man who imagines that the higher he is removed above his judges the more they will admire him, might equally expect that he would look larger the farther he receded, or his voice sound louder the greater the distance from which he spoke. Excellence must be perceptible before it can be ap-

plauded, and for a cultivated understanding to display its stores to untutored ignorance is much like exhibiting colours to the blind. Thus Johnson was subjected to the complicated misery of conscious power, general neglect, and helpless poverty, and, with his expectations baffled, wretched in the present and without hope for the future, a less gloomy temperament than his would have been sunk in despondency.

Not long after Johnson got back to Lichfield his father died, of an inflammatory fever, December, 1731, being seventy-six years of age. His son never liked to dwell upon his memory, for the associations were not pleasing. Everything except the attachment of his mother had contributed to render his home cheerless, and even her kindness was partly poisoned by a rivalry between his brother and himself for her affection. His parents, from want of a community of ideas, were not happy together. His father's 'vile melancholy' increased the gloom induced by the absence of domestic cordiality. Concealed poverty, which Johnson always asserted was the corrosive that destroyed the peace of almost every family, added its sting, and was especially harassing to a vain citizen like the aspiring bookseller, who, while anxious to put on the appearance of greater means than he ever possessed, kept gradually dropping to a lower state till he ended in bankruptcy. The wretchedness which grew out of the struggle had left such disagreeable recollections in the mind of his son that he urged it as a reason for not talking of his family, 'One has,' he said, 'so little pleasure in reciting the anecdotes of beggary.' The very pride his father took in him had been converted into an instrument of torture in his boyhood, and appeared to have declined at the moment when it would have been most valued. In what was probably the old man's final illness, he offended the dignity of the Oxford scholar by requesting him, one market-day, to take his place at the book-stall in Uttoxeter. More than fifty years afterwards, on his last visit to Lichfield, when his own life was visibly drawing to a close, Johnson remembered his disobedience with compunction, and, going into the market at the full tide of business, stood for an hour, with his head bare, before the stall which had been his father's, exposed to the sneers of the crowd and the inclemency of the weather. This has sometimes been considered an act of superstition, but to us it appears a fine example of moral heroism. Johnson, in the 'Rambler,' has properly defined 'repentance to be the relinquishment of any evil practice.' Where the misconduct has ceased from the lapse of time, and by the nature of things cannot be renewed, he knew how deceitful was that mental regret which calls for no sacrifices. He therefore

fore wished to evidence to himself the sincerity of his repentance by executing the office which he had formerly refused to discharge. He is reported to have said 'that he hoped the penance was expiatory;' but he distinctly declared on other occasions that he did not hold the doctrine 'of a commutation of offences by voluntary penance,' and we are satisfied he meant no more than that he hoped he had proved his contrition to be real. Never was there a son who had less upon his conscience, for he could recollect no second act of disobedience to his father.

To trace Johnson's career for several years is only to follow him from one scene of wretchedness to another. His next change was always remembered by him with an aversion approaching to horror. The most obvious resource of needy scholarship is to obtain a situation at a school, and Johnson, in the beginning of 1732, became an usher at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Under no circumstances would he have been fitted for the office. Boswell, adopting an expression from the 'Rambler,' well remarks that his acquisitions had been obtained 'by sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge,' and the man whose eye took in a page at a glance, and who seldom read a book to an end, could not have submitted to dwell word by word upon little piecemeal lessons, to hang for months over a single poem, and when the end was reached with one class to recommence it with another. Nor should we suppose that his grand and sententious style of elucidation could have been intelligible to boys. 'Men advanced far in knowledge,' says Imlac to Pokuah of the Astronomer in 'Rasselas,' 'do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress.' He has, doubtless, embodied here the recollection of his own attempts at elementary instruction. He complained heavily at the time of the monotonous drudgery, which must have been rendered more depressing by his dark distemper. To these drawbacks were superadded the humiliations which arose from the menial nature of the office in those ruder days, when scholars with more than the education of gentlemen were treated with less than the consideration of servants. To be usher at an academy is one of the schemes of George Primrose in his penury. 'Can you dress the boys' hair?' inquires a cousin to whom he imparts his design, and who to the answer 'No,' replies, 'Then you won't do for a school.' 'Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.' He is told that to be an under-jailer in Newgate, or to turn a cutler's wheel, are enviable occupations by comparison, and Gold-

smith was writing from personal experience. He too had been an usher at a boarding-school at Peckham—a portion of his history of which, like his friend, he never talked, and reddened if he fancied an allusion was made to it, though he was not backward to dwell upon his other distresses, and once commenced a story with the words, ‘When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane.’ As Johnson was extremely slovenly, and never dressed his own hair, it is not likely that he could have dressed the boys’; as he was a large man, and afflicted with convulsive movements, in which he threw about his legs and his arms, no two other persons could possibly have slept or even have lain in bed with him; and as he had an enormous appetite, and ate almost as much as an elephant, it appears upon every point which is mentioned by Goldsmith that he would by no means have done for a school. Whatever might have been the particular indignities to which he was subjected, his disposition would not allow him to brook an affront, or to lower his tone to authority; and, revolted by the ‘intolerable harshness’ of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the establishment, he turned his back in the latter end of July upon the miseries of Market Bosworth. Three years afterwards Mr. Walmesley endeavoured to obtain for him the head mastership of the grammar-school at Solihull, in Warwickshire, and the inquiries which were instituted by the trustees indicate that his high bearing towards his former employers, to whom they probably had recourse for information, had left a lasting impression. The account of his learning was flattering. It was allowed by all that it entitled him to a much better post than the one he sought, ‘but then,’ continues the secretary, who replied to Mr. Walmesley in the name of the trustees, ‘he has the character of being a very haughty, ill-natured gentleman, and that he has such a way of distorting his face, which though he can’t help, the gentlemen think it may affect some young ladds; for these two reasons he is not approved on, the late master Mr. Crompton’s huffing the felloes being stil in their memory.’ Mr. Greswold, the writer of this letter, who from his spelling and mode of expressing himself, does not appear to have had his own education at the Solihull grammar-school, concludes by saying that they are all ‘exstreamly obliged’ to Mr. Walmesley ‘for proposing so good a schollar,’ though they did not care to avail themselves of his scholarship. Few things are more curious than to see the way in which great men are written of before their greatness is known. On a previous occasion, his application for an ushership at Brewood had been rejected from the apprehension that his convulsive movements would excite imitation or derision amongst the pupils. Goldsmith found that the oddity of his own manners, dress, and language was a fund of eternal

eternal ridicule at Peckham; but Johnson was not a person with whom any boy would have dared to take liberties to his face, and, if they were hushed by awe in his presence, his authority would not have suffered by a little merriment behind his back.

On the 15th of July, 1732, Johnson made an entry in his diary, stating that twenty pounds, which he had just received, was the entire sum which would accrue to him from his father's effects till the death of his mother. He expressed his consciousness that he must now be the architect of his own fortune, and resolved that poverty should not debilitate his understanding nor tempt him to deviate from rectitude—a vow which he nobly redeemed. The next day he went back to Market Bosworth on foot, and in another week had left it in disgust. He was again upon the wide world, and became the guest of Mr. Hector, an old schoolfellow and friend, who was then established as a surgeon at Birmingham.

Mr. Hector lodged with a bookseller of the name of Warren, who was the proprietor of a journal, and by this accidental association Johnson first came forth in his proper character of an author. He contributed essays to Warren's paper, and undertook to translate and abridge for him from the French a 'Voyage to Abyssinia,' by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit. His manner of executing his earliest literary task was curiously characteristic. Having made a commencement, his indolence got the better of him, and the printer was soon at a stand-still. On Mr. Hector representing to him that the poor man and his family were suffering from his neglect to supply the press, he instantly resumed his work, but did it lying in bed, dictating off-hand to Mr. Hector, who held the pen, and taking so little interest in the result that he had not the curiosity to cast his eye upon the proof-sheets, of which few were ever seen by him. But the most remarkable part of the undertaking is the preface, which exhibits the peculiar turn of thought and style which are associated with his name, and in one passage, quoted by Boswell, exhibits them in their maturest form. The authors of Queen Anne's time were then the models of composition. The homely and familiar style of Swift, and still more the style of Addison, in which familiarity was combined with elegance, were considered to have brought the English tongue to its highest pitch of perfection. In three or four casual pages written for a provincial bookseller Johnson showed that he had broken loose from the trammels of fashion, and had struck out a manner of his own which has left a lasting trace upon the language. He repeats in the 'Rambler' the anecdote of Alexander, that, when
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he was invited to hear a man that sung like a nightingale, he replied with contempt that he had heard the nightingale herself. 'The same treatment,' adds the Essayist, 'must every man expect whose praise is that he imitates another.' Whether he had early arrived at this conclusion by reflection, or whether his originality was the unpremeditated consequence of his mental training, the evidence of power was the same, and was, as we can now see, prophetic of his future renown. He had made it a rule in conversation to do his best upon every occasion. He forbore to deliver his thoughts till he had arranged them in the clearest manner, he clothed them in the most forcible language he could command, and he never suffered a careless expression to escape him. By these means he had been insensibly forming himself to be a writer, and had carried on the operation of composition in his mind long before he put pen to paper. Where the outbursts of genius seem spontaneous it is merely because the preliminary process has been kept out of sight.

It appears to have been in the early part of 1734 that the translation was executed, and, if we consider Johnson's capabilities and prospects at that time, we shall perceive the perilous position of those who have no settled calling. He was in his twenty-fifth year, an admirable Latin and good Greek scholar, with a vast store of miscellaneous learning, a strong understanding, a logical mind, an imposing style, and a ready pen. To these mental gifts he conjoined unflinching principle and piety. Yet with all his talents and inflexible integrity he could not find an outlet for his exertions; and while tens of thousands of commonplace people who had been brought up to a profession were earning an easy competence, he wandered a pauper about the world and could with difficulty keep himself from starving. He received only five guineas for his version of *Father Lobo*, which was less than was paid to the mechanic who set up the type. How he contrived to live at all eluded the research of his inquisitive biographers. He ceased to be the guest of Mr. Hector after six months, and hired lodgings on his own account in another part of Birmingham. His literary projects came to nothing. He proposed in August, 1734, to print by subscription the poems of Politian, with a life of the author and a history of Latin poetry from the time of Petrarch. These preliminary essays were to be, like the rest of the book, in Latin; and as Johnson had consulted his own tastes and knowledge in the scheme more than those of the public, the plan was soon dropped from want of subscribers. He next wrote to Cave in November, offering to furnish short literary dissertations and criticisms to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' but no engagement appears

appears to have ensued. He had equally failed to obtain a school, either as principal or subordinate, and from the end of 1732 to the middle of 1736 we are almost entirely ignorant of his history. His life is lost in the obscurity of indigence, and if we could draw aside the veil it would only reveal a spectacle of misery darker than the darkness which hides it. On the 9th of July, 1736, we are called back to his history by his marriage; and though he had afterwards to struggle with want for many a long and toilsome day, it is a relief to catch a momentary glimpse of sunshine breaking through the clouds which enveloped him as he trod painfully but undauntedly, head and mind erect, along his dreary way.

Johnson's first love was the sister of his friend Hector. This passion, he told Boswell, dropped imperceptibly out of his head, and the lady subsequently married Mr. Careless, a clergyman. More than thirty years after Johnson's attachment for her had ceased, he passed an evening with her at Birmingham, and seemed to have his affection revived. She was then a widow. Upon his remarking that it might have been as happy for him if he had taken her to wife, Boswell inquired whether he did not suppose that there were fifty women who would please a man just as well as any one woman in particular. 'Ay, sir,' replied Johnson, 'fifty thousand. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.' If the system were adopted, it would, at least, be an awful moment for a man resolved to enter the married state when he was first admitted to see the partner who had been selected for him. Such, however, was Johnson's opinion of the facility with which different persons could excite fondness in the same individual, that he numbered it among the advantages of London that there was less danger of falling in love indiscreetly than anywhere else; 'for there,' said he, 'the difficulty of deciding between a vast variety of objects kept a man safe.' From the readiness with which he was pleased it might be wrongly inferred that he was not a very devoted swain, especially as the engagement he had formed was of a nature which appeared to preclude much ardour of attachment. Viewed upon the side of prudence, it gave just as little promise, and would certainly not have been decreed by the Court of Chancery 'after a due consideration of the circumstances;' for the object of his choice was a widow, by name Mrs. Porter, who was in her forty-eighth year, and whose husband, a mercer of Birmingham, had lately died insolvent. Johnson was not yet twenty-seven. According to Garrick, whose

whose account was always supposed to be a caricature, neither her person nor her manners afforded the least compensation for this difference of age. He described her as very fat, with a protuberant bosom, and swelled cheeks, which were red from paint and cordials; her dress flaring and fantastic, and her mode of speaking and behaving in the last degree affected. Johnson saw her with different eyes. Of the four things in marriage which he thought important in the order in which they are named—virtue, wit, beauty, and money—she had all, in his opinion, except the last and least. In his epitaph on her he called her pious, clever, accomplished, and handsome, and spoke of her in the same strain to Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. He asserted that she read comedy better than any one he ever heard; and, from his bestowing upon her the title of ‘a female critic’ in his ‘Life of Gay,’ he would appear to have considered her a judge of literature. Mrs. Williams stated that she had a good understanding and great sensibility of heart, but was inclined to be satirical.

Johnson, on his part, did not seem formed to raise a passion in female breasts. ‘His appearance,’ said his step-daughter, Miss Porter, ‘was then very forbidding; he was lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. His hair was straight and stiff and separated behind, and his convulsive starts and gesticulations tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule.’ Mrs. Porter estimated him by the powers of his mind, and not by the disadvantages of his person. ‘This,’ she remarked to her daughter, ‘is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.’ Johnson went to Lichfield to ask the consent of his mother to the match, which she gave, because, from the ardour of his temper, she was afraid to remonstrate with him. He could only have consulted her ‘as a form of respect, and would have felt at her refusal much what he expressed to a barrister who, in a similar situation, had followed his own tastes instead of his father’s wishes. ‘If you married imprudently, you miscarried at your own hazard, at an age when you had a right of choice. It would be hard if the man might not choose his own wife, who has a right to plead before the judges of this country.’ Mrs. Porter, on her part, owed obedience to nobody; nor could any one dispute that she was ‘at an age when she had a right of choice,’ but her sons were hostile to the arrangement, and did not conceal their disgust. Under these unauspicious circumstances this singular pair rode forth on horseback from Birmingham on the wedding-morning towards Derby, where they were to be married. Mrs. Porter had been a great reader of romances,
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and had imbibed from them the idea that her lover ought to be treated like a dog. Sometimes he went too fast, sometimes too slow. 'I was not,' says Johnson, 'to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end.' He started away at a rapid pace, got quite out of sight, and left her to follow by herself. When she came up with him she was in tears. That a fat and painted widow who was verging upon forty-eight should indulge in the coquettish airs of a girl in her teens, and fancy that at her mature age her charms were sufficient to enforce her despotic whims upon a strong-minded man who was twenty years younger than herself, confirms the testimony of Garrick that she was much given to affectation. Johnson once narrated another ludicrous incident at which she again cried, and again showed her folly. He had a great friendship for Molly Aston, as he always called her, the sister of a baronet whose seat was in the neighbourhood of Lichfield. 'She was a scholar and a wit,' said Johnson, 'and the loveliest creature ever seen.' His wife, whose Christian name was Elizabeth, and who certainly was not the loveliest creature ever seen, was jealous of the attachment, and, one day meeting a gipsy as they were walking in the country with two or three of their acquaintances, she bid the fortune-teller look at her husband's hand. 'Your heart is divided, sir,' said the woman, 'between a Betty and a Molly: Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company.' Johnson turned about to laugh at this echo of the idle gossip of Lichfield, and saw that poor Betty, who found in the oracular announcement a confirmation of her misgivings, had burst into tears. 'Pretty charmer!' added Johnson, in repeating the anecdote, 'she had no reason.' The 'pretty charmer' was probably past fifty; but the expression is an evidence how gently he felt towards her, and that he never ceased to view her with a lover's fondness.

The hopes of the impoverished couple when they formed their imprudent alliance were in an academy for young gentlemen which Johnson opened at Edial, about a mile from Lichfield. He had but three pupils, two of whom were the famous David Garrick and his brother George. The terms were doubtless low, for the Garricks were the sons of a needy half-pay captain, and the study of the family, said Johnson, 'was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do.' The rent of the Edial house must have more than absorbed the profit from the pupils. The attempt of the great scholar to establish himself in any sphere of life which should be raised one degree above beggary had again failed, and after a year and a half he resigned

resigned the task of instructing his three lads, and resolved to try if he would be accepted for an instructor of the world. He left his wife at Lichfield, and proceeded to the metropolis in company with Garrick, who was on his way to Mr. Colson, a school-master at Rochester. The Rabbins are reported to respect the smallest piece of paper, lest it should have written upon it words of wisdom. The instance of these two men is a lesson to extend the rule to human beings. 'That was the year,' Johnson once said at a dinner-party to Garrick, 'when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine.' Who that could have seen them entering the city moneyless and friendless could have suspected that the names of both were to be in everybody's mouth—that one was to be the greatest author and the other the greatest actor of his age? Johnson had spent some of his vacant hours at Edial in preparing for the venture. He there commenced 'Irene;' and Mr. Walmsley, his Lichfield friend, states in a letter to Colson that his object in going to London was to try his fate with the play, and expresses an expectation 'that he will turn out a great tragedy-writer.' But as yet three acts only were composed, and in the meanwhile his intention was to seek employment in translating from the Latin or the French. He thought of the literary calling with juvenile enthusiasm; and when he first saw St. John's Gate, where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was printed, 'he beheld it with reverence.' Calling soon after on one Wilcox, a bookseller, he told him that he wished to obtain a livelihood as an author. Wilcox eyed attentively his powerful frame, and, with a significant look, said, 'You had better buy a porter's knot.' Such are the different colours in which objects appear to hope and experience. He had not long to wait before he too well understood the meaning of the bookseller's warning gesture and advice.

For the few authors whose names are familiar to the world, there are, as in every calling, myriads who are never heard of beyond their private circle. They have swarmed from the hour when printing and reading became common; but as Pope and his contemporaries were the first to drag the tribe of underlings into public view, many circumstances are often assumed to have been peculiar to that time which had long been the standing condition of things. Swift, in his 'Hospital for Incurables,' calculates that provision must be made 'for at least forty thousand incurable scribblers,' and adds, with his usual savage satire, 'that, if there were not great reason to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, he should strenuously

strenuously intercede to have the number increased by ten or twenty thousand more.' Those who reflect upon the prodigious mass of printed matter, beyond all power of computation, which is daily issued to the world, must perceive how small a part of it can be the production of learning and talent. In the last century the 'authorlings,' as he terms them, are stated by Smollett to have been the refuse of the usual professions; and the accurate Johnson himself testifies 'that they had seldom any claim to their trade, except that they had tried some other without success.' Fielding gives evidence to the same effect. No other ability, he says, was required than that of the writing-master, no other stock in trade than a pen, a little ink, and a small quantity of paper. Ignorance, which would have been helpless if it had stood alone, was rendered marketable by impudence. In Smollett's description of some of the fraternity—characters which are known to have been taken from living representatives—the man who has been expelled from the University for atheism, and prosecuted for a blasphemer, writes a refutation of the infidelity of Bolingbroke; the Scotchman teaches pronunciation; the cockney who has never seen a field of wheat compiles a treatise on agriculture; and the debtor publishes travels in Europe and part of Asia without having set foot beyond the liberties of the King's Bench. 'The translators,' Lintot told Pope, 'were the saddest pack of rogues in the world, and in a hungry fit would swear they understood all the languages in the universe.' It was common for them, in fact, to make versions without comprehending one syllable of the original. The frauds were endless. Some of these impostors, when excluded from the world in prisons, invented news for the journals; some affixed to their trash the names of popular authors, or put forth second parts of popular books. An Irishman, mentioned by Smollett, wrote a pamphlet in vindication of the minister of the day, and then published an answer, in which he assumed that the writer of the first pamphlet was the minister himself, and addressed him throughout as 'your lordship' with such solemn assurance that the politicians were deceived, and devoured 'the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer' as a controversy between the Premier and the leader of the Opposition. Many of their practices were only modes of beggary. They sold tickets for prospective benefit-nights when a play should be performed which was not accepted, and often not composed. More frequently still, they eked out a subsistence by the aid of subscriptions to works of which they never intended to pen a line. Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, lived for twenty years upon a projected translation of Plautus.

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These methods were too easy not to become universal; and to stop solicitation people of rank bound themselves to one another to forfeit a considerable sum if they ever purchased a ticket or subscribed to a book. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Fielding have all mentioned this strange defensive alliance of the rich against the clamorous importunity of the pauper portion of the literary republic. Their condition was indeed deplorable. Johnson in his prosperous days repeated to Boswell the lines in which Virgil describes the entrance to Hell, and bid him observe that all the horrors which the poet had accumulated to characterise the infernal regions were the concomitants of a printing-house—the toil, the grief, the revengeful cares, the apprehensions, the hunger, the poverty, the diseases, the sad old age, and the miserable death. Not a few of the most indefatigable writers for the press were in jails; many were without a roof to cover them. One of the reasons which Johnson assigns for Savage's habit of staying till unseasonable hours at the parties to which he was invited, and exhausting the kindness of his entertainers, was, that he had to spend the remainder of the night in the street. If he entered a house to sleep, it was a mean lodging frequented by the lowest of the rabble, who were vile in their language, profligate in their habits, and filthy in their persons. Constantly his finances did not permit him to purchase this cheap and degrading accommodation, and his bed was in winter the ashes of a glasshouse, and in summer the projecting stall of a shop, or beneath the portico of a church. In appearance the author was hardly superior to the common paupers with whom he was compelled to consort. Until he got his pension, the dress of Johnson was literally that of a beggar. One of Smollett's geniuses, who writes novels for five pounds a volume, is reduced to the fragments of a pair of shoes, and displays his ingenuity in running away with his publisher's boots. It was with these publishers as with the authors. Only two or three, out of scores, had the feelings and education of gentlemen, and the rest were usually insolent and grasping. Mr. Wilson, in 'Joseph Andrews,' is represented as translating for a bookseller till he has contracted a distemper by his sedentary life, in which no part of his body was exercised except his right arm, and when he is incapacitated by sickness his employer denounces him to the trade 'for an idle fellow.' But it must be admitted that the wrongs were not all on one side, though in the contest between sharper and sharper the bookseller could commonly exercise the greater injustice, because he had the power of the purse.

As if it was not sufficient to be scouted and derided by the
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rest of mankind, the world of authorlings was torn to pieces by intestine factions, and each man did his best to bring his brethren into contempt.

‘Beasts of all kinds their fellows spare—
Bear lives at amity with bear.’

But the literary bear saw rivals in his brother bears instead of allies. A painter once confessed to Johnson that no professor of the art ever loved a person who pursued the same craft. Envy is a common concomitant of vanity, even where there is no direct emulation; and people are found base enough to hate rising merit for no other reason than because it is rising. The passion was sure therefore to operate with great intensity among a class the nature of whose calling made them candidates both for bread and praise, and who believed that every crumb of either which was bestowed upon their brethren of the quill was so much subtracted from themselves. Swift, Johnson, Smollett—all the geniuses who were familiar with the scribbling race—were thus led to regard envy as among the most corrupting and widespread of vices, and in the opinion of Fielding it was the reason why there were no worse men than bad writers. ‘The malice I bore this fellow,’ the great novelist makes a poet say of a contemporary poet, ‘is inconceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one. I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and I writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him.’ The whole clan of underlings who fed at the table of Smollett and existed by his patronage produced his character and abused his works, and, as they were no less treacherous to one another than to their benefactor, each was eager to betray the rest to him. Some even of those who had attained to fame are reported by Johnson to have employed the meanest artifices to degrade their superiors and keep down their followers. The jealousy which troubled Goldsmith was in a great degree due to his having been trained in this unhappy school. If a distinction was to be made where almost all were malignant, the critic was entitled to the bad pre-eminence. Swift had defined him to be ‘a discoverer and collector of faults’—one who made it his business ‘to drag out lurking errors like Cacus from his den, to multiply them like Hydra’s heads, and rake them together like Augeas’s dung.’ These detractors swarmed, he said, most about the noblest writers, as a rat was attracted to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit; and he pronounced that to follow the craft would cost a man all the good qualities of his mind. The race had not improved when Johnson began his literary career. He described them as a class of beings who
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stood sentinels in the avenues of Fame for the purpose of 'hindering the reception of every work of learning or genius,' and whose acrimony was excited by the mere pain of hearing others praised. There was not the same severity in their virtue that there was in their pens. Johnson relates that some had been pacified by claret and a supper, and others with praise; and Lintot a few years earlier had told Pope that his mode of disarming them was to invite them to eat a slice of beef and pudding. The authors themselves were those who exulted most in the defamation of authors, just as Fielding says that the rabble took such immense pleasure in seeing men hanged, that they forgot while they were enjoying the spectacle that it was in all probability to be their own fate.

Few of those who rose to permanent eminence in the eighteenth century had been compelled to join the mob of writers. Men like Addison found patrons, and, if they had not, were in a position to keep clear of the haunts of pauperism. Swift had his livings, Young had his fellowship, Akenside his practice, Gray his patrimony and his professorship. Pope lived with his family, and wrote his works in the comfortable ease of a domestic circle. Smollett, whose independent means were small, yet managed to have a good house and a plentiful table, and was attacked by Goldsmith for despising authorship and valuing riches. Collins for a short time starved with the authors, but was soon released by a legacy. The peculiarity of the case of Johnson and of Goldsmith is, that, until they had worked their own way unaided to fame, they were mingled undistinguishably with the herd of despised drudges—with scribes whose ordinary effusions, according to Fielding, were blasphemy, treason, and indecency—with men who were ready to write anything for hire, and who took care by their conduct to justify their abject condition. The greatness of Johnson can only be fully understood by considering the circumstances under which it was displayed. He was like a piece of gold hid among a pile of half-pence, and he came out unsoiled by the contact.

What money Johnson earned, or how he earned it, when he first visited London, is not known. He arrived at the beginning of March, 1757. He afterwards withdrew to Greenwich, where he continued 'Irene.' In the latter part of the summer he went back to Mrs. Johnson at Lichfield, and there completed his tragedy. At the close of the year he returned to the metropolis, taking his wife with him. His expectations were doubtless centered in his play, to which he had devoted an amount of toil which was contrary to his usual habits, and which he never bestowed on any other production. He may be supposed

posed to have expressed his feelings on the occasion in one of his *Letters* in the '*Rambler*:'—'I delayed my departure for a time, to finish the performance by which I was to draw the first notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed I hurried to London, and considered every moment that passed before its publication as lost in a kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the golden hours of happiness and fame.' He offered the precious manuscript to Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, who not only rejected it, but, as we may conclude from the language of the author in his '*Life of Savage*' a few years later, accompanied his refusal with some gratuitous indignities, such as a vulgar and ignorant manager would be likely to inflict upon unknown genius in distress. Hence Johnson speaks of the getting a play brought upon the stage 'as an undertaking in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting to an ingenuous mind,' and the reason he assigns is, that it is necessary to submit to the dictation of actors—a class of persons whom he characterises as being all but universally 'contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.' In his own case he appears to have resolved not to expose himself to a second insult from a second manager. He turned away from the theatre with irritated dignity, and, putting back his tragedy into his desk, bent his steps to the bookseller. His months of labour had been thrown away, and there was nothing in the fictitious distresses of his tragedy half so pathetic as the condition of its author.

The person to whom he had recourse was Cave, the publisher of the '*Gentleman's Magazine*.' He addressed to him a complimentary Latin ode, and was enrolled among the regular contributors to his periodical. What was of far greater importance, Johnson, in March, 1738, had completed one of his immortal productions. This was his '*London*, in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.' He sent it to Cave without telling him from whose pen it proceeded, and asked for generous treatment, because the author, he said, 'lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune.' The poem was shown to Dodsley, that his consent might be got to have his name put as one of the publishers on the title-page. Dodsley saw its merit, declared 'it was a creditable thing to be concerned in,' and ultimately bought the copyright for ten guineas, to the exclusion of Cave, whose judgment in literature is shown, by this indifference, to have been nothing at all. 'I might perhaps,' says Johnson, 'have accepted of less, but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead.' 'I knew,' Johnson writes, under an assumed character, in the '*Rambler*,' 'that no performance is so favourably

ably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them.' This may be presumed to be the reason why 'London' appeared anonymously. The event justified his calculation. His poem came out the same morning with Pope's satire entitled '1738;' and, though no just comparison can be drawn between writers by contrasting a single production of each, it was a grand triumph for the new author that he had eclipsed a piece which ranks among the better works of the old. Accordingly the language of literary circles was,—'Here is an unknown poet greater even than Pope!' and a second edition was called for before the end of a week. The curiosity of Pope himself was excited. He inquired after the writer, and, being told that he was an obscure person of the name of Johnson, he replied, 'He will soon be *déterré*.' The many circumstances in the Satire of Juvenal which were applicable to his own situation and prospects had, there can be no question, suggested the undertaking to him, and he marked one point of resemblance in particular by printing in capital letters the line,—

'SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED.'

Viewed in connexion with Johnson's history, what pathos there is in this emphasis of type! 'Hark ye, Clinker,' says Matthew Bramble, after listening to the allegations against the outcast parish lad, 'you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want.'

Humble as were Johnson's notions, they exceeded his earnings. An Irish painter whom he met at Birmingham told him he could live very well for thirty pounds a-year. He was to rent a garret for eighteenpence a-week, to breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, dine for sixpence, spend threepence at a coffee-house for the sake of good company, and do without supper. Ten pounds were allowed for clothes and linen, and visits were to be paid on clean-shirt days. Johnson dined at first, much to his own satisfaction, for eightpence. But, like the Thales of his 'London,' 'every moment left his little less,' and for a long time he was reduced to subsist upon fourpence-halfpenny a-day. His poem, which increased his fame, did not improve his circumstances. It appeared in the month of May, and in September he signs himself to Cave, 'Yours, *Impransus*.' At a later period of his literary life he was sometimes without food for forty-eight hours, and his abstinence could not have been much less at a time when he intimated by his signature that he had eaten no dinner for want of the money to procure it. He had relinquished

quished school-keeping for literature, and now in the extremity of his distress was eager to get from literature back to school-keeping, preferring anything, as he said, to being 'starved to death in translating for booksellers.' The mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire, was vacant. The trustees resided in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, and had made up their minds to nominate him to the post. But the statutes required that he should be a Master of Arts, and a common friend solicited the University of Oxford, through Dr. Adams, to confer the degree upon him. The request was refused. Johnson said proudly in later days, in allusion to the number of poets his college had produced, 'Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds!' If this had been the case in 1738 with the University at large, they would not have refused an honorary degree to the author of 'London'—a man who, while he resided among them, had shown his scholarship by the published translation of the 'Messiah,' who had never tasted their endowments, and who had been prevented by poverty alone from attaining in the regular course what he now asked to deliver him from a poverty as great as that indigence which cut short his college career and which was the sole cause of his being compelled to prefer the request. The Universities have seldom been backward to encourage talent, but the extreme privations to which struggling merit is often exposed make it proper to mark with censure even a rare departure from justice, that the authorities may never again be betrayed into a careless rejection of such imperative claims as those of Johnson. Oxford having declined to qualify him for his office, an attempt was made, through Lord Gower, to induce Swift to ask the favour of the University of Dublin. But with Dublin Johnson had no connexion, and it is not surprising that nothing should have come of the application. The sixty pounds a-year endowment, which Lord Gower said in his letter 'would make the poor man happy for life,' was for ever lost to him, and his next idea was to become an advocate at Doctors' Commons. 'I am,' he said, 'a total stranger to these studies, but whatever is a profession and maintains numbers must be within the reach of common abilities and some amount of industry.' Here again he was stopped by want of a degree, which was an indispensable qualification, and he was thrown back upon his starving work of translation. He was in the same dilemma with Macbeth,—
'There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here ;' but, like Macbeth, he tarried because he could not fly. He made no more efforts to escape from his destiny. His lot henceforth was that of an author ; and, having seen how his mind was formed, and

by what concurrence of circumstances he was forced upon his painful profession, we must leave him for the present, and reserve for another opportunity the discussion of the literary portion of his history and the enumeration of the traits of his noble character.

ART. II.—1. *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème.* Par Henry Münger. Paris, 1854.

2. *Les Buveurs d'Eau.* Par Henry Münger. Paris, 1855.

3. *Les Aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette.* Par Champfleury. Paris, 1857.

4. *Friends of Bohemia ; or Phases of London Life.* 2 vols. By E. M. Whitty. London, 1857.

THE Bohemia of which we are about to treat is not that rich and pleasant province that lies between the Moravian and the Giant Mountains, and which, even in these its days of dependency, still retains as its metropolis the third city of continental Europe. Neither are the Bohemians of these pages the inhabitants of that border-land of the Slavonic and Teutonic peoples whose energetic ancestors grasped and lost the prize of Protestant liberty, nor even that strange nomad race, the refuse of some oriental migration or invasion, that has been invested with this among other pseudo-historic names by the more western nations, who have desired to connect these mysterious intruders with some locality from which it was supposed they had wandered.

The metaphor has since been taken a step further: the appellation of that singular remnant of a distant world which has now remained for centuries an alien spot in the midst of our most advanced communities, has been transferred to the men of every race and age who, by affinity of temperament and similar eccentricity of habits, are led to exhibit the same moral characteristics or to adopt an analogous mode of life. The history of this Bohemia, if properly written, would be as long, and ought to be as learned, as Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' for the one is the inevitable reverse of the other; and although in earlier times the territory is less distinct and the population less definite, yet, as mankind leave the tent and the kettle and imprison themselves in houses and kitchens, the Bohemian, under one title or other, will always be found outside. Multiple, indeed, are the forms of the out-of-door resistance of mankind to the unceasing development of the wants and the satisfactions of their species ;
various

various as the physical energies that have sustained the children of Nature in health and delight, from the days of the Satyrs, the country-gentlemen of ancient Greece, to the British deer-stalker on the Highland hills; various as the powers of genius and the faculties of art, that have kept gay and glorious the minds of men under all privations and through all the chances of fortune,—the Homeric rhapsodist, the vagrant troubadour, the ‘poor scholar,’ the free-mason, the strolling player,—Blake at his casel and Burns at the plough; various as the basest and the loftiest affections of the human heart,—the love of license and antipathy to order that make the robber and the rebel, and the aspiration after a purer law and a higher order that drives the prophet into the desert.

As might be expected from the curious satisfaction with which even the honest follow the intricacies of fraud, and even the gentle the violences of crime, the details of the hostility of this people against the elementary ordinances of society, as exhibited in the filibuster whose life is ever on the hazard, or in the rogue whose repose is the prison, have been in all times especially attractive. It is difficult, in truth, to make the adventures of the most virtuous mariner as interesting as those of the buccaneer, or the pecuniary ventures of the most fortunate merchant as amusing as the tricks of Guzman de Alfarache or the raids of Rob Roy. It is not the first French novel we read that reveals to us this disposition of our minds, but the first story book in which we look out for the mishaps of the naughty boy. No prince of Abyssinia, however wise, can compete with the solitary prince of Bohemia—Robinson Crusoe, and even the ruffians of Alsatia have acquired a romantic esteem and taken rank as belonging to a Bohemian dependency.

But there is another district of Bohemia, the interest in which is less readily acknowledged, but which assuredly deserves it still more. If our imaginations are touched and our sympathies affected by the dark faces that come upon us under the secluded hedgerow, and the waggon-tents that startle the rider across the open moor, what shall we say to the fate of the Gipsy, dissociated from all the requirements of his nature,—the free air, the clear light, the liberty of movement, and earning his daily bread in the factory or the mine? Surely the romance and pathos of his destiny must increase in proportion as he is encumbered and closed in by the demands and powers of an antagonistic society, and yearns towards some distant and unknown Peshawur, the cradle, and it may be yet the habitation, of his race. And this is the condition of the intellectual Bohemian, the Artist, or the Man of Letters, to whom a certain moral freedom seems a necessity of existence, who instinctively rebels against the established rules of society, more because they are established than for any other

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reason,

reason, who conceives little comfort in the elaborate luxuries which other men spend their lives in toiling to possess, who claims a large field for the exercise of his talents and affections, and feels nothing but trammels in the ordinary methods of cultivating the one and regulating the other. If such natural inclinations—and they are common to genius in all places and periods—are combined with a happy physical temperament and a humouristic perception of common things, their possessor may find in some ‘port of Bohemia,’ not only a refuge from his own isolation and from the contempt of the world which would tread him down to the dull level or drive him into the outer darkness of insanity or crime, but a community of feelings and an identity of interests far above all his expectations. No wonder, therefore, that the relations of Bohemia afford continual aspects not only of amusing contrast with the external social state, but of true and independent interest. Without a daily exercise of courage and endurance—without a consciousness of some intrinsic dignity—without some ideal of a higher being—the Bohemian existence can suggest little else but comic situations and ludicrous incidents; and thus it is well not to overlook such representations of the better characteristics of this portion of mankind as are agreeably portrayed by the hand of Henry Mürger in the volumes now before us, which profess to describe the manners and sentiments of this community as it appears in Paris within the first half of the present century.

If instead of the hyperbole that ‘Bohemia is only possible at Paris,’ our author had said that the French character was peculiarly adapted to receive and develop the Bohemian nationality, and especially so in Paris, the concentration of France, no one could have doubted the correctness of the assertion. The vagrant professors of the *gaie science* and the mendicant composers of the *pieuses et dévotes soties*, were the fathers of the best French poetry and the proper ancestors not only of Clément Marot (the favourite of that royal Bohemian, Margaret de Valois), but of Ronsard, Regnier, and Molière. The rough reality of Rabelais holds its own beside the gentlemanlike nicety of Montaigne, and, above all the courtly and accomplished literature of later times sounds the wail of Rousseau, the pitiful and terrible cry of the ill-conditioned outcast against the society which he hated quite as much for its artificial graces as for its inherent vices. That society, indeed, had been and then was more of a fixed institution, strictly regulated and formally defined, than existed in any other part of the globe. It was a *beau monde*, enlightened by *belles lettres*, protected against intrusion by lofty and time-honoured barriers, outside of which everything was deemed vulgar and uncouth. Between
this

this dominion and Bohemia the relations for a long period were those of civil wars, varied by occasional truces, during which the familiar intercourse was more dangerous than the customary hostility: the *roués* of the Regent were no better than the desperadoes of misery, and the sham classicalities of Bohemia were sometimes as unnatural as the wigs of Corneille or the 'Garden' of Delille; and so it went on till at last Bohemia, in the fury of poverty and envy, took Marat for its hero and the Père Duchesne for its literature, and so completely guillotined Society, that it has never since appeared in the integrity of its power. Society in its turn was soon avenged by the great renegade of Bohemia, who mercilessly drove back his countrymen within their natural borders, and appropriated to himself and his own the advantages of their extravagance.

The Bohemian is too much of a cosmopolitan to be an earnest politician in any country; but he participated in the advantages which all classes derived from the exercise of constitutional liberty under the two branches of the Bourbon dynasty, and found his intelligence stimulated by the contests of important interests and the rivalries of able men. The rise and growth of the romantic school was the triumphant proof of this development, for not only did Bohemia become the legitimate field of poetry and fiction, but with her wildest eccentricities and most sordid accidents she all but monopolised the press and the stage; a fact which should not be forgotten in our estimation of the honest and healthy feeling in Mürger's works.

Neither will any one deny the appropriateness of the locality of Paris for all the phases of Bohemian nature. Take, for instance, its stronghold in the Quartier Latin, notorious for centuries for its lax academic discipline and its frequent defiance of the Police, the Court, and even the Church. Those lofty and massive edifices, caravanserais of real or professing students, secluded even from the inquisition of that paternal care which the railroad now brings to bear with invidious speed on the alleged sickness or pleaded poverty of its offspring, stood almost the same as when Ramus fell, the victim of his introduction of the free competitive system and a warning to Mr. Gladstone, or when the battle of the Gallican liberties was fought with Bohemian vigour and license against the Jesuit army of absolutism and Rome. That was a nursery of every open thought and every happy promise—a scene of

‘First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart’—

and which in truth verse can describe so much more becomingly than prose, as Gustave Nadand has shown us:—

‘There

‘ There stands behind St. Geneviève,
 A city where no fancy paves
 With gold the narrow streets,
 But jovial Youth, the landlady,
 On gloomy stairs, in attic high,
 Gay Hope, her tenant, meets.

There Love and Labour, hand in hand,
 Create a modest fairy-land,
 And pleasures rarely pall ;
 Each chamber has its own romance,
 And young Ambition’s frenzies dance
 Along the plastered wall.

Enchanted cells of solid stone,
 Where hermit never lives alone,
 Or beats the moody breast ;
 Where each one shares his bed and board,
 And all can gaily spend the hoard
 That never is possest.

Delightful battle-fields of strife
 Between the hot redundant life
 And boyhood’s tender awe ;
 Between the lecture and the dance,
 The lasses and the lore of France,
 The pipe and Roman Law.

But taste improves and Mammon gains,
 And the old city wastes and wanes,
 And, each succeeding year,
 Must some warm nest of young desire,
 Some hearth-stone of the sacred fire,
 Crumble and disappear.

Until some ancient demoiselle
 The stripling of her choice will tell,
 With tears and faltering tongue,
 ’Twas there the Pays Latin stood,
 ’Twas there the world was really good,
 ’Twas there that she was young.’

Yes, the Quartier Latin may fall, Paris may be improved, till not a trace of its ancient self remains—the monotony of Munich may replace the streets, where every house was a history, but Bohemia will survive, perhaps all the more vigorous and the more dangerous for the loss of its cloisters and its castles.

A chronicler of Bohemia should assuredly be a Bohemian, and Henry Mürger has a fair claim to that nationality. His parents were *concierges* of some great family, and were turned into the street by the proprietor whom they had served thirty-five years—a strong anti-social lesson to the child who accom-

panied

panied them. The father set up as a tailor at the top of a large house, in which Garcia the father of Malibran, and afterwards Lablache, occupied apartments. His mother, from some odd fancy, dressed him in blue from head to foot. Malibran fondled and Pauline Garcia played with the little *bluet*. From an elementary school he passed to an attorney's office, from which he was rescued by his old neighbour Monsieur de Jouy, who built a temple to Voltaire in his garden, and who kept on his table, in a glass case, the toga and the wig in which Talma had performed the doleful tragedy of 'Scylla.' By his influence Mürger became the private secretary of Count Tolstoy, the confidential correspondent not only of the government but of the Emperor of Russia, the effect of which employment was to make him a very decided democrat, and his first literary essays were in that direction.

The veteran diplomatist, however, seems to have borne no grudge against the young man on account of his free opinions, but to have liberally assisted him, even after he had left his service and started in literature by some radical verses, entitled 'Via Dolorosa.' The name of the poem was emblematic of its course, and it went the round of Paris without getting a publisher. The author, in desperation, took to painting, in which he was equally unsuccessful, and was diverted into writing vaudevilles for the 'Théâtre de Luxembourg' by his friend Champfleury. How the literary adventurers lived together at this time will best be shown by a pleasant letter in Champfleury's *Nuits d'Automne* :—

'It is now nine years since we were living together, and between us were in possession of seventy francs a month. Full of confidence in the future, we had hired in the Rue de Beau Girard a small apartment at three hundred francs. Youth is no arithmetician. You gave the *portière* such a magnificent notion of our furniture, that she let it us on the strength of your good countenance, without a word about references or character.

'You brought there six plates (three of them china), a Shakespeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a superannuated chest of drawers, and a Phrygian cap. By the strangest chance I had two mattresses, a hundred and fifty volumes, a sofa, two chairs and a table, and a skull besides.

'The first week we passed most delightfully. We never went out; we worked hard, and smoked hard. I find amongst some old papers a scrap, on which these words are written, "Beatrix, Drama in five acts, by Henry Mürger, acted at the — Theatre, the = 18 = ." This was a page torn out of a large blank book, for you had a bad habit of wasting all our paper in writing out the titles of plays. You always seriously added the important word "acted," to see how the title looked.

'Then

‘ Then came the days of great scarcity.

‘ After a long discussion, each heaping reproaches on the other for our insane prodigality, it was agreed that as soon as the income of seventy francs came in we should keep a strict account of the outgoings. Now this account-book I have also found among my papers: it is simple, laconic, affecting, rich in memories. Nothing could exceed our exactitude the First day of every month. I read on the first November, 1843, “Paid to Madame Bastion for tobacco supplied, two francs.” We also paid the grocer, the restaurant (a real restaurant), the coal-merchant, &c. The First is quite a holiday. I read, “spent in coffee thirty-five centimes,” an extravagance which brought down upon me a string of remonstrances during the evening; but that very day you invested, to my horror, sixty-five centimes in pipes.

‘ The second of November we paid the washerwoman a large account, five francs. I walked across the *Pont des Arts* as if I were an Academician, and proudly entered the Café Momus. We had lately discovered that benevolent establishment which furnished a *demi-tasse* for twenty-five centimes.

‘ The third of November you decided that as long as our seventy-five francs lasted we should cook for ourselves. In consequence you bought a *marmite* (fifteen sous), some thyme, and some bay-leaves. As might be expected from a poet, you did use too much bay; the soup tasted so strong of it. We also laid in a stock of potatoes.

‘ Tobacco, coffee, and sugar, as usual.

‘ It was with strong interjections and gnashing of teeth that we wrote down the expenses of the 4th of November.

‘ Why did you let me go out with my pockets so full of money? You went into Dagniau’s and left twenty-five centimes there. What could you get for twenty-five centimes when the smallest pleasures are so dear? I went to Belleville to see a play gratis, and I took two omnibuses—one to go, the other to return; I was well punished for my prodigality—three francs seventy centimes dropped through a hole in my pocket. How did I dare go home and encounter your indignation? The two omnibuses of themselves deserved the severest reproach, but the 3, 70! If I had not begun with the plot at Belleville to disarm you, I was done for.

‘ And yet the next morning, without a thought on these terrible losses, we lent our friend G—, who always seemed to look upon us as his bankers (the house of Mürger and Co.), the enormous sum of thirty-five sous. I have thought over by what insidious means G— had succeeded in winning our confidence, and I can find none except our fresh and foolish youth. For, two days after, he coolly came again and asked for exactly the same sum.

‘ Up to November 8th we placed the sum-total correctly at the bottom of each page. It was then forty francs sixty-one centimes. There the addition stops. We could not bear to look the whole in the face any longer. On the 10th of November you bought a thimble.

‘ Now, without being a great observer, it is impossible not to suspect a momentary appearance of a female, although, no doubt,
many

many men do know how to mend their own clothes in their leisure moments.

'On the morning of the 14th Monsieur Crédit returned. Monsieur Crédit pays a visit to the grocer, to the tobacconist, to the coal-chandler; he is fairly received, I may say well, by the daughter of the grocer, for you accompanied him. Did Monsieur Crédit die about the 17th, for I find written under receipts "frock-coat three francs"? Those three francs came from the *Mont de Piété*—the *Mont sans Piété*, as I would call the brute, whose agents seem bent upon our humiliation. Yes, it was my only frock-coat that went, and that to lend half what I raised on it for the insatiable G—.

'On the 19th we sold some books—fortune favoured us, and we boiled the pot with a fine fowl and plenty of bay leaves.

'Monsieur Crédit seems to continue his circuit in search of supplies with a dignified composure. He shows himself daily up to the 1st December, when, to the universal astonishment, he pays his debts. How I regret to see this little register limited to one month—only that one November! Why not more? If we had only continued, there might have been so many landmarks to survey the distances of our Youth.

'Happy time! when from our little balcony we could catch one tree of all the garden of the Luxembourg, and that by leaning over.'

The 'Scènes de la Vie de Bohème' and 'Les Buveurs d'Eau' are the fruits of this and similar experience. The first presents a group of Bohemians accidentally brought together and sharing in the happy brotherhood, the occasional luxury, and the habitual indigence; consoling each other's vanity in the frequent failures of their art, and exaggerating each rare success into fortune and fame. But the charm of the Society was an unfailing gaiety, making necessity a storehouse of ingenious mirth, looking upon life as a pantomime, in which the main object is to secure the part of Harlequin, and regarding their bitterest enemies in no worse light than Clown and Pantaloon. Within the class of antagonists to Bohemian happiness must be included all those respectable persons whose supply, sooner or later, is followed by demand, and though the right-minded reader will recognise the abstract justice of their claim, yet it is difficult for him not to rejoice in their frequent discomfiture.

The 'Scènes de la Vie de Bohème' open with Schaumard, a musician whose chief work is a symphony descriptive of 'the influence of the colour blue on art,' seated on the side of his bed, with a spangled pink petticoat for a dressing-gown, meditating on the means of paying his landlord seventy-five francs before twelve o'clock. He tries to compose a ballad, but the multiplication-table haunts him till he sets it to music. He looks over the register in which he has alphabetically noted down all his friends and acquaintances, with
the

the sum that they might reasonably be required to lend to a brother in difficulty opposite each name: when the maximum of any one had been exceeded, he had always scrupulously borrowed from some other to pay off the excess. At this moment, alas! he finds only three persons who have not paid the full tax, and one of them lives far in the suburbs. But he starts on the hopeless crusade, and in the mean time, at noon, the 'propriétaire' arrives, and begins fuming at the departure of his lodger. In a few moments an orderly from the War-office rides up; the 'propriétaire,' in an agony of delight, exclaims to the porter that 'it is clearly his nomination to the Legion of Honour,' but instead it is the announcement from Schaumard 'that better times will come for France and for himself, and that at present it is impossible for him to pay one *sou*; and he takes the opportunity of writing this at the desk of a clerk of his acquaintance, and forwarding it by the soldier, who is going that way.' As the day advances Schaumard betakes himself to a café, where he has a small credit, and there cultivates an intimacy with the philosopher Colline, who teaches all the sciences and spends his pay in buying odd volumes on the quays, and with Rodolphe, the editor of the '*Castor, ou l'Echarpe d'Iris*.' After a jovial evening, Schaumard, forgetful of the circumstances of his domicile, invites his friends to supper, and finds to his astonishment his room let '*meublé*' to the painter Marcel, whose original picture of the 'Passage de la Mer Rouge' had been thrice rejected by the jury of the 'Salon,' before whom it had successively appeared as 'Passage du Rubicon' and 'Passage de la Bérésine' (by the transformation of Moses into Cæsar and Napoleon.)—the indomitable artist declaring that the following season it should appear as the 'Passage des Panoramas'—but meanwhile it is purchased by a 'marchand de comestibles,' who inserts a steamer, and hangs it up before his shop as 'Port de Marseilles.' Schaumard claims the apartment; Marcel recognises his rights over the furniture, and proposes to pay the arrears and set up a united household, which arrangement is consecrated by a splendid orgie.

Can we compress, in this colourless fashion, the 'chasse' of Rodolphe, the man of letters, after five francs, absolutely necessary for him to treat to the 'Grands-Eaux de Versailles' a brilliant conquest he had just achieved? He has five hours to get them* in—twenty sous per hour; and his first visit falls on an influential critic, who is in an agony for an article. 'You saw the new piece at the Odéon yesterday?' 'I am the public of the Odéon.'—'Do you remember the incidents?' 'Like a creditor.'—'Can you write me an analysis?' 'In a moment'—and he does it.

it. 'It is too short.' 'Put in some dashes and your criticism.'—'I have no time for any criticism, and it's too short if I had: put in an adjective every three words.'—'Would n't it be better for you to appreciate the piece?' 'You can have my opinions on Tragedy; but I have printed them three times.'—'What does that matter? there is nothing new but virtue; lend me forty lines.' 'Here goes,' says Rodolphe, adding to himself 'he must give me five francs for this.'—'Admirable,' says the critic; 'but I still want two columns; have you any paradoxes?' 'I've a few, but not my own: I paid a poor friend fifty *centimes* a piece for them;' soliloquising, 'that will be ten francs—they should be as dear as partridges.' They take up thirty lines, and, with the addition of the touching sentiment—'It is only at the galleys that one really tests the honesty of mankind,' the article is complete. But the critic has not a farthing in the house, and poor Rodolphe is glad to borrow two francs on a Bossuet and a bust of Odillon Barrot which he carries off. For the remaining three francs, consult the original.

The Bohemians have a club at a certain *restaurant*, where their conversation drives the *garçon* into idiotcy in the flower of his youth. After some weeks the *maitre* presents a formal remonstrance of several articles against their proceedings, and demands redress. They have forced him to take in a paper which nobody reads, by always hallooing, 'Le Castor, le Castor!' There is only one trictrac, and when any one wants it they cry, 'Le trictrac est en lecture.' M. Marcel has brought his easel, and M. Schaumard his piano, into the *salon*, and placarded the window with '*Cours gratuit de Musique vocale et instrumentale, à l'usage des deux sexes.*' They bring a machine and make their own coffee, on the ridiculous pretext that they cannot countenance an immoral connexion between mocha and chicory, and thus discredit the establishment. Not content with having destroyed the intellect of the *garçon*, they have corrupted the unhappy boy to the extent that he has addressed some passionate verses to the impeccable matron who presides at the *comptoir*; and for these and other reasons the Society is requested to transfer its revolutionary manners to another locality. Apologies and promises heal the breach; and on Christmas Eve, being accidentally without any money what-
 * ever, they propose to have a banquet that shall cost a hundred thousand francs, and have just entered on that speculation when they meet a young man of property, whose sole object in life is to become a citizen of Bohemia, and who begs humbly to be permitted to pay their bill.

The more private arrangements are equally interesting. One
 of

of the friends is asked to dine with a *député*; the *habit noir* (it is blue), which belongs to one of the company, and serves for all, is gone to be mended. What is to be done? The scene is at Marcel's: a respectable citizen arrives to have his portrait taken; the Roman costume is recommended, and he is invested with a *robe-de-chambre*, while the invited guest offers to hang up the coat in an ante-room, but puts it on and goes off with it. The pretexts by which the *bourgeois* is detained till the guest returns are of the highest genius, and only paralleled by the contrivance recounted in another story, where two friends get wet out shooting, and the host they are visiting invites them to change their dress, and come to dinner; having no change of clothes, they dry what they have on, and then, each assuming the other's garments, they literally obey the injunction, and produce the impression that they are somehow different from what they were before, which is quite satisfactory.

The *grisette* naturally has her place in this volume. 'Moitié abeilles, moitié cigales,' as Mürger draws them—their merry industry, their facile pleasures, their personal devotion, and their endurance of everything but unkindness, has the additional value of an historical picture, now that Paris knows them no more, and that such a race of Bohemian womanhood is only to be found in Bordeaux and some other southern cities. Mimi urging Rodolphe to write her a gown, and tiring him out to add to it so many sentences of breadth and so many flourishes of peroration; and Francine confounding the cold of disease with the want of external warmth, and setting her heart on a muff, which the self-privation of her friend procures only in time for her to die and be buried in—are acquaintances that are not easily forgotten. But the 'Mademoiselle Mariette' of Champfleury remains the authentic chronicle of the Life and Fall of the *Grisette*, and may take rank in French fiction with *Manon Lescaut*.

It is in this story that Champfleury introduces the following account of a Bohemian journal, which must have been a formidable rival to the 'Castor,' and is a good specimen of the more serious occupations of the fraternity. We recommend this description of editorial management to the authorities of every similar enterprise:—

'This journal was in the hands of an old man, who had passed all his life in similar undertakings. Though sixty years of age, he contrived to surround himself with fresh and unused talent—to persuade others to spend their youth and their genius for his secret profit.

'The old "Saint-Charmay" had preserved the literary habits of the Restoration, but he admitted the new forms of intellectual activity which come up every ten years. And the body of young men who thus started

started in literature were able to give the paper an original colour that made it a *puissance* for the moment.

‘Mons. de Saint-Charmay employed many means to hold in and master these fervent youths. One was, to pay them very low salaries, that they might not have time for idleness. Those who produced much were paid no more than those who produced little, the articles of both being mysteriously stored up in the red morocco portfolio with which the editor walked up and down the Boulevards, convinced he was taken for a Minister on his way to the Chambers.

‘Another method was to detail the great deeds of the celebrities that had passed through the hands of Mons. de Saint-Charmay on their road to honours, office, and wealth. It was also his habit to seem entirely to despise his contributors, to treat them with insolence and brutality, and to make them believe that, once out of his magic circle, there was no hope for them with any other journal.

‘Seldom had there been seen such an assemblage of youngsters, meeting there from the most opposite directions, with the most different and conflicting ideas. As they all agreed pretty well on the demolition of the present, they formed a new school for the demolition of the future. Each looked upon himself as the chief of a literary movement to come; some seasoning their literature with those political notions which ten years afterwards brought on the Revolution; others wrote on every subject with indiscriminating levity and ridicule. There were boys who, with a logical facility, anonymously attacked the greatest poets, stinging them with perfidious triplets and venomous stanzas. There were idolaters who only knew one man in the world, and never put their pen to paper except to talk of Him; there were the disappointed, who criticised everything; there were young intriguers, who made their way everywhere through the influence of the paper—acolytes of the painters, poets, and actors, whom they were never tired of incensing; there were the cleverest fellows, and some who could not spell. There were very many besides who did not know French, including Russians, Italians, Germans, and Poles, who brought useful material to the workshop, but difficult to make up, and more difficult to mend. There were Frenchmen who wrote worse than the Germans; there were men about town, lawyers, ladies of fashion, members of the jockey-club, little attachés who sent little notes that looked important, and were meant to increase the importance of the author.

‘It was a notable part of Mons. de Saint-Charmay’s system to allow no personal friendship to interfere in his journal. He admitted the most violent attacks on any celebrity, but he did not approve of enthusiasm. Each contributor was obliged to send in at least ten “crushing” articles before he could get inserted one agreeable to anybody; the writer, who anticipated some social advantage from the favourable article, impatiently awaited the day of its appearance, but the next morning his jealous colleagues generally contrived to get up something so insulting to the object of the laudation, that the previous panegyric only served to irritate him still more against his intentional benefactor. The same plan was acted upon with regard to the new social schools,
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which had their followers everywhere. If the adept had the indiscretion to write sometimes in favour of an Utopian philosopher — of Fourier, for instance — Fourierism became the butt of the whole paper for the next week. It may be imagined how animated was the conversation of the young men, who carried into their loves and hatreds all the fire of their twenty years. More than once all the staff came to blows, and the repaired chairs remained memorials of the ardour of the discussion. Mons. de Saint-Charmay, as an old Guardsman, encouraged this high tone, and contributed considerably to these literary hurricanes in spite of his sixty years.'

With all these shifts and troubles, the '*Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*' do not leave upon the reader any very gloomy impression of the pains of poverty. Often, indeed, we are reminded of the maxim, '*Il n'y a de nécessaire que le superflu*,' and the remembrance of the days when the Bohemians seem to be dining all day, almost compensates for those when there is a general '*relâche*' of the dishes. The most philosophic treatment we know of the question, 'What are really the necessities of man?' occurs in a little novel by Ludwig Tieck, translated by the accomplished Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, Sir Charles Macarthy, in '*Fraser's Magazine*,' for 1842, under the title of the '*Superfluities of Life*.' Two young people marry on nothing, and are determined to live on next to it. They take an apartment at the top of an old house, get a few common flowers for the window-sill, and an old woman to bring them bread and water every day; a store of potatoes and such luxuries is laid in, but soon exhausted. Winter sets in severely and enchants them by the study of the icicles on the glass, but annoys them by the suggestion that their stock of wood will soon be exhausted. They pass their days delightfully, reading, not books for they have sold all they had, but their thoughts, memories, and imaginations, to one another, and record immensely, without pen, ink, or paper. But the cold is an annoyance, and the fuel is all but gone:—

'Dear wife,' says Henry, 'we live in a civilised age, in a well-governed land, not among heathens and cannibals; ways and means must present themselves. If we were in a desert, I would, of course, like Robinson Crusoe, fell some trees. Who knows whether there are not woods where one least expects them? Birnam-wood came, after all, to Macbeth—to his own destruction, to be sure. Islands have often emerged on a sudden from the ocean; in the midst of cliffs and desert rocks there often grows a palm-tree; the thorn robs the sheep and lambs of their wool when they come too near it, but the linnet carries off these spoils to his nest to make a warm bed with them for its tender young ones.'

The next morning the young wife hears a noise as of workmen
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about the place, and, on entering the room, finds her husband surrounded by the most beautiful logs of the driest wood. He had some time ago found an old saw, and now it has struck him that as nobody comes up their stairs but that one old woman and they never go down them, the massive oaken bannisters are indeed 'a superfluity of life.' There is warmth in the very process of destruction, and the household is again in a position that leaves nothing to be desired. Their nest is overlooked by no other house, and out of the window nothing is visible but the roofs and chimneys which their fancy transforms into rocks and ridges: for weeks one chimney-sweeper had alone disturbed the divine solitude. As the months wear on, Clara every day expects that the bannisters will be exhausted; but no, the store burns merrily; only the old servant comes in no longer—she sends the bread and water by some other hand. At length one morning a tremendous tumult is heard below; she rushes to the door; her husband follows, and catches her by the gown—'For God's sake, take care, or you will fall down!' She gazes from the open portal, and, instead of the wide oak staircase, she beholds an abyss with half a dozen stairs suspended in the air—the rest had followed the bannisters. The quondam staircase had been, in fact, a sort of coal-mine, which yielded up its treasures, not without toil; Henry descending into the shaft, and continually depositing the extracted stair on the one that remained. The only painful moment had been when, on breaking off the third stair, he had held out his hand to the faithful old woman, and had bidden her an eternal farewell, though she continued afterwards to attach the daily bread to a rope he let down to her. Some '*Deus ex machinâ*' appears to calm and compensate the indignant Philistine of a landlord, and to force back to the world of wealth and wants these happy eremites of this Bohemian solitude—this Egyptian '*Laïra*.'

There is a considerable and somewhat painful transition from this anecdote of German Bohemia, with its bright ideal illustrations, to the stern realities of the '*Buveurs d'Eau*' of Mürger. These are a small monastic community of the devotees of art, bound by a rule as strict and a discipline as severe as ever Carmelites or Franciscans. Each member must contribute out of his own scanty means to a common fund, from which the poorest may be supplied with all that is requisite for the natural or intellectual development of his Art—a passionate desire, for instance, for the sight or study of any particular object being considered just as requisite for the artist's production of his idea as the pencil or the paint. No member of the society is permitted to degrade his art into decoration or furniture, or to use
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it for the purposes of temporary excitement, whatever may be the inducement or the remuneration; every member must regard the fame or the profit of a colleague as his own, and as only subordinate to the absolute and ever-ruling principle of 'Art for Art's sake,' to which they are to sacrifice even their purest affections. The results of this association agree with our general experience of over-strained theories. Shut up in his own self-consciousness and excluded from all open criticism, the artist degenerates into conceit and mannerism, and the man into a selfishness reflected from many forms of self. The virtue of endurance is choked up with pride, and the dignity of independence is damaged by the very ostentation of penury. The passion of love itself becomes an instrument of art. Lazare, one of the brethren who, at twenty-five, has so ripened his life that he looks on every hour given to love as stolen from the high purpose of existence, and who has kept off every sort of passion from his thoughts as he would the draught of wind that might scatter his papers over the room, falls at last under the influence he had so long resisted; but, unable from honourable motives to attempt to possess the original, he makes the execution of her portrait by memory the test of his affection, and, when his imagination fails to give the perfect representation, he resigns himself tranquilly to the extinction of his love. Antoine, the founder of the Order, remains uncontaminated by the moral disease engendered by this factitious mode of being, and continues worthy of the beautiful character of the grandmother, who, after a life of independence, accepts a servile position that she may earn for her artist-children enough to support them in their high ideal of existence, and of the girl who dries up her young blood in virile studies to screen the old age of her foolish father from the effects of the ruin his imprudence has brought upon his family.

Few readers, we believe, have laid down this volume without regret that the characters and incidents connected with this association have not been more fully produced to the public view. The principal characters of the '*Vie de Bohème*' are said to represent real personages, who took no affront at the witty travestie under which they appear; but the graver tone of the '*Buveurs d'Eau*' is rather that of fiction founded on general observation than on the study of any personal idiosyncracies, and so rich a mine of human nature would have well borne a further search when it had been once made accessible by so acute and judicious an explorer. At the same time it is impossible to deny the signal inferiority of a pale representation of Bohemian student-life, which came from the pen of Mürger, under the title

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of the 'Pays Latin,' and which, at any rate, should never be taken up after the two books we have noticed.

Our English literature abounds with veridical and fictitious narratives of all kinds of Bohemian adventure, and the interest in the highwayman has almost survived the highway; but in the Bohemia of literature and art it is rather the remarkable individual than any special association which is remembered. Otway choking with his crust—Savage and the biographer of Savage—the boy-clerk from Bristol poisoning himself in his smart clothes—Goldie cowering over his small modicum of coals—Hazlitt, 'living to himself,'* in his hut on Winterslow Heath—Haydon seeing the taste and opportunities for historical painting rising at the very time he was conscious of the decay and waste of his own powers—such are the associations of this nature which the past suggests to us, rather than the wits in the coffee-house gathering to hear Mr. Dryden talk, or any fraternity in Grub-street, or the famous club of which Bozzy was a member, and which 'was ruined by the admission of Adam Smith,' or even the Leigh-Huntian gatherings in the Vale of Health. The spirit of association is not rife even in Bohemian England: the independence of character, which isolates our countrymen in their pleasures and their sorrows, cannot be neutralized by any similarity of situation or even by any congeniality of pursuits. We have never had an Academy of Literature, and there have been always notable artists who have remained apart from the Academy of Arts. If Bohemia has its elements of attraction in the free sympathy and easy intercourse it encourages, it has also those of dissension in the supercilious temper it fosters and the self-consideration it enjoins. Our Pre-Raphaelites are perhaps nearer the 'Buveurs d'Eau' than other artists; but they get prices for their pictures which would enable them to drink the best vintages if they chose so to do, and what becomes of Bohemian fellowship, when Mr. Ruskin himself turns against them?

Yet there was much to expect from the title of 'Friends of Bohemia' by the writer whose hard and vigorous portraits of what he calls 'the Governing Classes' had indeed caused the experienced reader to regret that they too often were founded on an imperfect knowledge of the conditions of the society he undertook to describe, but which were undeniably the freshest, and, in many ways, the justest of the political personalities of our time. But this book is disappointing, mainly because there are no 'Friends' in it, and very little 'Bohemia,' in any sense in which

* *Vide* his delightful essay 'On Living to Oneself,' written at Winterslow Hut, January 18th, 1821.

that word is more than a negative of what is established and respectable. There are but two scenes in the whole story in which the character of Bohemian conversation and manners is sustained; the rest is a mixture of dark improbable character and painful improbable fable. The hero is a spirited generous fellow, whose spirit gets him shot down in the fullness of his youth and prosperity by an unmitigated rascal, and whose generosity costs him nothing, because he is as monstrously and mysteriously wealthy as Monte Christo. He lives a roving sensual life, and acts as a sort of Wilhelm Meister to other personages, who abuse the present state of society, from the highest to the lowest, in a grim radical tone, betraying an anxiety for violent change, which is entirely at variance with the dignified indifference of true Bohemians to the rest of the world. By way of encouraging interest and care for the people, he objects to Sydenham and Hampton Court, and fresh air, because

‘The multitude, after tasting paradise, doesn’t like to go home to the lower regions, and John sees no resemblance to Jane in the statue of Venus Victrix, and Jane thinks of the flower-beds when she’s scrubbing the dirty floor. If there are always to be *masses*—that’s the phrase—always to be kept down, as a foundation for national greatness, why, better not give them a glimpse outwards. The masses always have toiled and been spent, and always will toil and be spent, and the aspiration that has sufficed to induce them to do this is that upwards—of another sphere, when the lunacy and horror of this have been done with. Education, indeed! If the whole adult male population could read and could understand the argument of an orator, do you think this sort of thing would go on?’

And the indignant Bohemian points to ‘a crowd of St. Giles’s flock’ warming their naked feet over a particular square yard of the pavement which covers a baker’s cellar and ovens—‘if they could not have bread, they could have the heat used in making bread,’—a view of the effects of intellectual enlightenment which much resembles what we remember having heard a distinguished popular writer assert, viz., that the peace and safety of this great city were due, not to the sense of law and order, not to the comparative well-being of the majority, but to the habitual intoxication of the hungry and the hopeless, to whom gin supplied both food for the body and dreams for the mind—a dreary theory, which we will not investigate further than to say, that, if this be true, the hostility between Bohemia and civilization is only a matter of time, and the former must reign triumphant over ruin, like the Last Men on each side of Behring’s Straits in Eugène Sue’s novel, or the New Zealander on London Bridge in Lord Macaulay’s Essay—a consummation which a little observation of the ways of Providence

dence is sufficient to refute. The prejudices of men and the intolerance of manners may do their worst to separate the interests and affections of mankind; but the intelligent Bohemian will hardly see the future destruction of society in the very attempts which some are making to mitigate the evil. We are reforming our predatory Arabs, and who knows but we may annex Bohemia at last, and not be the worse for the conquest.

We give Mr. Whitty's notions of a peculiar class of London Bohemians—the cabmen—as a happier specimen of his manner:—

‘What an injured race are the cabmen! They are the sailors of great cities; sailors in the uniformity of their reckless attire, and their countenances reddened and hardened by weather exposure, and in the peculiar slang with which, using professional terms, they speak of all mundane affairs. They are sailors in republican contempt for worldly dignities and dignitaries. As sailors have deep contempt for all who do not understand ships, cabmen despise every intellect unconcerned with horses. They are sailors in their intense acuteness and decided inclination to swindle. Yet sailors—dirty, improvident, dishonest—have a poetical position among men, and, except among shipowners and captains, Jack has the merit of a jolly dog, innocent as a puppy, prettily playful. Jarvy has no novelists and no defenders; for the street is not the sea, and we miss the sixpences extracted from ourselves. When we sit in the cab and look at the statue-like heap of old clothes on the box, steering us through the traffic of London, we feel towards him as if he were the inevitable foe—as Cape soldiers regard a Kaffir—as Christians once regarded the Jews. His affecting devotion to his horse, whom he drives slowly in conviction of the risks of a rapider pace, meets with no sympathy from us: we consider the quadruped as in league with the driver.’

It would explain very much the faults and the merits of this book if the author turned out to be an American. There are in it views of society which in an Englishman would suppose a very offensive cynicism, but which any one, not a native, might entertain, out of mere indiscriminating indignation at the strong contrasts of our social life, and express or imply, as he does, without a consciousness of their exaggeration. But if, instead of portraying scenes and characters which would be odious and repulsive anywhere, and holding up to observation sentiments and conduct which are just as destructive of happiness and unsatisfactory in their results in Bohemia itself as they would be in the inmost circles of respectability, the novelist had given us a true picture of the peculiar relations to general English society of literary men and artists, he would have done a good work. The difficulty in which a man of ability and sense is placed between the indignity of being ‘lionized’ by foolish and unsympathetic people,

people, and the injury to his own intellectual and moral nature from the habit of living with admiring friends and obsequious followers cannot be overrated. The problem how to retain his self-respect and to do justice to the motives and intentions of others who are really desirous to esteem and honour him, is one that every man in this position must solve as he best can, and we believe that a fair combination of genial Bohemian independence and of gentlemanly feeling is requisite to do it successfully. Genius will never find the path of life smooth, for it has to make the road it travels; but let every man in our day believe that if he has greatness within him, his time will not fail to arrive. We probe deeply—we test jealously—we reject cruelly; but we are hero-worshippers of all high faculties as well. Chatterton passed away in the agony of unrecognised power and unanswered demands on the interest of his fellow-men, and years afterwards multitudes of eager eyes and sympathetic hearts crowd for months together round the representation of that death-pallet in the Manchester Exhibition, while over the entrance of that palace of art were inscribed in gigantic letters the first words of the chief poem of John Keats, who prayed that on his tomb might be written, ‘Here lies one whose name is writ in water.’

ART. III.—*Six Months in Italy.* By George Stillman Hillard.
London, 1853.

THE only countries, says Alfieri, that leave on the memory the impression of affectionate regret are Italy and England; and though we cannot expect the other members of the European commonwealth to subscribe to this limitation of the constitution-loving poet, few would dispute the pre-eminence he claims for Italy. No one has lived much in that land of beauty without feeling that it has spread over him the spell of a second home. Angelica Kauffmann declared that when she finally settled in Italy she felt her powers revive, and Winckelman, when he retired to Zurich, after a twelve years’ stay in Rome, was attacked by a fit of nostalgia, such as it is usually thought only Swiss mountains can cause, nor did he recover his health and spirits till he decided on returning to the country of his adoption.

No greater proof of the general homage paid to Italy can be adduced, than the large space she occupies in the literature of northern nations. In this country the works of fiction, narrative, and description, of which she is the theme, would form no inconsiderable department in the national library, and no wonder.

Italy

Italy is associated with our first lessons of history, our earliest admiration of genius, our awakening love of art. Unseen, she is the land of hope and promise—once seen, she is ever after the source of pleasant memories. The homestaying painter or poet, when he is weary of the trammels of reality, carries his imagination to a region of fairy-land, which he calls Italy, and here he summons before him the abstractions of ideal beauty and super-human sensibility—men all fire, and women all love; a literature all poetry, a language all music; seas all blue, and skies without a cloud; palaces of marble, hedges of myrtle, orange groves studded with antique statues, peasants dancing in fancy ball dresses, under vine-covered trellices, and a youth with bare legs singing all day to a guitar. This is not Italy. But with this idea of it the untravelled public are so familiarised, that they will scarcely accept any other; and it is curious to observe how long in the tourist's mind this conventional type, which he has brought out with him, prevails over the reality which he sees spread before his eyes. And yet this gaudy image is greatly inferior to the real Italy. It is what we so often see in the productions of the portrait-painter, a likeness idealized till it has lost all character and greatly flattered in its ordinary features, but yet doing no justice to the higher beauties of feeling and expression.

The appearance of a new tour in Italy naturally suggests a comparison with its numerous predecessors. We do not say with the sagacious Fadladeen, whom the lively author of *Lalla Rookh* has set up as the type of all reviewers, that in order to estimate the volumes before us, we must pass judgment on all the tours that ever have been written. But this branch of literature has reached a point which invites a retrospective glance. The annual stream of tourists' publications flows with a languor which shows the demand has slackened. It is worth inquiring how they have treated their subject hitherto, and how far they may be accepted as guides by the future traveller.

But before we proceed, we beg at once to express our acknowledgments to Mr. Hillard for the pleasure his volumes have afforded us. His tour was short and hurried, such as perhaps would not in this country have led to a publication, except in the case of an author so popular, that his publisher is always eager to get him before the public; or a man so eminent, that the world is anxious to know not what he saw, but how he was impressed by it. But Mr. Hillard is a citizen of the United States, and in his country the taste for European travelling is only lately awakened. To American readers the subject appears less hackneyed, and to those who are pressed for time it is a matter
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of no small interest to know how an intelligent countryman thought he could economize six months to the best advantage. Mr. Hillard's work is that of a scholar and a gentleman, a man of sense as well as of taste and feeling, and well prepared by his previous reading to appreciate his subject. He writes without egotism, personal or patriotic, he has no systems to support nor prejudices to defend; his views are always liberal and benevolent, and if not always, in our opinion, right, he is always candid. His style is pointed, and is full of happy expressions and striking images; occasionally it is to our taste a little too ambitious, and his illustrations, though ingenious, seem to us fanciful and far-fetched; the anxiety (perhaps derived from his profession) to enforce a point, leads now and then to exaggeration, not indeed of fact, but of expression. These blemishes, however, are but slight, and our mention of them must be taken as a proof of the sincerity of our general praise.

A tour may be wholly subjective, and may be in fact a fragment of autobiography; or it may be wholly objective, and describe only visible objects. The writer may take as a model Sterne's '*Sentimental Journey*,' which no one ever consulted as a book of travels; or Marianne Starke's miscellaneous list of prices, sights, and inns—where the washerwoman and the Coliseum figure side by side—which no one ever took up as a book of amusement. Between these two extremes all tours must range, and in the intermediate space the author arranges his stores of criticism, narrative, history, sentiment, or science, or whatever else he can collect for display.

The tourist to whom, in his own eyes or those of the world, self is the most important object, naturally keeps nearest to the terminus of autobiography. Göthe's tour forms part of the narrative of his life; and therefore, without taking into calculation the enthusiasm of his admirers, he has a right to consider that the chief interest of all he sees is derived from the impression it makes on himself, and the effect it has on the culture and discipline of his own mind.

Mr. Beckford, in his well-known letters, treats every object with reference to his own individual sensations at the moment, and evidently conceives that to yield unresistingly to every fugitive impulse is the criterion of genius and susceptibility. Pages are devoted to plums and muscadine grapes, and the most romantic scenery is left unnoticed. At Venice, on a hot day, he rushes into the Adriatic, and, according to his own account, would have forgotten to return, if the incoming tide had not floated him back to shore. In the bleakest part of the Tuscan Apennines, and in a dark night, a host of 'thick-coming fancies' oblige him 'to leave
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his chaise and plunge into the deepest shadows of the mountain.' At Rome he sees nothing but St. Peter's, and the use he wishes to make of it is to exclude all the rest of the world and to put up beds in it for himself and his correspondent. At Mantua the moustache of an Austrian sentinel prevents his contemplating the mediæval splendour of the Gonzagas; and at the gallery at Florence he is so sensitively alive to the various conflicting claims on his attention, that he would have seen nothing if fortunately his irritable susceptibility had not been lowered to the point of ordinary use by the sight of a very tasteless statue of Morpheus. How far he took the trouble of acting up to his conceptions of the mode in which a man of genius should travel is known only by tradition, but his lively and brilliant sketches unquestionably show us how a man of talent can write.

Tourists of his class, however lively their fancy and vigorous their style, are worse than useless as practical guides to ordinary travellers. Let 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' with whose adventures the lovers of caricature are so familiar, beware of the eccentricities and idiosyncracies of genius. We must especially protest against a piece of idleness or affectation, which is vaunted as a merit by numberless authors, and which it is most unwise, though often tempting, to imitate. Let the tourist be assured it is a want of curiosity, and not an excess of sensibility, which makes him 'hate all sights except such as he finds out for himself,' and refuse 'to be led about by a jabbering showman.' Now, the law on the subject is perfectly clear. No free-born traveller who pays his own expenses is obliged to see sights if he does not like it. Nay, so far as the difference of times and circumstances allows, he may imitate the contumacious prodigal of the last century, who being sent in the stately style of the day, in his 'post-chaise' and with his 'governor'—then denoting a travelling tutor, and not used as a slang word—to make the 'grand tour' and to see the world, defeated his anxious parent's calculations by sedulously keeping the blinds drawn. But if the tourist has engaged himself to write, or dimly foresees that the popularity of his letters and journals among his own circle will make publication inevitable, he is bound to qualify himself for the task by seeing and learning all he can. No doubt a 'laquais-de-place' may often be 'a bore,' especially when we do not understand his language. But there is no rational reason for rejecting his services except the dislike of paying for them. The possession of a great deal of inspiration may be allowed to the wayward children of genius, but there is no well-attested case where a knowledge of topography has been miraculously imparted. No well-informed reader can sympathise with a reluctance

ance to see sights, except where it is notorious they are not worth seeing. When Matthews passes by Vicenza with the expression of a hope that there is nothing to see, for if there is he has not seen it, he only provokes us by the carelessness with which he performs his task. It is not safe to assume that any town or even village of Italy possesses nothing worth a visit. We wish it were established as a literary canon that when the author's chief object is to exhibit the workings of his own mind he should choose for his subject some country possessing less claims of its own to interest. Italy is too beautiful to form the background to a fancy portrait.

To avoid the egotism of autobiography, Mrs. Jameson has introduced in her 'Diary of an Ennuyée' an imaginary character, whose feelings and ailments give variety and point to the incidents of travel. But, deservedly popular as this work is, we cannot think the 'frame' is happy. The supposed writer is no ennuyée, for she takes the keenest interest in all she sees; and though she is made to complain of fatigue in order to attest the reality of her sufferings, her superhuman activity would defy the imitation of the most robust travellers.

Very similar in plan, but very different in execution, are the French tours published under a 'pseudonyme.' In them the author avails himself of his mask to assume the possession of opportunities, pretensions, and accomplishments which it would be preposterous to claim in his own person, to attack whom and what he pleases, and to find shelter from every censure. If his anecdotes are proved false, he can retort they never were meant to be true; if his sentiments are reprobated, they are not his own; if his tone is offensive, it was assumed to support the consistency of a fictitious character. It is thus that M. Beyle dictates and vapours under the name of an omniscient, contemptuous young gentleman of aristocratic pretensions and democratic ideas, whom he calls the Comte de Stendhal. He was for some time French Consul at Cività Vecchia, and had seen a good deal of Italian society, though not perhaps of that portion of it of which he speaks most. But 'Rome, Naples, et Florence' is the result of an early and hurried tour, and though subsequently corrected it bears indelibly the stamp of carelessness and immaturity. His style is rapid and spirited, his observations are pointed and lively; but the supposed writer's assumption of superiority is provoking, and the prolonged mystification is wearisome. As a tour, a work thus written wants authority; as a novel, it lacks incident.

Madame de Staël has endeavoured to unite an instructive tour in Italy with a story of sentiment. The plan had at the time
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the merit of novelty, though perhaps the idea may have been remotely suggested by the travels of Anacharsis. But the accessory portion overpowers the principal, and the reader's attention is painfully distracted by two incompatible calls. The growing attachment of Corinne to Lord Nelvil, described, as it is, with all the truth and power of one who painted so well what she had herself so intensely felt, is but awkwardly interwoven with her long and imaginative disquisitions on antiquity and art. In spite of this defect, however, the book was enthusiastically admired. We well remember in early days how completely we were under the enchantress's spell, and how much we regretted that half our illusion was destroyed, when a cynical critic, at that time of undisputed authority, coldly remarked he could not fancy being in love with a woman who had been a 'laquais-de-place.' Here is the blot. With Corinne the laquais-de-place, and Corinne the heroine of romance, we cannot fully sympathise at one and the same time, and this is exactly what Mr. Hillard feels when he censures Lord Nelvil for admiring the 'inconceivable grace' with which Corinne lifts up the curtain at the entrance of St. Peter's. He cannot endure that the hero who is about to view this wonder of the world for the first time should have leisure to admire even the woman he loves. But the error is rather in attempting to divert the reader's attention at this moment of expectation than in supposing Lord Nelvil's admiration could be thus divided. Our younger readers will probably think not even Solomon's temple could engross the thoughts of a lover in all the intoxication of a new-born passion. For our own part, our objection to the incident is of the most matter-of-fact and commonplace character. The massive 'portière,' which is purposely made as heavy as possible, could not be lifted by any one with grace; and if Lord Nelvil, consumptive though he was, allowed Corinne to lift it at all, we must give him up as a monster of insular inattention. But in truth the task could not have devolved on either of the lovers. Corinne's footman would have forced back the massive barrier a couple of feet to enable them to squeeze through the interstice, as Madame de Staël's footman must have done, or she could not have so far forgotten its weight as to fancy it a curtain of gauze or silk which a fairy might remove. After all, Corinne must not be read as a guide book. Brilliant as are Madame de Staël's descriptions, and full as her pages are of remarks equally just and poetical, her memory is treacherous and her information often inaccurate. She had little perception of the beauties of nature, and of art she was wholly ignorant. She dismisses the frescoes of Raphael with a few sentences; while she devotes whole pages to the
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frigid extravagances of the modern French school with which the heroine's villa at Tivoli, *above the great cascade* (!), is decorated. 'Corinne,' however, is unrivalled as a storehouse of brilliant sayings, in which the point of the expression brightens into wit, and the poetry of the thought deepens into pathos, and it may be especially recommended to the study of those who do not disdain to shine in borrowed gems. Many years ago a foreign diplomatist at Naples established a reputation by the judicious application of one of these epigrammatic apophthegms, and it was not till some months afterwards that the malice of ill-fortune or of an envious colleague discovered the source of his inspiration.

In many of the older tours, especially of the French school, sentiment—not suggested by external objects but by the author's own circumstances—plays a prominent part; and passages of this kind, like Yorick's sermon, have the advantage of suiting equally well with every text. The President Dupaty, whose voluminous work is an amusing specimen of the taste of the last century, saves himself the trouble of describing the Villa Borghese by summoning in fancy his absent nursery round his knees, and detailing their imaginary gambols beneath the murmuring pines on the delicious turf. M. de Custine, having arrived at a seaport where he wished to avoid the trouble of sight-seeing or of writing a dull and perhaps difficult chapter on freights and exports, supposes himself wrought up to such a state of feverish anxiety at not receiving letters from the ideal correspondent to whom, by a literary fiction, his narrative is addressed, that all his curiosity respecting external objects is paralyzed.

At one time the presses of Paris and Brussels, produced a variety of cleverly-written volumes which, for want of a better name, we must call philosophical tours. These rarely condescend to particulars; they might be produced by hasty travellers who guessed rather than gathered their information (M. de Custine tells us he guessed his four volumes on Russia), and after visiting the country found little to modify. Madame de Genlis, in her otherwise dull *Memoirs*, gives, as the production of a young friend, a lively caricature of this style of writing. It is a sketch by anticipation of the tour of a common literary acquaintance who was just leaving Paris for Rome. The burst of emotion on the first sight of the plains of Italy, accompanied by a marginal note to the effect that the author made the descent of the Alps in the dark and asleep, is very humorously conceived. The entrance into Rome over the desert of the Campagna brings forth a sentimental chapter, professing to combine Gibbon and Montesquieu, and 'fusing poetry, history, and philo-

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sophy in the glowing crucible of genius.' The succeeding chapter is intended to present a marked contrast: biting, satirical, and gay, it concludes with 'anecdotes un peu libres sur les dames Romaines,' all of which are to be collected at Paris. In the Holy Week the author is to hold a dialogue with an Indian chief in the Sistine Chapel—no doubt you will suppose, says Madame de Genlis' correspondent, in order that the enlightened author may instruct the savage. Quite the reverse. The savage's keen irony, withering sarcasm, and cogent logic are to lay prostrate all the author's feeble defences of Christianity.

In these days, indeed, a change has taken place, and so far for the better that the reaction has brought us to the least dangerous of two extremes. Instead of finding the opinions of Voltaire put into the mouth of a savage, we shall more probably find the language of Voltaire employed to give point to the sentiments of St. Dunstan. The covert insinuation of atheism has given way to the open, though often, we suspect, affected profession of a dreamy sentimental bigotry. And if the brilliant statesman and man of letters can obtain followers by promulgating theories of papal virtues and papal rights, which in the last century would have raised doubts of his sanity, it is not strange that bigotted, perhaps ambitious, ecclesiastics should profess a blind and omnivorous credulity which has no parallel since the invention of printing. In his four heavy 8vos. the Abbé Gaume notices every legend, however extravagant, every relic however absurd, which comes within his observation. He '*believes every iota.*' According to his view of passing events, the world is governed by a divinely-inspired delegate, who reigns on the seven hills, assisted by a hierarchy of sages and saints, and but feebly opposed by a malignant influence called heresy. As a sample of the true mode of reading the past with the eye of faith, he tells us that it is an heretical figment to represent Galileo as impeded in his physical researches by the Inquisition. The truth is, that the philosopher foolishly and arrogantly endeavoured to support his theories, some of which have been since confuted, and all of which were then doubtful, by proofs derived from Scripture. The Holy Office saw at once how dangerous to the authority of Scripture, and how injurious to the progress of science, this unphilosophical mode of arguing might prove, and firmly but mildly repressed this explosion of the mathematician's bigotry by requiring him to reside for a time under the roof of his particular friend the Archbishop of Siena.

But in truth, it is not one of the least curious subjects of speculation in looking back on the labours of successive generations of tourists, to observe with what differently coloured spectacles

spectacles the traveller provides himself at different periods. In the less important matters of literature and art public feeling has greatly changed of late. In the beginning of the century Eustace found 'a classical tour' the most attractive title he could take for his work, and he followed Addison in collecting all the passages of the classics which refer to the objects he visits. Forsyth takes credit for refusing to visit the tomb of an early pope at Grotta Ferrata, or to see anything at Tusculum but Cicero; Villa d'Este he treats as an object of ridicule. Göthe will not enter the magnificent convent at Assisi, and is persecuted (of course a philosopher in the year 1786 found it necessary to be persecuted) because he insists on preferring to visit the Temple of Minerva. Beckford compares Mecherino's pavement to 'hobgoblin tapestry,' and speaks of Siena Cathedral as being generally considered a 'piece of elaborate absurdity.' In these days the ancients can barely find toleration on their own peculiar ground, and their modern followers are proscribed. Palladio's architecture, once held to be the model of grace and beauty, makes the devotees of Gothic art positively sick; and painting, which is now supposed to be admirable only in its infancy, loses all its interest as it approaches the softness, the fullness, and the truth of nature. Where shall we be at the next oscillation of the pendulum? If we cannot make our taste comprehensive enough to discern beauty in all its forms, let us at least remember that our judgments will not be more respected by our successors than those of our predecessors are by us, and let us try to learn the lesson of toleration.

Of the statistical tour, containing information on all social and political matters, the professed specimens are few. The time, labour, and patience required for such researches are more than the amateur will choose or the professional author can afford to give. In French, the most considerable attempt of the kind with which we are acquainted is the '*Etudes Statistiques sur Rome*,' by the Comte de Tournon. His work was published only in 1831, though his design was conceived and much of his materials collected when Rome was a department of France and he governed it as its 'Préfet.' The information he has gathered is most useful, and the skill with which he has mapped the country and divided his subject will considerably lighten the labours of future inquirers. In English, Mr. Whiteside's is the only work of the kind which we have seen of late years. But his stay in the country was too short, and he travelled at a time when Englishmen insisted on preferring the visions of a hopeful imagination to the evidence of their senses. He was obliged to collect his information from chance informants at coffee-houses

or tables-d'hôte, and in the heat of political excitement scared Truth had shrunk to the lowest depths of her well, from which she has never since emerged.

The generality of tours, however, are of too miscellaneous a character to be classed under any specific head. It was a glorious time for authors, when any lively and well informed man or woman could pay the expenses of a journey by recording the ordinary incidents of travel, interspersed with such reflections and criticisms as flowed spontaneously from the writer's pen. The public now requires more solid food; and this is all that is true of the complaint with which Mrs. Trollope prefaces her tour, that 'Italy is an exhausted subject.' She should rather have said the ordinary modes of treating it are hackneyed. Rope harness now-a-days calls forth no wonder, dirty inns no sympathy. The black eyes of the chambermaid inspire no interest, the elf-locks of the ostler no sinister forebodings. Her work is much what we should expect from her desponding exordium. She has since resided long in Italy, and has doubtless arrived at the conclusion, that no country has been so much described and is so little understood. It is to be regretted her publication was not deferred till she had formed a more adequate conception of her subject. So close an observer as she has proved herself in her early works, cannot fail to have collected materials not less interesting than new, nor can she lack the power to set them off with a style as clear and as pointed as of old.

But the cause which beyond all others has driven tours of this description out of the field is the superiority of the modern Guide-books. Mr. Hillard is full of gratitude to Mr. Murray's Handbooks, and with reason. They have rendered it pleasanter to make a tour and easier to write one, but they have also made it less profitable. The information which once could only be scantily gleaned from various tours, histories, and guide-books is here laboriously collected, carefully condensed, and methodically arranged for use. The accuracy of these Manuals is wonderful, when we consider the great variety of subjects which they embrace, and the great extent of country to which they refer. They are something much better than mere guide-books, and are quite as necessary to the scholar who stays at home, as to the tourist on his travels. Indeed we shall not be sorry to see the time when they are so far enriched and enlarged by successive additions, that they will be considered rather books of reference than pocket guides; and the lists of inns and other matters of a temporary and variable nature will be transferred to some new Travellers' Manual, of which a fresh edition will be needed every season.

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Still, however, the 'Tour in Italy,' under whatever name it attempts to assume an air of novelty, [is pleasant reading, nor is it fair to quarrel with it for not being what it does not profess to be. The writer in general disclaims all pretensions to superior knowledge or unusual research, and if he succeeds in beguiling a leisure hour the reader has no right to complain, because he thinks with Minim the critic, in the 'Rambler,' that 'the author could have written better if he had taken more pains.' Nevertheless the false impressions which these works, agreeably and cleverly written as they are, have contributed to propagate are many, nor is this strange when we consider how numerous are the peculiar delusions and temptations to which their authors are exposed.

Most tourists profess to record their first impressions, yet who can venture to do so with truth and simplicity! How few are sure what their first impressions were! How many have decided beforehand what their first impressions are to be! An old-fashioned tour, like a modern book of travels, was written for readers who, for the most part, had never visited, and never intended to visit, the country. A modern tourist addresses himself to those who are familiar with the scenes described, or who soon will have an opportunity of testing the fidelity of his descriptions. He has the labours of his predecessors before him in abundance to compare with his own observations. Can he do otherwise than make it his first care to ascertain, not what his first impressions were, but what they ought to have been and what emotions they ought to have excited? The inevitable consequence of all this is a certain amount of disingenuousness and affectation. The credulous novice who stuffs his travelling bag with 'tours' envies the happy sensibility of their authors, and is discouraged by finding himself unduly engrossed by fears of the custom-house, and doubts as to his lodgings. He is conscious that, on arriving at the goal he has so long and ardently desired, he has often got little to record but the vague disappointment which so often accompanies the accomplishment of long-cherished wishes. 'This is Venice, Naples, Rome!' but the spell which the name has hitherto exercised over his fancy will work no longer. He arrives at Ponte Molle, but by no effort can he realize to his imagination the conflict of two imperial armies, contending for the sceptre of the world. In the forum he cannot feel that 'the eloquent air breathes, burns, with Cicero,' or with Rienzi, or with any one else whom the quick sensibility of his literary guides can conjure up at any moment; but let him not be disheartened, let him go home in peace to ruminate on what he has seen, and let him be assured no
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an's imagination is so entirely at the command of his will as books would lead him to suppose. That faculty needs training like all others. How often must the want of time and the languor of fatigue damp even the most genuine enthusiasm! Mr. Hillard claims pity for the tourist, 'pursued by an inexorable Nemesis, with a watch in one hand and a guide-book in the other.' Is he to be blamed if, after satisfying his conscience with a hasty look, he returns to his books to ascertain what he has seen, and determine what he thought about it?

The source of all error, against which neither the tourist nor his reader is ever sufficiently on his guard, is his short acquaintance with the country he undertakes to describe. Why is it that so many, like Mrs. Trollope, have been in haste to give us the outpourings of their first surprise and pleasure, and so few have set down the corrected impressions of repeated experience? Can the full bottle never empty its contents? or does the subject so expand on a nearer view, that the author finds it impossible to satisfy himself? Of the condition of the country, social, moral, and political, the hasty traveller can know nothing, and the temptation to say something is great. Conscious of his want of information, he fancies himself safe when he finds anything to confirm his anticipated conclusions. In the absence of facts a hasty surmise will point a lively paragraph. Matthews, who, though we have noticed him only to find fault, is certainly one of the most spirited and agreeable of the superficial tourists, 'suspects that the papal soldiers put off their uniforms and turn brigands in the dark.' A French traveller in England might just as fairly accuse the detective police of joining the swell mob at the London theatres.

The little vexatious incidents of travel excite the diarist's petulance, and he pens his notes accordingly. A slow sergeant who keeps him waiting at the gate of a fortress is accepted as a proof of the tyranny and the incapacity of the government. Custom-house officers find no toleration: if they do their duty they are rude and insolent, if they take a fee for neglecting it, they bear witness to the national venality. The example of equanimity which Dr. Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' exhibits in his amusing and agreeably written tour, is rare. Poor Smollett, oppressed by illness and goaded by poverty, indulges his querulousness, till he makes his journal a mere register of inattention and extortion, of bad suppers and bad weather, and for this he is unmercifully and (had all the circumstances been known then as we know them now) unfeelingly ridiculed under the name of Smellfungus by Sterne. The path of the traveller is in these days much smoother than it used to be, but asperities enough remain to excuse his
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ill humour; and though he might not, as Mr. Hillard surmises, see with satisfaction the whole population of Civit  Vecchia carried into captivity, as an expiation of the wrongs he has received at their hands, he would not hesitate to record against them, without further inquiry, the summary judgment of the often quoted entry in the purser's logbook, 'They have got no manners, and their customs are beastly.' The rapid traveller has little opportunity of seeing the native society, and he has rarely much acquaintance with the language, which is an indispensable condition of intimacy. The Italians are too indolent to like conversing in foreign tongues, and too much a people of habit to endure a society which changes every year like the shades of a magic-lantern. If strangers are agreeable to us, say they, we are more sorry to lose them than will be compensated by the pleasure of having known them. If they are not, it is better we should not make their acquaintance at all. And from the horns of this dilemma we do not see how it is possible to escape. Thus there are few pictures of Italian social life on which it is safe to rely. A letter of Lord Byron's to the late Mr. Murray contains more truth on the subject than we ever remember to have seen in print. But it is dated forty years ago; and since then, in one of the most important points to which it refers, a gradual change has been operating. After all, it sums up with a conclusive reason why no faithful report can be given. If the author is familiar with what he proposes to describe, he cannot speak without a breach of confidence; if he is not, he is unworthy of credit.

The political reflections with which so many tours are highly flavoured are rarely more than the expression of the author's preconceived opinions. If, indeed, he is a person of note, he is sometimes sought out by the party with whom he is supposed to sympathise, and who desire to employ him as the instrument for communicating their views to the world; but the ordinary traveller for the most part derives his information from valets-de-place, or from second-class language-masters—men who are quick at discovering which way the prejudices of their employers lean, and who derive a certain amount of consequence from professing their discontent with the existing order of things. If tours were read with care, and weighed as evidence, it might be found that, in general, authors had not endeavoured to pass their testimony for more than it was worth; but such works are read carelessly—the impression is made, no matter how, and by frequent repetition is at last accepted as an established truth.

We have no analogy in the institutions of this country to
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guide us in our speculations on Italy. The ancient state of all its provinces was highly aristocratic. During the French occupation, *feudality*, the rights of primogeniture, and entails, were abolished; and, on the return of the restored governments, no uniform principle was adopted by them collectively, and little consistency or judgment was shown by each individually in fitting together the fragments of the two systems. To re-establish an aristocracy, without securing the rights of primogeniture, is a contradiction. To legalise the sale of fiefs, and to permit the title to be conveyed with the estate, is to make aristocracy ridiculous. In fact, for all practical purposes, an aristocracy, which is the first requisite for a constitutional government, in our meaning of the term, is nowhere to be found. But few have taken any trouble to procure exact information, and for years past the English public, including unfortunately our statesmen, have never suspected that a total ignorance of the manners and feelings of the different classes and countries of the peninsula, and a very imperfect knowledge of their history, their institutions, and their actual condition, is any hindrance to our prescribing with certainty for all their social ills. And thus the problem of 'regenerating Italy,' which the wisest of her own patriots view with perplexity, and approach with caution, may, according to our notions, be settled at a dinner at the Mansion-House, or a meeting at Birmingham.

But perhaps the most popular ingredient of 'tours' is criticism; and of this there is always abundance, with whatever protestations of ignorance the author may preface his narrative. Indeed a distinguished novelist, who begins his tour with the most contemptuous disclaimers of all knowledge of art, before the conclusion of it gathers confidence enough to pronounce that the man who admires the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican is either a fool or a knave. Of the many who have written on art, Forsyth is certainly the most able; his observations are generally just, and always brilliant, and are conveyed with a terseness and point of which we have no other example. Of painting and sculpture he disclaims all accurate knowledge, but on architecture his criticism is profound, and as he follows Milizia, it is usually correct, though severe. Mr. Hillard complains it is couched in language too technical; but none other would have been sufficiently precise, and by endeavouring to make his remarks more intelligible to the amateur he would have made them less useful to the artist. Considering his opportunities, his knowledge is truly extraordinary. Fresh from the grammar-school of Elgin, and the University of Glasgow, he came to London and set up a school at Newington Butts, and there, in the scanty

leisure of his spirit-cramping profession, he found time to study the language and literature of Italy, and to pore over every print he could procure of its treasures of ancient and modern art. Yet the thorough mastery of his subjects which his book displays must, we think, be attributed mainly to the length of time during which he ruminated on what he had seen before he published his remarks. Arrested on his way back to England, after the peace of Amiens, he had few agreeable subjects of contemplation in the solitude of a French prison except his recollections of Italy, and he finally committed them to paper, in the hopes of attracting the benevolent consideration of a Government that affected to patronise literature. No tourist that we are acquainted with can compete with Forsyth in clearness of observation and vigour of expression, and although many have made clever remarks and ingenious criticisms on the fine arts, yet as a body they have contributed largely to propagate a delusion in which undoubtedly they share in all sincerity, but which, more than any other cause, we believe, has thwarted that progress in art on which the English public is bent.

It is generally assumed by them that complete ignorance of art is compatible with exquisite appreciation of its beauties, and even that knowledge, in some unexplained way, is destructive to feeling. Connoisseurs, or, as they are called in the older books, the 'cognoscenti,' are sneered at, as having by misdirected study sophisticated their natural sensibility; and the tourist is assured that, in order to be infallible, he has only to trust his instincts, and not to allow himself to be swayed by the time-sanctioned opinions of the world. In reading and in conversation the candid traveller finds everywhere the same profession of ignorance, and the same assertion of exquisite enjoyment; and in comparing what he hears from others with his own sensations, he is perplexed by his own insensibility. If he has already attained distinction in any way, or enjoys a high reputation for talent, his embarrassment is augmented; his fellow-travellers press to hear his first impressions, and beset him in his visits to the galleries. Sganerelle was at last obliged to admit himself to be the physician which every one persisted in believing he was; and our tourist, in assuming the part thus forced upon him, generally begins by making a violent effort to impose on himself. Many years ago, at Florence, the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man, whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself, with clasped hands, before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and, 'There,' he murmured, 'is the Venus de' Medici, and here I must stay—for ever and for ever!'

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He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady —— had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue, another distinguished countryman, whose reputation for taste was better founded, and whose sensibility old age had not blunted, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber. We have been assured that an eminent actor, now no more, thought it necessary to be positively deprived of his breath by the first sight of the Apollo Belvidere, and panting to regain it, he convulsively clutched the arm of his companion, with difficulty articulating — ‘I breathe!’

Sir Walter Scott is one of the few men of eminence who have shown themselves entirely free from affectation and embarrassment in visiting the galleries of Italy. When the wonders of art were pointed out to him, more especially those that require a deeper knowledge to appreciate, he would ask, ‘Is that thought fine? Will you tell an ignorant body why it is fine?’ Perhaps (the answer might be) what you will see most readily is the grandeur of the dramatic effect—the depth of the expression—the way in which the story is told—‘Ah, I can see that;’ and as each point of excellence was explained in succession—the skill in grouping, the correctness of drawing, the beauty of form, or the harmony of colour—he would reply, ‘Ah, I could fancy that,’ or ‘I could look at that till I thought I saw it.’

No one states the popular fallacy so broadly as Mr. Hillard, who holds that ‘some understand art and some feel it, but few do both.’ In that case ignorance were indeed bliss; but to dispel this general illusion, it ought to be enough to point out that, in the first place, it is a mere confusion of language to suppose that ignorance of art and a correct judgment of its products can co-exist. If we could, for the sake of argument, suppose their union for a time, the fortunate possessor of this instinctive taste would soon learn, by comparison, to classify and arrange his ideas, and reading and conversation would supply him with the terms he needs to express them. His ignorance would melt before the glow of his sensibility like snow before the sun; he would soon become the most accomplished of critics; and if he persisted in calling himself ignorant, he could only mean that he was unacquainted with the practical methods employed by the artist. In the next place, it should be broadly laid down, not merely as

a theoretical truth which, thus stated, few would deny, but as a practical fact, of constant application, that our perceptions of the beauty of natural objects are indefinitely improved by cultivation; nature herself therefore must be studied to be properly felt, and that as art at best is but an approximation to nature, a compromise by which a part is sacrificed to secure what is most striking in the remainder, it must need require a further and still more careful study. There is no doubt that when men first turn their attention seriously to the fine arts, there is great difference in the degrees of aptitude and sensibility which they severally display; nor is it worth while to inquire whether this difference is to be attributed to the gift of nature or to the unconscious education afforded by the accidents and opportunities of youth. Whatever the aptitude of the most advanced of such beginners may be, he has still to learn what Milizia calls the art of seeing; and he would do well to remember what considerable progress Sir J. Reynolds had made in the practice of painting when he describes his disappointment at being unable to appreciate Michael Angelo, whom he lived to admire as the model of excellence. Sir W. Scott's candour and manly sense pointed out to him at once that ignorance is the defect, and the remedy is to seek information. The theory of self-reliance, which teaches the learner to trust to his own inspiration, shuts the door of knowledge, and opens the floodgates of affectation.

Never was there a time when the bewildered novice had more need of all the lights which his predecessors can throw on his path, to guide him through the clouds with which modern criticism has obscured it. He is assured he has only to cast away his staff in order to cease to be blind—that he may boldly begin to teach although, or rather because, he has never learnt. Instead of beginning with the study of those excellencies which are most perceptible to his unpractised eye, he must regard them as blemishes, and his inability to appreciate beauty is to be accounted a sensitive impatience of defect. Without knowing anything of the merits of a picture, he is called on to establish some fanciful harmony between them and the imaginary feelings and moral qualities of the artist, of which he knows, if possible, less; and when he has observed nature so carelessly as not to perceive whether the shadow is correct and the colour true, and whether the outline has more than a general resemblance to the anatomy of the human figure, he is required to pronounce on the ‘earnestness’ of the work, its ‘purity,’ and other qualities, of which he can form no distinct notion, and further to decide whether its relation is to ‘sense,’ to ‘intellect,’ or to ‘spirit.’ Alas! who will tell him that painting, like all other arts, has its days of apprenticeship, and

and that patience and humility will open the door of the temple in due time!—Whereas he may for ever talk æsthetic fustian in the outer portico in vain.

On the remains of antiquity many works have been written in a popular style, such as ‘Burton’s Antiquities of Rome,’ and ‘Rome in the Nineteenth Century,’ which may be consulted with pleasure as well as profit. But the hasty tourist feels himself weak on the subject, and is tempted to treat antiquaries with something like contempt. They are, he urges, and with some show of reason, a tasteless, provoking race—in their zeal to preserve they care not how much they disfigure; they shave, restore, and enclose a picturesque ruin to keep it a fit subject for a lecture, and forget that the result of their labours is to deprive it of all that gave it interest.

‘Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.’

Mediaeval remains they have recklessly and wantonly destroyed, and in mediæval history they take no interest. For centuries the Colonna Pine (now, alas! shattered by lightning) formed one of the principal objects in the views of Rome. At its foot, half covered by the bays and laurels of the Colonna Garden, lay the colossal fragments of what is supposed, though without reason, to have been the Temple of the Sun. Yet often as this spot has been visited by antiquaries, it was reserved for an English young lady and her governess to remark on the frieze a rude inscription, to the effect that the tree was planted by the Colonna family, in commemoration of Rienzi’s fall and the revenge they had taken for their kinsman’s death. The antiquary, instead of making repeated examinations on the spot, retreats to his library to frame his theories and wrangle with his rivals. The disputes about Phocas’s column have taught him neither caution nor diffidence. For years no theory of its purpose or origin was too extravagant to find supporters; but no one surmised that it might be the work of a good period of art, which had been applied by an age of decadence to its own purposes, till the inscription was excavated, and it was found to have been raised by the exarch Smaragdus to the Emperor Phocas.

Nevertheless the antiquary has collected a vast mass of useful information, and has discovered much of important truth, and the most hasty tourist would find the pleasure of his researches greatly enhanced and his labour lightened by acquiring enough of archæology to distinguish the different modes of construction and the varying styles of decoration which mark the rise and the decadence of Roman grandeur. The facility which he would thus acquire would be like that obtained by the use of grammar
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in the acquisition of a new language. By this discipline of the eye his taste could not fail to be improved, and he would be able to read for himself the greater part of the tale which each ruin has to tell. Nor would his gain be less if he would take some pains to acquire knowledge enough of architecture to assign a probable date to its various specimens. With a tolerable eye, and methodical instruction, this might be attained much more readily than is ordinarily supposed. But few 'Tours' contain any such salutary advice. Indeed, as their writers naturally desire to make the most of their actual stock of information by holding cheap all that they do not possess, they have contributed unintentionally to lower the young traveller's estimate of what is needed to make the most of his time. We do not go so far as the Abbé Gaume, who, at the head of a long list of works to be carefully studied as an indispensable preliminary to an Italian trip, places the forty folios of Baronius; but we agree with Mr. Hillard, that no information comes amiss; and nothing gives us a higher idea of his general cultivation, and of his thorough appreciation of his subject, than his modest regrets at his imperfect preparation.

Mr. Hillard complains that few tourists see Italy except in winter, and that winter is not the time for seeing it to advantage. But in summer the hours of enjoyment are limited to the morning and evening: at other times the sun is too nearly vertical to diversify the landscape with shadow—form is undistinguishable, and colour is lost in a palpitating haze of white and yellow heat. In autumn and spring the tints are richest, the effects are broadest, and the atmospheric phenomena are most diversified and striking. Winter has occasionally days of great brilliancy, but it certainly is not the time for long excursions, and in vain our author casts a wistful eye at Vallombrosa and the Casentino, in whose names, he truly says, there is music, and that music is Dante's and Milton's. This excursion should certainly be made in summer. In November the tourist would find all the rigour of a mountain climate, and nothing to remind him of Milton but the 'autumnal leaves;' he would be chilled by a cold reception from hosts unprepared at that season to receive strangers, and a cheerless cell in an untenanted corridor. Vallombrosa stands in a rich glade surrounded with woods on the slope of one of the highest Apennines to the south of Florence; and from the heights above it, far beyond the countless undulations of intermediate hills, are seen the bright villas of Florence dimly gleaming through the summer air. If the artist comes with the hope of finding subjects of romantic beauty for his pencil he will be disappointed, but his eye will
be

be refreshed with turf of emerald-green, contrasting deliciously with the sun-burnt plains he has left below ; he will find sparkling rills and lofty woods, varied with black masses of the spruce and the pine,* the proof of a cooler climate, and the cause of a denser shade. But Vallombrosa has seen its best days. It is shorn of its wealth—its treasures of art are removed to Florence—and it no longer strikes the stranger by the contrast of its stately hospitality with its deep seclusion.

Within an easy ride is Camaldoli, with its Eremo or village of hermitages, the second of the Tuscan sanctuaries. But its buildings and its situation are less striking than those of Vallombrosa, and the form of monachism which it exhibits in the solitude and ascetic discipline of the eremo is that which it is most painful to contemplate. The ascent to the hermitages commands a fine view, and winds through woods consisting wholly of the fir-tribe : the fir in Tuscany is an exotic rarely seen, and it is agreeable to pass in a short day's journey from the dusty heat of Florence to the black-greens and the turpentine-smelling freshness of Switzerland.

On a hill commanding the valley of the Casentino stands the lonely osteria, which still bears the name 'dell' uomo morto : ' and a little higher up is a cairn, to which that ill-omened name more properly belongs. To this spot, since rendered famous by the immortal verse of Dante, and then the boundary of their territory, the Florentine signory brought Maestro Adamo, who so pathetically recounts his sufferings to the poet, to expiate at the stake the guilt of having tampered with their far-famed coinage. From hence is seen the valley through which the Arno winds, and is fed by those sparkling streamlets, the recollection of which so aggravated the hapless coiner's penal thirst in hell.† From this spot, too, rising on a lower eminence, could be seen the castle of Romena, the stronghold of his guilty suborners, and therefore it was chosen as the place of doom where his body was consigned to the flames;

' With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale,'
and strike horror and dismay into the hearts of his patrons,

* Not the *stone pine*. The *Pinus pinea* is found only in the warmer regions of the plains. It is a common mistake of artists to place the stone pine in situations where it never could be found.

† ' Li ruscelletti che dei verdi colli
Del Casentino discendon giuso in Arno,
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
Chè l' imagine lor vie più m'asciuga
Che il male ond' io nel volto mi discarno.'—*Inf. canto xxx.*

'Di Guido e di Alessandro e di lor frate.' To this day the peasant never passes the spot without throwing a stone on the cairn 'per l'uomo morto;' but all tradition of the dead man's story has faded away. A bandit, a sbirro, a custom-house officer, or a smuggler, is the guessing answer which the traveller receives to his inquiries.

At the other extremity of the valley beyond Bibbiena is the far-famed sanctuary of La Verna, the favourite retreat of St. Francis, where he is said to have received the stigmata, which play so important a part in the hagiology of Rome. On the summit of a bald lumpish mountain, the 'crudo sasso intra Tevere ed Arno,' there springs up a bold pile of perpendicular crags, on the crest and in the clefts of which is constructed the convent. Behind it waves a majestic mass of wood which crowns the summit of the platform, and below the rock is the gate of entrance and the forestiera, or hospitium for the reception of female pilgrims who cannot be lodged within the holy precincts. Every niche and cleft in the stone has been hallowed by the saint's austerities, or is recorded as the scene of his celestial visions, or of his conflicts with the evil one. On the spot where he received the crowning mark of Christ's favour, the impress of the five wounds of the passion, is built the chapel which every night, according to the rules of the order, must be visited by the whole fraternity.

Pulchra Laverna, da mihi fallere, is irresistibly suggested to every classical scholar by the name of this mythic region. But St. Francis was no deceiver. He never spoke of his wounds during his life; and his followers remembered after his death that by the length of his robes he had seemed studiously to conceal his hands and feet. It is highly likely that the five wounds were really discovered on his person when he was no more. Towards the close of his life, in an access of ascetic fervour, it is very possible that he might have made the attempt, which so many other enthusiasts have made, to realize to himself the pains of the passion, and that in his debilitated state the wounds never closed. The dates of time and place and other particulars were divulged subsequently by special revelations; every member of the community who held sufficient rank in it to claim such a distinction was favoured with a dream or vision, till the legend in all its details was complete. St. Francis died at the Porziuncula, in Umbria, where is now the church of St. Maria degli Angioli, and he desired to be buried at the place of execution for malefactors, without the walls of the neighbouring town of Assisi. To comply with his request and not to do the dishonour which he intended to his remains, a stately convent was built which abuts on the hitherto inauspicious cliff. The long basement of arcades and buttresses.

on which it is raised makes it one of the most imposing of ecclesiastical structures; and the upper and lower churches, placed one above the other to accommodate the design to the site, are full of the treasures of mediæval art. Alas, that the pressure of bad inns or bad weather should prevent so many tourists from turning out of their way only one short post to survey so many objects of interest. Below the second church a third has recently been added. Such secrecy had been observed in committing the saint's body to the grave, and such unusual precautions taken to prevent the fraudulent or forcible abstraction of it from its resting-place, that all certain tradition of the precise spot had been lost. In the latter days of Pius VII. a papal commission was issued to search for it, where some lately-discovered papers of the convent asserted it to be, beneath the high altar of the lower church. At that time a strong expectation was seriously entertained in devout Roman Catholic circles, that a miracle was at hand which would convert the most heretical. It was fondly expected that the mortal remains would be found exempted from the lot of mortality—entire, and emitting that fragrance which the mythology of the Vatican has established as the seal of sanctity. It is creditable to Rome in the nineteenth century that no attempt was made to realise this expectation. The body found so carefully fortified in the grave was undoubtedly that of St. Francis, and around it a subterranean chapel has been constructed; it is adorned with gay-coloured marbles and lighted with silver lamps, the gift of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who styles himself 'humilis cliens;' but the effect is theatrical and tawdry, and suits ill with the gloomy grandeur of the sacred buildings above.

No traveller can do justice to the landscape of Italy who has not leisure to dwell on it and study it. A love for scenery is now so common, and seems to come so naturally, that few, except those who have watched their own progress, are aware how gradually their taste has been formed, or how susceptible it is of further improvement. It is common to mistake a keen enjoyment of the country, or a lively admiration of all the phenomena of nature, for a knowledge of landscape. Many a poet in prose and verse, who heartily despises Peter Bell for seeing in the 'Primrose by the river's brim' an ordinary wild flower and nothing more, is himself so enraptured with the primrose and all it suggests, that he is as indifferent as Peter to the graceful reach of the stream, the woods that diversify its banks, the soft undulating distance, and the group of cattle which complete a picture of the highest pastoral beauty; and he has less suspicion than even Peter himself that any sense of enjoyment possessed

possessed by others is denied to him. In Italy the taste for landscape is quickly improved, for the scenery constantly solicits the traveller's attention, and the type of beauty which it presents is for the most part of the highest order. Nor let the student fear that he shall pay for his progress by losing his relish for humbler beauties afterwards. On the contrary, let him make the expansion of his taste the test of its improvement. He has travelled to little purpose if he does not, on his return, discover beauty in combinations which before he would have passed unheeded.

It is not, however, till he reaches the southern side of the Apennines that the tourist first discovers those forms which he recognises as the elements of which the ancient masters wrought out their compositions, but unfortunately the increased facilities of transport offered by steamboats tempt him to miss the roads whose beauty vies with the marvels to which they lead. What moving panorama ever presented such successive images of beauty as the romantic grandeur of Spoleto, the grace and loveliness of Terni, that baffle all description; Narni, with its massive substructions, striking deep into its rocky ridge, and overlooking its ruined marble bridge; Civit  Castellana, with its romantic ravines; and Nepi, almost unknown from its want of accommodation and the badness of its air.

Tivoli, at all events, and Mont' Albano, should be visited by the traveller on his first arrival at Rome, before he is entangled in those engagements which hamper even the most enthusiastic admirers of scenery. If he has hitherto travelled by sea, he will find himself at once transported to those scenes of ideal beauty or unearthly grandeur which he has, from the days of childhood, associated with the name of Italy. There he will find those graceful ruins and those fairy waterfalls so familiar to him in the compositions of the old masters. There is that lake which Claude so loved to look down upon—there are those stately villas, with their groves of stone-pine, which are associated in our minds with all that is grand and beautiful in the rising civilization of Europe.

Mr. Hillard admires as he ought the vast expanse of the Campagna, its rich and varied colour, its noble ruins, and the graceful lines of its bounding mountains—though he had no time to explore the beauties which can be seen only on a near approach—its soft valleys watered by a limpid brook, and bold rocky ravines traversed by the ruin of some gigantic aqueduct. In following the course of the Anio, we light upon the old quarries of Travertine, from which ancient Rome was built. In the towers and fortified 'masserie' of the old Roman barons, still
used

used as farmhouses, we trace the picturesque combinations of building with which Poussin and Domenichino have made us so familiar. Towards the sea the undulating downs are studded with myrtles, cistus, and the garden-growth of less-favoured climes; and abutting against the cliffs, or glittering beneath the waves, are the substructions belonging to the villas, the 'Jactis in altum molibus,' raised by the luxurious Romans as a refuge against the summer heats. The plains of flat sand are shaded by magnificent forests of oak and cork, and in spring are carpeted with the most brilliant wild flowers. Here and there are raised picturesque mediæval towers, accessible only by a drawbridge, till lately used to defend the coast against the corsairs of Algiers, and now tenanted by a few revenue-officers. Sometimes the scenery assumes a sterner character, and, as at Palo, between Ostia and Civita Vecchia, an old feudal castle projects into the waves, and frowns over a gloomy level—

' Where the forest skirts the moor,
By the inhospitable sea.'

The great impediment to a satisfactory examination of the Campagna is its bad air. Little progress has as yet been made towards any intelligible explanation of this devastating scourge of hot climates; but, in contradiction to Mr. Hillard, we will venture to protest that in the Campagna, over-fertility is not the cause of the mephitic exhalations. The soil has been poor and the air bad since the days of Romulus, and we deny that a denser population is a practicable remedy. If the stroke of an enchanter's wand could suddenly transport the furnaces, the engines, and the population of Birmingham or Dudley to the Campagna, it is possible that some impression might be made on the noxious vapours; but any number of inhabitants, which, by any supposable means, could be attracted to the spot, would be thinned by disease much faster than it could be recruited by births or immigration. That there is a great deal of beauty in the Pontine marshes will hardly be believed by the traveller who hurries through its infected air, as if the goddess of fever (for the Romans deified her) were driving him. It is little visited by our countrymen, except in the depth of winter by young sportsmen, who go out with as great preparation as Gargilius to kill a wild boar, but with more honesty if not with more success; at least we do not remember to have heard any well-attested case of purchased trophies—

' Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum.'

It is singular that the atmosphere, which is so deadly to man, is so salubrious to the brute creation. Nowhere do flocks and herds, horses and buffaloes, thrive so well as in the vast tracts redeemed from the floods by the enlightened beneficence of Pius VI. This drainage was expected to purify the air, not only of the Pontine plains, but of every portion of the state to which the miasma of the marshes could be wafted. But for the first three years after it was completed, the fresh mass of decaying vegetable matter, which was exposed to the action of the sun, caused a pestilence which reduced the population within reach of its influence by more than one-third, nor has this loss since been compensated. In some cases whole villages were depopulated. Ninfa, once defended by a baronial tower, and adorned by a stately palace of the Caëtani family, is a wilderness overgrown with weeds. The houses are all standing, but half ruined—

‘ And the grass that chokes the portal,
Bends not to the tread of mortal.’

Amongst the tangled mass of wild shrubs are seen struggling for headroom the oranges and myrtles of the once stately gardens, and over the gate of entrance a pompous Latin inscription boasting their amenity, contrasts mournfully with the howling desolation around. There is only one exception to the general solitude. At the outskirts of the village is a considerable water power, and hither every morning the miller comes from Segni, six miles distant, on the neighbouring mountain, to ply his daily work, but woe betides him if he sleeps on the fatal spot.

The mountainous regions are for the most part free from the dangers of mephitic air, and when the weather is settled, there can be no greater enjoyment than a visit to their romantic scenery. To give the hasty traveller some idea of the beauties which he loses by confining himself to the beaten track, we may refer him to Mr. Lear's two pretty volumes of ‘*Illustrated Excursions in Italy* ;’ but no pencil can convey the charm which these wild regions derive from the memories of the past. The power of historical associations to embellish the landscape is forcibly described by Mr. Hillard, who feels the sentiment of a ruin as only a man can feel it in whose country everything is new. No western prairie, he exclaims, shines with the light of Runnymede or Marathon (vol. ii. p. 158). He compares the soil of Italy, covered as it is with the relics of different epochs, to a palimpsest on which time has effaced one set of characters to write another. The phrase is ingenious, but time has repeated the operation oftener than man has ever attempted to do on the same surface. Among the Cyclopean remains of the Samnites and the Etruscans

Etruscans are the ruins of cities, which were at the height of their prosperity when Rome, according to its own historians, was a mere asylum of refuge for the outcasts of other states. At Arpinum there is a pointed arch which it would have puzzled Cicero (who was but a sorry antiquary) to explain. Let us take the Via Valeria from Tivoli, by the pass of Tagliacozzo to the lake of Fucino. On the heights to the right are the ruins of that Angitia, whose tears Virgil* tells us flowed for heroes slain in the quarrel

‘Of Turnus for Lavinia dispossessed.’

In a valley to the left, embedded in the central chain of the Apennines, above which tower the summits of the Lionessa and the Gran Sasso d’Italia, covered with almost perpetual snows, are still to be traced the walls and the five gates of Alba; and here in this solitude Perseus, the last king of Macedon, after adorning the conqueror’s triumph, fretted away the remnant of his inglorious captivity.

In the reign of the Emperor Claudius, on a brilliant summer morning, the glassy lake before us exhibited a scene of unusual festivity. The surrounding heights were crowded with countless spectators of every age and rank, arranged as in some vast natural amphitheatre. On a promontory overhanging the lake, the Emperor, in military array, and the Empress Agrippina in a gold embroidered dress, were seated in state. One of the greatest works of imperial Rome had just been completed. A tunnel of great length had been bored through the mountains which separate the lake from the valley of the Liris, in order to reduce its waters to a lower and more convenient level (a purpose which it answers at the present moment), and the sluices were now to be opened for the first time. It was a sight well worth seeing, but it was not for this that the master of the world and so many of his slaves were assembled. Two imperial fleets of triremes and quadriremes, supplied with all the munitions of war and ranged in hostile array, floated proudly on the surface of the lake. The galleys were manned with slaves, gladiators, and malefactors, to the number of 11,000, doomed to mutual slaughter ‘to make imperial Rome a holiday.’ At a signal given from the trumpet of a silver Triton, the armaments began to move, and the multitudes on the banks were hushed in breathless expectation. Previously to the action the vessels passed in review before the imperial pavilion, and as they majestically swept by, the crews

* ‘Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevire lacus.’—Æn. vii.

shouted,

shouted, in melancholy cadence, 'Ave Imperator, morituri te salutant!' (Hail! Emperor; the doomed to die salute thee). Perhaps the thrilling solemnity of the moment may have unstrung the nerves of these fierce men, or the gaiety and brilliancy of the scene may have predisposed them to a sudden revulsion of feeling, but the commonplace return of their salutation by the Emperor, 'Avete et vos,' awoke in them the hope and desire of life. They could not—they would not—believe that even in *his* lips those words of grace could mean the confirmation of a sentence of death. They were pardoned, they said; they *would* not fight.' Claudius was transported with rage. In his want of dignity and in his ungainly weakness of carriage ('*foeda vacillatione*') he seems to have resembled our James I. He rushed down to the beach, which was defended by guards and fortified with stakes to prevent the escape of the condemned crews, and by mingled threats of total extermination and promises of pardon to the victors he induced them to begin the battle; but though much blood was shed, the carnage was spiritless and without interest. The day from which so much had been anticipated was a failure. When the waters were let off, the sluices were opened without due precaution, and many accidents occurred, nor was the expected effect produced. The levels had not been correctly taken, and the work was still incomplete. The court retired in vexation and ill-humour, and the day ended in a scolding-match between the favourite Narcissus and the Empress Agrippina: each too proud to truckle to a rival, and neither as yet powerful enough to subvert the other.*

Yet some centuries more, and those shores were the theatre of another combat of far deeper interest and attended with more memorable results; the chivalry of continental Europe were the combatants and a kingdom was the stake. It was here that was enacted the last scene of the tragedy which terminated in the triumph of the Vatican and the extinction of the House of Swabia. The struggle had lasted long. On the death of Frederick II., his successor, Manfred, became the object of papal vengeance, and persecution. The reigning Pontiff, Urban IV., consecrated Charles of Anjou as the chosen champion of the Church, and to those who joined his standard he granted the privileges and merits of a crusade. Manfred, betrayed by the cowardice or treachery of his followers, was worsted and slain. The traveller who visits Benevento, and there are many attractions to draw him thither, will look with interest at the

* This story is given both by Suetonius and by Tacitus. There are some slight variations as to the number of combatants, but they agree in all the principal points.

bridge over the Calore, where ('à cò del ponte') the fallen king's body was interred after the battle, with such maimed rites as the invaders permitted. But this poor tribute to a vanquished foe was beheld with jealousy by the Church, and, by order of the Legate Pignatelli, the body was disinterred and ignominiously cast into the river.

'Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto.'

An accomplished knight, learned beyond the measure of his day, a poet, a musician, an orator; an enlightened ruler, generous and humane in an iron age, he left no equal behind him. Dante, like Shakespeare, throws a charm over the sternest times and the most savage events. No portion of his wonderful poem is more beautiful or more pathetic than the account of the meeting of the poet with the warrior king at the gates of Purgatory, where he relates his wrongs, his repentance, and his hopes, and recommends his soul to the prayers of his daughter Cortanza, whom he fears the priests may have misled as to his final doom.

But now there lay in Charles's path of ambition another crime, which Hugh Capet denounces to Dante as so heinous that it will surely be visited on his latest posterity.*

The people of Naples, weary in one short year of the yoke of Charles, sent urgent invitations to the rightful heir Conradin, the grandson of the Emperor Frederick II., and the last of his illustrious line. He was scarcely sixteen years old, but he inherited all the spirit of his chivalrous race, and his mother wept and prayed to detain her only child in vain. Encouraged and accompanied by his cousin the Duke of Austria, he obeyed the call, and on crossing the Alps was joined by all the Ghibelline powers of Italy. He was received with royal honours at Rome, where, of all places in Europe, the Pope's authority was then least respected, and, in defiance of the papal interdict, entered the kingdom of Naples by the Abruzzi, sweeping down the narrow gorge of Tagliacozzo at the head of 10,000 men-at-arms. His adversary advanced to meet him with a far inferior force, but in his train he brought a veteran knight, the Baron of St. Valery,† who had spent the flower of his age in what was then

* Purg., c. xx. 'Carlo venne in Italia . . . Vittima fe di Corradino,' &c.

† Giannone, 'Storia di Napoli,' lib. xix. cap. 4. There is some dispute among historians as to the name and country of this worthy; he is called by Giannone Alardo di S. Valeri Francese; others call him a Savoyard or Provençal; but all agree he had served long under St. Louis. Dante says—

'Ove senz' arme vinse il buon Alardo.'—*Inf.* c. xxxiii.

considered the exercise of the most heroic virtue. For twenty years in the Holy Land he had

‘ Fought
For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagan, Turk, and Saracen,’

and now, ‘ o’ertoiled with works of war,’ he was returning home to rest under the shade of his laurels, and pass the remnant of his days in peace and prayer. When urged by the King to join his standard, he pleaded that, having so long fought only against the enemies of the Cross, he had made a vow never to draw his sword on Christian man again ; but the Pope’s nuncio declared he might keep his vow and gratify the brother of his old commander the sainted King Louis, for Conradin and his Ghibelline host were cut off by the Pope’s censures from the communion of the faithful. This was decisive. By St. Valery’s advice, the army was marshalled in three divisions. One of them, commanded by the King and St. Valery himself, was posted in reserve behind the hill of La Scurcola, which rises so gracefully on the east side of the plain of Avezzano. The two first divisions were sent to oppose the enemy, and were defeated, as it was expected they would be. Then the reserve, suddenly bursting forth on the Ghibelline army, which was dispersed in all directions in pursuit of plunder, turned the rout into a complete victory. Far and wide the slaughter spread along the plain, and the passes were choked with fugitives. So fearful was the havoc, and so deep the impression it had made on the Italian mind, that Dante, when he wishes to give an idea of the hideous spectacle which the mutilations inflicted on schismatics presented in the ninth ‘ Bolgia,’ compares it to the sanguinary field of Tagliacozzo (‘ Inferno,’ c. xxviii.). Conradin escaped to Astura, and there was betrayed by the Frangipani, and carried captive to Naples. His youth, his bravery, his beauty, which was remarkable even among his handsome race, pleaded for him in vain. Had Charles murdered him on the spot posterity would have been grateful for the comparative humanity of the deed. After the insulting mockery of a trial, the young prince, together with his cousin the Duke of Austria, an independent prince, was sent to die by the hand of the common executioner on a public scaffold. He fell with the dignity of a sovereign and the composure of a martyr, protesting against the jurisdiction of his enemy and casting his gauntlet among the crowd, to be carried to his cousin Costanza, the Queen of Arragon, as the token which conveyed the investiture of his rights and the legacy of his revenge.

Alas !

Alas! how seldom was the Italian peasant allowed to eat his hard-earned bread in peace. For centuries the restless desire of the Popes to aggrandize their families or to augment the domains of the Church brought on successive wars—plus quam civilia bella—wars to which the abuse of their spiritual censures gave something more than the horror of civil conflict. Machiavelli,* who measures the happiness and stability of a state by the respect it displays for religion (a sentiment which those who know him rather by reputation than by his works would hardly expect to find in his pages), accuses the Court of Rome of being the sole cause of the weakness and miseries of Italy. The solemnity with which he puts on record his bill of indictment is very remarkable. In the first place, he says, the corruptions of the Court of Rome are such that they have destroyed all religion in those who are within the reach of its influence, and would in the shortest space of time corrupt the virtue of the purest and most primitive of republics. In the next, the ambition of Rome has prevented in Italy the process of aggregation by which France and Spain, once as much subdivided, have become compact and powerful monarchies. Too weak to seize the whole peninsula for themselves, and too jealous to tolerate a rival, the Popes have ever sought to depress those who were advancing to power, and cared not what means they employed for the purpose. The house of Swabia might perhaps have realised the poet's dream, and restored the Roman empire in Italy. Hence the alarm of the Vatican, and the fatal summons to Charles, which left so long a legacy of hatred and revenge behind when his own feverish career was closed. Julius II. was the truest patriot who ever wore the tiara; for, next to the success of his own selfish schemes, he prized the independence of Italy; yet, as Machiavelli complains, he called the barbarians across the Alps: he humbled the Venetians by means of the French, the French by the Swiss, till at last all ultimately gave way to Spain, and something like a settled order of things was established. In Rome the feudal system prevailed exclusively; every village was a fief, and was commanded by its rocca or castle, sometimes a mere eagle's nest perched on the summit of a romantic crag, sometimes a commodious residence, combining the security of a fortress with the splendour of a palace. But in the tranquil days which succeeded the establishment of the Popes as temporal sovereigns, when the wealth of the Roman Catholic world was poured into the lap of the Church, a magnificent

* 'Discorsi sopra la prima deca di T. Livii,' lib. i. cap. xii. The chapter is a very remarkable one.

'palazzo baronale' was often substituted for the ancient stronghold, especially in those situations which, from the beauty of the scenery or the proximity to the capital, were agreeable as summer residences. It was thus that was erected the palace at Aricia by the Chigi family; Bagnaja, near Viterbo, by the Lantes or Caprarola, near Monterosi, which Vignola built for Cardinal Farnese, with no more precise directions than simply to plan a villa 'for a thousand persons.' And as the site of the baronial residence was usually an eminence selected for its greater security, the palace in that case is often connected by a noble viaduct with the gardens, which, in those days of security and luxury, became necessary in its new character of villa. Nothing surprises the tourist more in his excursions than the multitude of these princely mansions, of which he had previously heard nothing; some few kept up, though negligently, as occasional residences; the greater number tenanted only by the 'vice-prince,' or factor, and left in various stages of dilapidation and decay, exhibiting stately rooms filled with heaps of grain or potatoes; the rich decorations dropping off the walls, and shutters closed to assist the broken windows in keeping out the inclemencies of the weather. But though in those days the nobles and the government were wealthy, the yoke of society was heavy on the people, and the protection it afforded was small. The supreme government was partial and corrupt; the rule of the nobles in their fiefs was arbitrary and capricious, and often worse. At Bracciano, a noble specimen of the palace-castle, there is still shown a trap* (trabocchetta), by which persons obnoxious to the Orsini of the day, on being dismissed from his presence, were, on a preconcerted signal, precipitated into a deep well, set with ploughshares of iron; and on the top of the towers, which are not of very ancient construction, dungeons are contrived the extreme discomfort of which amounts to what in these days would be called torture.

A still more perfect specimen of the mediæval palace-fortress is Serrmoneta, because less modernised than Bracciano, with its casemates, fortifications, and drawbridges, complete, frowning over a town that once numbered 10,000 inhabitants; and here for centuries the lords and dukes of the house of Caëtani have borne sway, not certainly as the present chief of the family would have ruled, one of the most amiable and philanthropic as well as the most able of the Roman nobility; the first lay minister appointed

* It was only certain important fiefs that had the power of life and death; but the difficulty of obtaining redress against a feudal superior was insuperable unless the vassal had some 'protection' more powerful than any his lord could obtain.

by Pius IX.; and one who might have saved the sinking state, if virtue and ability had availed for the purpose.

Of the manners and social life of the Italians since the pacification of the peninsula in the sixteenth century, few old writers give more than brief and scattered notices. The modern tourist has rarely time or opportunity to investigate such questions and to search among the contemporary records which are kept in the archives of the great families, especially at Rome.

Mr. Hillard is fascinated with the story of the Cenci, and recurs to it frequently. In its general outline it is familiar to all. It is the minute details, which are less known, that are so curious; and they are, moreover, so illustrative of the jurisprudence of the age and of the strange misgovernment to which the peculiar constitution of the Papacy gave rise, that we are tempted to give a slight sketch of them as they may be collected from the original sources.* Lord Byron truly told Shelley that this tale of horror is 'essentially undramatic:' none of the actors command our full sympathy. There are outrages which degrade their victims so as to disqualify them for exciting poetical interest; there are crimes which not even the instinct of self-preservation does more than palliate. Shelley has done all that is possible for the plot of his tragedy by supposing that the daughter commits parricide to prevent the crime which the father meditated; but this is contrary to fact, and her excuse must be sought in the loathing and horror his guilt inspired.

Francesco Cenci, a man of noble family and immense wealth, seems to have been one of those whose incipient insanity spares the intellect and depraves the moral sense. His natural affections were turned to antipathies, his devotion to evil resembled demoniacal possession. It is impossible to particularize his enormities; it is enough to say that the principal victims of them were his wretched family. It is one of those anomalous cases which can best be dealt with by a paternal despotism. In France a timely 'lettre-de-cachet' would have saved the life and the honour of a whole family.† But the Pope (Clement VIII.)

* The original process is preserved in the library of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva.

† The Papal government, both then and since, jealous in all that related both to temporal and spiritual authority, was careless, indifferent, and timid in the administration of justice. The Popes, usually strangers in Rome, and natives of other states, felt little interest in the welfare of the people; anxious too, to enrich or create a family, they were willing to propitiate the body of nobility to which they desired to aggregate their kinsmen, by conniving at their irregularities. The Papal states were remarkable for their bad government in an age of abuses. No country exhibited so many acts of unrequited oppression—nowhere did wealth and privilege so certainly command impunity. Without this explanation the sad history of the Cenci is hardly intelligible.

interfered only once, to marry the eldest daughter to a provincial noble, and to order an allowance for the eldest sons; on all other occasions he was deaf to the prayers and memorials of the Cenci family and their friends. Old Cenci, being constantly entangled by his crimes in the meshes of the law, was obliged to extricate himself by the payment of enormous fines, and the 'Fisco' was in no hurry to get rid of so lucrative an old villain.

In the year 1598 he had the happiness (so he considered it) to see his once numerous family of sons reduced by disease and assassination to two, Giacomo and Bernardo, neither of whom, though the latter was then a mere child of fourteen, he permitted to enter the house where he resided with his second wife Madonna Lucrezia, and his daughter, the heroine of this tragedy. Beatrice had now reached her twentieth year, and, that she might not escape from his tyranny by marriage, was jealously guarded. Nevertheless, in spite of all the father's precautions, Monsignor Guerra, one of the handsomest men of his time, found means to introduce himself into the house, to declare his passion, to offer his sympathy and aid, and to plan a rescue for all. Having concerted his scheme with the wife and daughter, and communicated it to the sons, he engaged Martino and Olympio, two vassals of La Petrella (a fief within the Neapolitan frontier, to which the family used to repair in the summer), to hire some bravos, and, under colour of a common robbery, to murder old Cenci on the road. This plot failed, and Beatrice was reduced to despair when the party arrived in safety at the place of their destination. She sent for Martino and Olympio, and, as the old man never left the castle, she proposed to admit the assassins to his chamber by night, and covenanted with them for 1000 dollars each, of which one-third was paid down, to murder the tyrant whom she had long ceased to look on as a father. The 8th September was fixed for the execution of the project; but Madonna Lucrezia remonstrated that this was a day of high festival—the nativity of the Virgin; and to pacify her scruples, the deed was deferred for twenty-four hours. On the night of the 9th the bravos were introduced into the chamber of the old man, who was sleeping soundly under the influence of an opiate administered to him by his daughter. They abruptly returned to the room where the women were anxiously awaiting them. 'He looked so venerable as he slept—two to one—an old and unarmed man—they could not do it.' Fire flashed in Beatrice's eyes. 'Vile braggarts!' she exclaimed, 'is this the way you rob people of their money? Since your cowardice will have it so, I myself will kill my own father! But do not hope to escape for long.' The trembling assassins returned and completed the murder,

murder, much as Jael slew Sisera. The body was thrown from a balcony at the end of the corridor, which overlooked an elder-tree; and from hence it was to be supposed the old man had fallen accidentally, and the boughs of the tree had penetrated his skull.

Nothing occurred to excite the alarm of the family; and, after the funeral, they returned to Rome. But the Neapolitan Government would not believe that such a man as old Cenci could die a violent and yet purely accidental death. By examination of the inhabitants of the fief, a suspicious account of some bloody sheets was elicited from a washerwoman; and Martino and Olympio, who had repaired to Naples to spend their ill-gotten gains, excited suspicion by the imprudence of their conduct. Monsignor Guerra immediately despatched a bravo to assassinate them. His emissary arrived in time to make away with Olimpio, but Martino was already in prison, and, when put to the torture, had confessed everything. Meantime the Cenci family had been arrested at Rome, and thither Martino was sent; for, in order to make a confession obtained by torture available as evidence, it must be confirmed in the presence of the accused. But, when confronted with Beatrice Cenci, he revoked all he had said; and so wonderful was the influence of her beauty and energy of character, that, rather than criminate her, he expired on the rack. By his death the case against the Cenci broke down completely, and they were remanded to St. Angelo.*

But now occurred one of those wonderful instances of 'God's revenge against murder,' where the means taken to conceal the crime prove the chief cause of its detection. In the course of a few months the bravo who had murdered Olimpio was apprehended for some other offence, and, without hesitation, confessed all he knew, and all he suspected. Orders were instantly given to arrest Monsignor Guerra. His escape seemed impossible; his tall figure, his fair complexion, and his light luxuriant curls, made him the most conspicuous man in Rome. But he cut off his hair, begrimed his face with soot, and bought the clothes, the donkey, and the sacks of a burley charcoal-burner (*carbonaro*). Thus disguised, and acting to the life his assumed character, his mouth stuffed with bread, and his hands filled with onions, he passed unsuspected through the *sbirri* who were in pur-

* Mr. de Tournon is mistaken in saying that Beatrice Cenci was confined in St. Angelo up to the time of her execution, and the mistake is not quite unimportant, for he is describing the different prisons of Rome and the purposes to which they were applied. St. Angelo was a state prison—the Cenci family were all sent thither, for safe custody, when the criminal procedure against them was stopped for want of evidence; when it was resumed, they were transferred to the criminal prisons, the men to Tor di Nona, the women to Corte Savella.

suit of him, and escaped to the frontier. Had he remained he might perhaps have only shared the fate of the Cenci family; but his flight caused their immediate ruin. The presumption against them was now so strong that the Pope ordered the torture to be applied. Madonna Lucrezia was quite unable to endure the fiery trial; Giacomo, the eldest son, yielded at once. But the fortitude of Beatrice defied the extremity of bodily pain. Her presence of mind disconcerted all interrogators, her beauty captivated all beholders. The Pope, in anger, changed the judge to whom the conduct of the inquiry was committed. But all in vain; and at last, that she might be moved by the distress of others, if she was insensible to her own sufferings, it was ordered that her family might be brought in to witness the infliction of the question. On being introduced into this horrible chamber, her eldest brother addressed her with an exhortation to confess. She had not before known, or had not believed, his weakness. All was lost, and her patience and fortitude gave way. 'You, the head of our house,' she exclaimed, 'wish for its dishonour! It is your will; then be it so,' and she no longer hesitated to make a full confession.

Justice had now secured her victims, and could afford to relax in her rigour. For the first time since their arrest, and for the last time on earth, the unhappy family were allowed to sup together. And such is the strange elasticity of the human soul, and so sudden and violent its revulsions of feeling, that (as it is recorded) in this depth of their calamity, they passed the evening in great cheerfulness together.

The Pope, who seems to have been determined on the destruction of the family, felt or affected the most violent indignation at their crime; but their fate excited a degree of interest in all classes of his subjects which was very embarrassing, and he was unable to refuse the importunate petitions which were presented to him for a delay of twenty-one days to reconsider all the circumstances of the case. But during this interval the news was brought that one of the Sta. Croce family had murdered his mother in a distant 'feudo,' and had fled. The Pope, to whom it was convenient to escape from all further intercession, by a sudden burst of impetuous feeling protested that parricide was become an epidemic in his states; and, sending for the governor of Rome, ordered him to proceed instantly to the sentence and execution of the Cenci. At eleven o'clock at night it was announced to the women they must die next morning. Beatrice ordered dresses to be prepared for herself and her stepmother and the description of them, and of the headdress in which she walked to execution, exactly resembles the costume of the celebrated

brated portrait by Guido, though it is impossible that, in the few hours which elapsed between her condemnation and execution, she could have sat to the painter. All that night, says the MS., carriages-and-six (implying owners of princely rank in the church or state) ceased not to drive about the town to obtain at least the favour of a private execution for the women, and pardon for Messer Bernardo, the youngest brother; but in vain. We hurry over the details that follow. The women walked from Corte Savella, through the whole length of Rome, to the Piazza of St. Angelo, where a rude sort of guillotine was erected. It was one of the hottest days of September, and the whole length of the passage was crowded with spectators. The delays were interminable. It is recorded that the accidents occasioned by the crowd, and the fevers brought on by the heat, were fatal to many. Beatrice's firmness was unshaken to the last, and she died devoutly and penitently, praying aloud without the assistance of a priest, and in language so eloquent as to melt the bystanders to tears.

Messer Bernardo was spared: but it would have been mercy to have brained him on the spot, like his unhappy brother.* He was condemned to witness the death of his kindred, and for that purpose was placed first on the scaffold. He looked so delicate, and was so like his sister, that at first he was taken for her. He fainted repeatedly. He was then removed to a convent, and oriental precautions were taken that he should never cause disturbance to the possessors of the confiscated property of his family.

The suburban villa was subsequently granted to the Cardinal nephew, and, to make the spoliation less odious, he received it on condition of making a garden, in which the Roman public might be free to enjoy itself for ever. However the property was acquired, it has been nobly used; villa Borghese is the most perfect model of the beauty and magnificence of which the Italian garden is susceptible, and the compact was faithfully and cheerfully kept till the disastrous year 1849, since which the gates have been closed.

The law in the middle ages was a tyrant, and so it has been long

* Giacomo Cenci was 'mazzolato'—knocked on the head with a mace. This punishment was inflicted in modern days (in the reign of Leo XII.) on a youth who was convicted, on the evidence which was fatal to Duncan's grooms of having murdered his master, a prelate in the employment of government. In the course of the following summer another prelate, an inmate of the same house, who was lying on his death-bed, admitted in his last confession that he had coveted the place of the deceased, and had been the real murderer. The unhappy man died of the remorse produced by his double murder.

since; but let not governments and institutions bear the sole blame of this. Law and public opinion must keep together; they mutually act and react on each other;* and if the law is barbarous, the public must share the blame. Violent punishments, it is true, were inflicted for trifling offences, and their measure was determined by the rank of the offender, or the power of the offended party, rather than the quality of the offence. But if the law was cruel, and its administrators inclined to be partial and corrupt, society at large, by its perverted notions and low standard of morality, prevented a reform. For centuries assassination was held in esteem as the dignified mode of resenting an insult; and in the last age the more innocent but less reasonable expedient of waylaying and beating the servants was employed. An 'insult to the livery,' it was held, was a brand of shame to the master. Goldoni's comedies are full of satirical reflections on the cruelty and absurdity of this vicarious mode of inflicting chastisement. Above all, the vanity of the great, and the immunities claimed by the clergy, conspired to secure impunity for crime: every church was a sanctuary; the palace of every prince or noble entitled to put a chain on the posts before his door, was free from the intrusion of the officers of justice. In Rome foreign ambassadors deemed it a part of their state to secure for the quarter in which they resided, such privileges as made it the haunt of the worst scoundrels of the papal states; and Astræa must have fled the capital of Christendom in despair.

In later times the efforts of distinguished reformers, such as Peter Leopold in Tuscany, and the milder manners of the age, had wrought considerable improvement, when the revolutions which the French occupation brought with it swept away ancient institutions and whatever abuses they sanctioned; but the country remained in a highly disorganised state. The passage of armies is never conducive to the cause of morality; and the only principle of government, the only bond which kept society together, was force. There is no record of a war between a government and the lawless spirit of the population so sanguinary as that waged by the French against the brigand population of Calabria, and in the great towns the laws for repressing assassination were characterized by an arbitrary severity which could be justified only by their absolute necessity and their success.

On the partial restoration of the ancient order of things at the

* Our own constitutional history affords a curious instance of this. The use of torture to obtain confession was always contrary to the common law of England, but so entirely was it in accordance with the public opinion of the middle ages, that its introduction in state prosecutions occasioned no resistance.

termination of the great European war, the curse of Italy, more especially of the south, was a state of brigandage, which materially interfered with the enjoyment of social life. Those who are old enough to have visited the Peninsula during the first ten years after the peace, must remember that a journey from Rome to Naples was a service of danger, and when Mrs. Graham (Lady Callcot) wrote her *Three Months' Residence in the Mountains near Rome*, her book had all the interest of travels through a theatre of war. From early times brigandage has been the curse of Italy. In the middle ages disbanded condottieri leagued together to plunder the State that no longer paid them. Sixtus V., to restore tranquillity, exercised a severity that amounted to ferocity, but he only diminished the evil; and though at various periods this state of things has been much amended, it has never to this day been wholly corrected. Public opinion again is in fault; the brigand is looked up to as an hero, he inspires in the peasant as much respect as dread, and popular sympathy is always against the law and its officers. A murderer leaves the body of his victim in a crowded thoroughfare, and none will stop his retreat. It is common to speak of a young man as 'having had a misfortune.' What was it?—a stab (*colpo di coltello*)—Which he received?—No; which he gave—and so he flies to the mountains, and there he must join the professional bandits and gradually inure himself to the commission of whatever atrocities his new profession requires at his hands. In the year 1818 the brigands came to the Villa Rufinella, at Frascati, and carried off a French painter, Chatillon, under the belief that they had got possession of the owner himself, the Prince of Canino. In the kingdom of Naples they had the folly and audacity to kidnap an Austrian colonel, not foreseeing that his regiment would not leave the vindication of their honour to the slow and inefficient operations of the civil government. On one occasion they stopped the *procaccio** (a sort of diligence), and finding in it the robes destined for the judges of one of the provincial courts, they amused themselves with representing a burlesque trial, and having sentenced to death the first traveller who should fall into their hands, they actually carried into practice this piece of savage buffoonery before the close of the day. A melancholy volume might be filled of the strange and wanton enormities committed by Massaroni and other 'capo-briganti;' perhaps for the purpose of striking terror into the peaceful inhabitants, or of imbruing the hands of their followers as deeply in blood as their own, but

* Keppel Craven's 'Tour in the Provinces South of Naples.'

more probably in the wantonness of cruelty indulged till it became a passion.

The restored governments were too weak to vindicate their insulted authority, and in many instances were obliged to temporize. The band of the Vardarelli brothers, who had established themselves in Apulia with the audacity of our border freebooters before the union of the crowns, and levied 'blackmail' on all the proprietors of the district, were taken into the pay of the Neapolitan government on condition of keeping the province clear of all other malefactors. In this equivocal position between brigands and policemen, they continued to act with the local authorities, in reciprocal distrust and jealousy, till one day a quarrel with the regular troops brought on a battle in the streets of Foggia, to the infinite terror of the inhabitants, and the dismay of our countryman, the late Mr. Keppel Craven, who happened to be riding into the town, and who relates the story. The Vardarelli, who were not more than forty in number, were overpowered, and retreated to a dark cellar. Thither two or three of their band, who had been taken prisoners, were successively sent in to summon them to surrender and to warn them of the consequences of refusal. The messengers never returned, and after a brief interval the threatened extremities were resorted to, and they were all smoked to death with wet straw, which was lighted for the purpose at the entrance. Mr. Craven was the bearer of a letter to one of the band, from a friend who thought it might be useful to him in case he was attacked. Believing this man to be a prisoner, he desired to see him, and was shown into a room where the bodies were stretched on the floor side by side. They had not waited for the slow process of suffocation, but had slain themselves or each other with repeated stabs; every countenance breathed sternness, resolution, and defiance. And all this happened in the year 1817, and one of our own countrymen was an eye-witness!

Cardinal Consalvi, it is said, condescended to seek an interview with some of the chiefs, who, from the heights of Sezze and Sonnino, commanded the road to Naples. It was his object to break up the bands by sowing mutual jealousy and distrust, and he published a full pardon to all who would betray their comrades and return to civilized life. This measure, it is said, was attended with considerable success. Many years ago, an English party who were visiting at the castle of a Roman prince in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes were attended in their excursions by his Castaldo, or head Forester. This man had once belonged to one of these gangs or 'comitive' of outlaws, and

and even among the ruthless he had been remarkable for his violence. But he suddenly resolved to accept the terms of the Government, and to secure something more than his pardon he performed his part of the contract with gratuitous prodigality. The redoubted chiefs of the gang were his brother and cousin, with whom he had hitherto lived on friendly terms. Early one-morning this candidate for mercy rode to the door of the Delegate at Terracina with the heads of his two kinsmen at his saddle-bow, and was received again into the pale of society. His demeanour and appearance bore no traces of his previous history. His countenance was dull and heavy, rather than ferocious, and, contrary to all melodramatic propriety, his eyes were light and his hair reddish. In his gay livery and silver badge he looked like the smart 'chasseur' of an ambassador rather than the reformed brigand, defending the country he had once plundered against the associates he had so signally betrayed. Our countrymen endeavoured to engage him in conversation, but without success; he had no facility in expressing himself, and his silence was determined, if not sulkily. He did not, however, seem to be labouring under any humiliating consciousness of the feelings his presence must excite. He appeared to be rather one of those—

‘ whose conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of their deeds.’

And yet—strange anomaly!—his honesty in his new capacity had been unsuspected, and his conduct in other respects irreproachable.

For years a method of warfare was adopted, too cruel to be excused even by the weakness and perplexity of the government. The peasants, as they left their villages to go to their work, were searched, and those on whom was found a double ration of bread were summarily hanged. It is true their sympathies were all with the brigands, to whom many of them were related, and whom on the slightest provocation they were ready to join. But nothing can be conceived more cruel than the position in which these poor people were placed between two fires,—hanged by the police if the prohibited bread was discovered, starved or beaten by the brigands as traitors if they ventured to proceed with only a single ration.

It was by this system of starvation that Gasparone was captured many years ago. He and his followers had taken refuge on a conical hill, covered with wood, near Frosinone. The troops dared not penetrate his fastness; but every avenue of escape was guarded. A Capuchin, who enjoyed the confidence of these desperadoes,

desperadoes, was employed as mediator, and so formidable was the possible energy of their despair, that, though they were known to be starving, Government accepted their surrender on condition of sparing all punishment but confinement. Gasparone was sent to the prison at Cività Vecchia; and there this monster, stained with every atrocity which can disgrace humanity, 'unfit to live or die,' for years dragged out his torpid existence in the enjoyment of such sensual gratifications as the ill-judged liberality of travellers, who made him the object of a morbid curiosity, enabled him to procure. Mr. Hillard, when it was proposed to him to visit this ruffian, very properly declined, and he is rewarded by having escaped imposition. The real Gasparone is long since dead. But the sbirri, unwilling to lose such a source of income, were in the habit of pointing out another convict as the celebrated brigand chief. They thus secured their fees, gratified the strangers, and probably did no great injustice to the character of Gasparone's substitute.

There is no doubt that since Machiavelli preferred his famous accusation the Church is greatly 'reformed in its head and in its members;' and to what extent the religion of Rome, as it is exhibited and administered at the seat of its empire, is still chargeable with the social ills of the country, is a grave question which we can barely touch upon at present. We do not understand Mr. Hillard's professed horror for Protestant cant, and 'Protestant prejudices.' Cant and prejudice, on whatever side they are employed, are always objectionable, and all crude speculations founded on imperfect knowledge as to the working of the Roman Catholic religion, whether made in the spirit of indiscriminate condemnation or (what seems to us much more common in the present day) of mawkish and affected admiration, are equally calculated to mislead; but nothing is gained by exchanging one set of prejudices for another. In describing some of the superstitious ceremonies which he witnessed, Mr. Hillard protests that the 'Italian peasant's devotion is not all formalism.' No; God be thanked! it is not. The practical working of the Romish discipline, both in the upper and the lower classes of society, when a fair specimen of it is exhibited without any disturbing causes to pervert it, is simply this:—To keep the people as morally good as they will bear to be kept, and where their obedience to the moral law stops, formalism steps in to do the rest. A good parish priest rules his flock much as a judicious schoolmaster manages his boys—working the willing and pressing hard on the conscientious, on one hand; on the other, making the best he can of the turbulent and unruly, but especially avoiding an open rupture and such severity as
may

may drive them into actual rebellion. He will lead them to obey the law of Christ if he can, and if not, at least to submit to the Church, and work out the balance of their account in purgatory. On this subject the Protestant and the Romanist are for ever disputing without ever joining issue or even understanding each other. The Romanist appeals triumphantly to the efforts which are made by the Church and its teachers in favour of morality, and he speaks the truth. The Protestant points out the many devices for keeping the sinner within the pale of the Church, and saving him in his sins if he will not be saved from them, and he too speaks nothing but the truth. In the last century, when the system of 'cavalieri serventi' prevailed throughout the Peninsula (we speak not of the present time, when a great change is observable in the feelings of society on that point), what was the conduct of the Church? We know that confession must be made every Easter, and we know that absolution cannot be given except on bonâ fide promises to discontinue the sin; by what ecclesiastical fiction was it managed that the unsanctioned tie should be maintained unbroken for years, perhaps for life, by persons who lived decorously and even devoutly in the communion of the Church? It matters not how the question is answered. Yet it would be unfair to question that the Church does exert herself to maintain the morality of her flock. In fact, she struggles where she can, and where the world is too strong for her, she commits the grievous sin of accommodating herself to its laxity. During the present weakness of the state, it is chiefly the influence of the clergy that keeps the rural population industrious and peaceable. For in Italy the authority of the priest is exerted in aid of the law. The cold-blooded assassin there does not confide to his spiritual director all the steps by which he means to entrap his victims. If he did we are convinced some remedy would be found without appealing to the Pope's dispensing power. We do not see how every communication made to the priest can be invested with the sanctity of the sacrament, nor how it is possible to make an intended crime the subject of confession. To intend a crime is a sin, and may be confessed, and must be renounced before absolution is given, but if the non-penitent refuses to renounce it, we are confident, without wandering further into the labyrinth of casuistry, that the theologians of Rome would soon find some way of stopping the intended mischief, and of saving the confessor from the horror of seeing day after day the intended victims without daring to give a warning, and of watching for the moment of execution in all the oppressive impotence of a nightmare; and so too would the hierarchy of Ireland if they did

did not hold their influence over their unruly flocks more dear than every other consideration.

In fact, the parroco has no power, except in *articulo mortis*, to absolve for murder and other crimes of the deepest dye; all these must be referred to the consideration of the penitentiaries. The sin which in rural districts he is most constantly called on to combat or forced to yield to is dishonesty, to which the metayer system holds out a constantly recurring temptation. The cultivator being bound to divide the produce with the proprietor in certain proportions, is forever attempting to deceive the factor or agent, and the struggle often ends in a collusion between both to cheat the owner. The factor grows rich, and the absent noble sinks every year deeper into debt. With the exception of this plague-spot, the peasantry are a moral, frugal, and self-denying people. Their faith is unbounded. With noble impulses they unite fierce passions, which when roused may lead to deeds of wild extravagance, but which in the course of their toilsome, uneventful lives, often leave their owner at peace, and never warn him by their uneasy throes of the volcano which is slumbering in his breast.

In the education of the upper classes the influence of the clergy is disadvantageously felt; but the remedy is neither ready nor safe. To place education at the present moment into other hands would be (not as a logical but as a practical consequence) to make it professedly irreligious. In most provinces of Italy the young man of rank is consigned from the nursery to a priest, who teaches him little, but dogs him as his shadow. He is never permitted to think or act for himself: he is kept from all contact, as far as may be, with the world, and then at twenty-one years of age is plunged at once into its dangers and temptations. The public education, speaking generally, is better, but it is marred by the same fault which infects all systems conducted by the Romish priesthood—that of a too jealous inspection, a too constant interference. A system of espionage is established; tale-bearing and delation are encouraged, and no independence of character can be developed. From the over-care to root up weeds, the good seed is not allowed to grow; weeds, however, will spring up, and under such a system of culture they are apt to be of the meanest and most creeping kind. Happily there is a certain degree of the *vis medicatrix* in the mind as well as the body, else it would be difficult to understand how, with such a plan of education, the Italian character could possess those qualities which we are happy to recognise in it, or how Italian society could boast so many well qualified to adorn and elevate it.

In material improvement the progress has of late years been prodigious, though it must often cause a pang to the lovers of the picturesque. Naples is now blazing with gas, though some may be still living who admired the extreme ingenuity with which Padre Rocco,* in order to illuminate the darkest and most dangerous corners, put up images to the Virgin, and persuaded the faithful to burn candles before them. Omnibuses have superseded the corricoli and other characteristic carriages of the country. Railways and suspension-bridges have defaced some of the most beautiful and romantic spots of Europe. Mr. Hillard's sympathies are all in favour of progress; but on whichever side the traveller pleases to turn sentences, the Italians will not sacrifice their comfort to our notions of beauty; and, unluckily for us, those relics of ancient forms and manners which we view with so much interest, they associate with the humiliating idea of backwardness in the race of civilisation.

Mr. Hillard gives a chapter on the English in Italy, and while we accept his praise with thanks it may seem unreasonable to carp at his mild censure, but there is a point on which we should like to set our countrymen right with so candid a critic. There are, we acknowledge it, two faults, or rather misfortunes, which pursue the generality of our travellers wherever they go. Shyness, and want of animal spirits—and these not being recognised for what they are, are made the ground of heavier accusations. The want of animal spirits prevents an Englishman exhibiting that air of enjoyment, that genial cheerfulness, which invites intercourse, and consequently it passes for pride or dullness. His shyness deprives him of presence of mind, and prevents him, though full of the best intentions, from saying or doing the right thing at the right moment. His diffidence torments him with a perpetual dread of being intrusive. 'Exclusive' is a word which applies to English society in a very different sense. Every society becomes exclusive when it is too numerous. But to call an Englishman exclusive, because he is sitting alone in the restaurant, or remains silent at the table d'hôte, is a mistake. If Mr. Hillard ever comes amongst us again, let him only try the experiment of addressing the first proud and exclusive-looking solitary whom he meets, and if he encounters a rebuff let him plead in his defence that he has been misled by the too partial nationality of the 'Quarterly Review.'

Mr. Hillard has the great merit of feeling the vast extent of his subject, and the inability of any one writer to grasp more

* A Dominican friar, whose popularity with the mob was unbounded. He was in the pay of the government; and in a popular tumult could restore order better than a whole regiment of guards.

than a part of it; and in this respect he shows himself superior to the great majority of tour-writers. The tendency of all his remarks is to refute the popular error, that, because much has been repeated over and over again, therefore all has been said which can be said of Italy. Let the travelled reader take his map or his handbook, and note the cities, each once the seat of government, and possessing a school of art of its own, which he has never visited, and of which he can obtain no detailed account, and let him calculate the vast tracts of the most romantic scenery—the most interesting ruins of antiquity and of the middle ages which are unknown to him, and he may form some idea of what remains to be done. In the places best known, if he desires to enter minutely into details, he will be surprised to find how little is ready prepared to his hands, how much he must search out for himself, and what tedious and laborious work it is to hunt for facts which he fancied must be notorious, in the lettered wilderness of libraries and archives. We wish that our remarks on the unavoidable shortcomings of ordinary tourists may induce such of our countrymen as have lived long in Italy, and have devoted themselves to the study of its history and antiquities, to give the result of their labours to the public. They would thus put on record information to which time will only give additional value, and every year makes it more difficult to obtain.

ART. IV.—1. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vols. 1. to XVIII.

2. *Gisborne's Essays on Agriculture.* London, 1854.

3. *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique.* Paris, 1857.

4. *The Smithfield Club: a Condensed History of its Origin and Progress.* By B. T. Brandreth Gibbs, Honorary Secretary of the Club. London, 1857.

5. *Journal of the Society of Arts*, Vol. VI.; No. 264: 'On the Progress of the Agricultural Implement Trade,' by S. Sidney.

6. *Report on the Metropolitan Market, for the French Minister of Agriculture.* By Mr. Robert Morgan. (Unpublished.)

IN the year 1856 a few Englishmen accepted the invitation of the French Government, crossed the Channel with their best live-stock and implements, entered into competition with the picked agricultural and mechanical skill of continental Europe, and found themselves by a long interval first in the arts and sciences required for producing meat and corn in the most economical manner, under a climate not eminently favourable, and

and on land which has long lost its virgin fertility. This is the problem which modern cultivators have to solve.

The live-stock of the British islands are distinguished for three merits—the early period at which they become ripe for the butcher, the great amount of food they produce in return for the food they consume, and the large proportion of prime meat which they yield.

The agricultural implements of England are distinguished for solidity of construction, simplicity of details, and economy in price, as well as for the rapidity and completeness with which they execute their work—especially that class of work which in other countries is more imperfectly and expensively performed by the labour of men or cattle.

The best evidence of the superiority of British live-stock and agricultural machinery will be found, not in the premiums and medals awarded to them in Vienna or Paris, but in the constantly increasing exportation of both to every part of the world where scientific cultivation has superseded the rude expedients of earlier times. As to implements, said the Earl of Carlisle, in addressing an agricultural gathering of Yorkshiremen, ‘I saw on the plains of Troy the clodcrusher of Crosskill, the drills, the horse-hoes of Garrett, and the ploughs of Howard and Ransome.’ On the banks of the Danube, the Scheldt, and the Po, of the Mississippi and the Amazon, on the shores of the Baltic and the Black Sea, in the new continent of Australia, or in Flanders, the cradle of modern agriculture, English implements have the same preference as on the plains of Troy.

Farmers are prosperous, landlords are intent on improving their estates, labourers have ceased to hate the drill and the threshing machine; during the past harvest the reaping machine has come into working use; and competent judges are of opinion that an economical steam-cultivator has been almost perfected. The time seems propitious for reviewing the series of events which during the last hundred years have combined to place English agriculture in the position which it now by universal consent enjoys. Different men and different means have, in important particulars, founded the agricultural prosperity of Scotland, although the two kingdoms have more than once exchanged improvements. A Scotchman only can do justice to the unwritten history of Scotch agriculture.

There is rarely a great invention received by the world of which the germ is not to be found in some preceding age. This is the case with the system of artificial manures, which has recently worked such wonders in agriculture, and which is touched upon as follows in ‘The new and admirable Arte of

Setting Corne, by H. Platte, Esquire, published in 1601 by 'Peter Shorte, dwelling at ye signe of ye Starne on Bred Street Hill :—

'Shanvings of horne, upon mine owne experience, I must of necessity commende, by means whereof I obtagned a more flourishing garden at Bishopshal, in a most barren and unfruitful plot of grounde, which none of my predecessors could ever grace or beautifie either with knots or flowers. I have had good experience, with singular good success, by strewing the waste sope ashes upon a border of summer barley. Malte duste may here also challenge his place, for foure or five quarters thereof are sufficient for an acre of ground. And sal armoniakke, being a volatile salt first incorporated and rotted in common earth, is thought to bee a rich mould to plant or set in. Dogges and cattles and other beastes, and generally all carrion, buried under ye rootes of trees, in due time will make them flourish and bring forth in great abundance.'

Thus we find that so long as two hundred and fifty-seven years ago an Englishman 'had discovered the utility of ammonia in bones and flesh.' Even in agricultural implements great inventions were suggested, and forgotten, because the farmers of England were not prepared to receive them. The reaping-machine carries us back to the agriculture of the Gauls. The horse-hoe, the drill, and the water or wind driven threshing machines were employed in a few obscure localities, but it was not until necessity made farmers adventurous, and facilities of communication rendered one district conversant with the doings of another, that they grew into general use. Whatever, therefore, might have been effected on particular estates, the condition of English agriculture at the close of the eighteenth century nearly resembled that of the greater part of continental Europe at the present time. Wheat in many districts was rarely cultivated and rarely eaten by the labouring classes. Rye, oats, and barley were the prevailing crops: a naked fallow, that is to say, a year of barrenness, which was too often a year of exhausting weeds, was the ordinary expedient for restoring the fertility of soil. Farm-yard dung, exposed to the dissolving influence of rain, and carelessly applied, was almost the only manure. Artificial grasses, with beans, peas, and cabbages, were rarely grown, and turnips were confined to a few counties, where they were sown broadcast. Cultivation (except ploughing and harrowing) was performed almost entirely by manual labour; the rude implements were usually constructed on the farm, and often in a way to increase labour instead of to economise it. The cattle were chiefly valued for their dairy qualities or for their powers of draught, and were only fatted when they would milk or draw no longer. The greater number of breeds were large-boned and ill-shaped, greedy eaters, and slow in arriving at maturity: while as very little
winter

winter food, except hay, was raised, the meat laid on by grass in the summer was lost, or barely maintained, in winter. Fresh meat for six months of the year was a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthiest personages. Within the recollection of many now living, first-class farmers in Herefordshire salted down an old cow in the autumn, which, with flitches of fat bacon, supplied their families with meat until the spring. Esquire Bedel Gunning, in his '*Memorials of Cambridge*,' relates that, when Dr. Makepeace Thackeray settled in Chester about the beginning of the present century, he presented one of his tenants with a bull-calf of a superior breed. On his inquiring after it in the following spring, the farmer gratefully replied, 'Sir, he was a noble animal; we killed him at Christmas, and have lived upon him ever since.'

The reclaiming wild sheep-walks, an improvement in the breeds of live stock, an increase in the quantity of food grown on arable land for their support, and a better rotation of crops, are the events which distinguish the progress of English agriculture during the last century. The next step, after some advance had been made, was to break down the barriers which separated the farmers of that day, and which left them nearly as ignorant of what was going on in every district besides their own as of what was passing in China or Japan. The active agent in this work was the son of a prebendary of Canterbury—the well-known Arthur Young, one of the most useful and sagacious, if not one of the most brilliant of men. Within the last twenty years, railways, the penny postage, and a cloud of newspapers have rendered personal and written communication universal. Let a superior animal be bred, an ingenious machine invented, or a new kind of manure be discovered, and in a few days the particulars are circulated through the press round the whole kingdom, and bring visitors or letters of inquiry from every quarter. But in the time of Arthur Young the most advanced counties communicated with the metropolis and each other by thoroughfares which could hardly be traversed except by a well-mounted horseman or a broad-wheeled waggon drawn by twelve horses, while as 'not one farmer in five thousand read anything at all,' the printing-press could not supply the place of personal inspection. Norfolk, with a sub-soil which allowed the rain to filter through, boasted her natural roads, and the inhabitants quoted with pride a saying of Charles II., that the county ought to be cut up to make highways for the rest of the kingdom. But this only proved how deplorable was the condition of the other parts of the country, for when Young visited Norfolk he did not meet with a single mile of good road. In Essex he found lanes so narrow that not

a mouse could pass a carriage, ruts of an incredible depth, and chalk-waggons stuck fast till a line of them were in the same predicament, and it required twenty or thirty horses to be tacked to each to draw them out one by one. The thoroughfares in fact were ditches of thick mud cut up by secondary ditches of irregular depth. In attempting to traverse them, Young had sometimes to alight from his chaise, and get the rustics to assist him in lifting it over the hedge. Such was the state of things when, in 1767, he abandoned the farm in which he had experimented too much to be successful, and, availing himself of the frank hospitality which has in every age been the characteristic of our farmers and country gentlemen, made those celebrated 'Tours,' which are absolute photographs of agricultural England, and are models of what all such reports should be—graphic, faithful, picturesque, and philosophical! His work, however, affords numerous instances of the danger of any man pronouncing opinions upon subjects which he has never studied. His candid confession that he has no technical knowledge of the fine arts does not diminish the absurdity of the judgments he frequently passes upon the houses and paintings he met with in his journeys. He viewed the human form in much the same light that he regarded cattle for the butcher, for, after enumerating three pictures by Rubens at the seat of Sir Gregory Page on Blackheath, he adds, 'They are fine in his general style; the females *capitally plump*.' Of a poulterer's shop in the same collection he says, 'The exact imitation of the basket will make you smile with pleasure.' Nothing more can be required to show that he looked at paintings with the eye of an agriculturist.

About half a century after Young had published his principal English tours another celebrated man copied his example, and made his 'Rural Rides' through various counties between the years 1821 and 1832. It would be natural to refer to this entertaining work of Cobbett to discover the changes which had taken place in the interval, but scarce a notion can be gleaned from it of the condition of agriculture. Superior to Young in talent, in force of language, and in liveliness of style, though not surpassing him in lucidity, which was impossible, he is, beyond comparison, inferior to him in information and candour. The 'Rural Rides' are little better than a collection of reckless invectives, hardy assertions, and insolent bigotry. Clever as is Cobbett's abuse, it derives much of its amusement from its effrontery and its ludicrous disproportion to the occasions which excite it, like the fits of passion of Sir Anthony Absolute. His very prejudices raise a smile by their extravagance, and it is no paradox to assert that a large part of the merit of the book is

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in its faults, if there is merit in a piquancy which the reader relishes while he condemns. Beyond a certain perception of the beauties of Nature, there is an entire absence of elevating sentiment. His ideas for improving the condition of the peasantry, about which he talked so much and so furiously, usually centre in fat bacon and strong beer, the superiority of which to Christian instruction is one of his favourite vaunts. The ministers of religion of all sects had a determined opponent in him, and he classes them among the pests of society. 'Coming,' he says in his 'Rural Rides,' 'through the village of Benenden, I heard a man at my right talking very loud about *houses! houses! houses!* It was a Methodist parson in a house close by the road-side. I pulled up, and stood still, in the middle of the road, but looking, in silent soberness, into the window (which was open) of the room in which the preacher was at work. I believe my stopping rather disconcerted him, for he got into shocking repetition. Scarcely had I proceeded a hundred yards from the place where this fellow was bawling when I came to the very situation which he ought to have occupied—I mean the *stocks*.' And then he proceeds to bawl himself upon the uselessness of stocks unless the legs of Methodist parsons are seen peeping out of them. This was the toleration of a man who assumed to himself a greater licence in speaking and writing than any other person of his age, not even excepting O'Connell, and who was always demanding unbounded liberty to say anything, however extreme, in any language, however virulent. But his inconsistencies of opinion and conduct were endless. 'I got clear of Tunbridge Wells,' he relates in one part of his 'Rural Rides,' 'by making a great stir in rousing waiters and boots and maids, and by leaving behind me the name of a noisy, troublesome fellow.' This seems to have been his pride in his works as well as his travels, and, provided he could be noisy and troublesome, he cared not at all to be just or decent. Devoting a large portion of his life to agriculture, and having won by his talents and his pungency the ear of the public, he did nothing whatever to advance the science. His powerful and reckless pen was chiefly employed in maintaining errors; and while Young, by the accurate record of impartial observations, has left his footmark deeply printed upon the soil, the turbulent cleverness of Cobbett was like a wind which makes a great stir at the moment, and then is hushed for ever. The name of Arthur Young will always be mentioned with gratitude in every record of British farming; the name of Cobbett, if it is mentioned at all, will only be quoted as a warning. On recurring to his 'Rural Rides,' we have found them next to a blank upon the subject of which they profess

profess to treat; and though abuse, egotism, conceit, dogmatism, and prejudice, when set off by vivacity, may make amusing reading, they contribute nothing to the promotion of agriculture.

Foremost among the men whose merits Arthur Young helped to make known to his contemporaries and hand down to posterity, was Robert Bakewell of Dishley; a man of genius in his way, for he laid down the principles of a new art. He founded the admirable breed of Leicester sheep, which still maintains a high reputation throughout Europe and the United States of America; and although he failed in establishing his breed of 'Long-horn cattle' and of 'black cart-horses,' he taught others how to succeed. The yeoman farmer had not yet removed to a 'parlour,' and Bakewell sat in the huge chimney-corner of a long kitchen hung round with the dried joints of his finest oxen, preserved as specimens of proportion, 'a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man of brown-red complexion, clad in a brown loose coat and scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, and top-boots. There he entertained Russian princes, French and German Royal dukes, British peers and farmers, and sight-seers of every degree.' Whoever were his guests, they were all obliged to conform to his rules. 'Breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at one, supper at nine, bed at eleven o'clock; at half-past ten o'clock, let who would be there, he knocked out his last pipe.' There he talked on his favourite subject, breeding, 'with earnest yet playful enthusiasm;' there, 'utterly indifferent to vulgar traditional prejudices,' he enumerated those axioms which must ever be the cardinal rules of the improvers of live stock. 'He chose the animals of the form and temperament which showed signs of producing most fat and muscle,' declaring that in an ox 'all was useless that was not beef;' that he sought, 'by pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively little, the hind-quarters large;' to produce a body 'truly circular, with as short legs as possible, upon the plain principle that the value lies in the barrel and not in the legs,' and to secure a 'small head, small neck, and small bones.' As few things escaped his acute eye, he remarked that quick fattening depended much upon amiability of disposition, and he brought his bulls by gentleness to be as docile as dogs. In sheep his 'object was mutton, not wool, disregarding mere size,' a vulgar test of merit. Dr. Parkinson told Paley that Bakewell had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, directing it to shoulder, leg, or neck as he thought proper, and this, continued Parkinson, 'is the great *problem* of his art.' 'It's a lie, sir,' replied Paley, 'and that's the *solution* of it.' The account of
Parkinson

Parkinson was, indeed, a mistake as to the mode by which Bakewell produced his fat stock, but it was no exaggeration as to the result.*

The great physiologist, John Hunter, confirmed in one essential particular the observations of Bakewell, for he asserted that in the human subjects he had examined he found small bones a usual concomitant of corpulence. Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, who paid much attention to the breeding of cattle, also came to the conclusion that extremely large bones indicated a defect in the organs of nutrition. But 'fine-boned' animals were in fashion when Bakewell commenced his career, and to the majority of people it seemed a step backwards to prefer well-made dwarfs to uncouth giants. One or two enlightened persons having suggested at Ipswich fair that a piece of plate should be presented to Arthur Young for the public service he had rendered in introducing the Southdown sheep into Suffolk, a farmer determined to put forth the counter-proposition, 'that he was an enemy to the county for endeavouring to change the best breed in England for a race of *rats*.' The tenantry of that period were strong in the self-confidence of ignorance. 'To attempt to reason with such fellows,' said Young of some of those he met with in his tours, 'is an absurdity,' and he longed to seize a hedge-stake in order to break it about their backs. Even if they were persuaded to try some improvement to which they were not previously inclined, they reported that 'their experience' was unfavourable to it—their experience being in reality the foregone conclusion which was antecedent to experience, and which blinded them to the results of experience itself. The graziers who adhered to the old huge-skeletoned race of stock were accustomed to give as the reason for their preference that a beast could not get fat unless there 'was room to lay the fat on.' It would have been just as rational to argue that none but farmers of large stature could have felt Young's proposed application of the hedge-stake, because in smaller men there would not be room to lay it on. Numbers of short, round, tub-like agriculturists, who uttered the current excuse for breeding bones in preference to

* Archbishop Whately has adduced Bakewell's discovery to illustrate a position in his treatise on 'Logic,' and he puts in such a clear light one portion of the great cattle-breeder's mode of proceeding that we quote the passage: 'He observed in a great number of individual beasts a tendency to fatten readily; and in a great number of others the absence of this constitution: in every individual of the former he observed a certain peculiar make, though they differed widely in size, colour, etc. Those of the latter description differed no less in various points, but agreed in being of a different make from the others: these facts were his data. . . . His principal merit consisted in making the observations, and in so combining them as to abstract from each of a multitude of cases, differing widely in many respects, the circumstances in which they all agreed.'

flesh, were living representatives of the fallacy of their assertion. But there were others who were not slow to see the truth. A Southdown ram belonging to Arthur Young got by accident to a few Norfolk ewes of a neighbouring farmer. When the butcher came in the summer to select some lambs, he drew every one of the Southdown breed, which, he said, were by much the fattest in the flock. The owner instantly took the hint. Upon the whole the principles of Bakewell were more favourably received than most innovations in that day, and some of the pupils succeeded in improving upon the stock of the master. The brothers Collinges in Durham established the Durham or Teeswater breed, now known as the 'Short-horn,' which soon superseded the Long-horn, and every other kind where both flesh and milk were required. It is this which furnishes the true meat for the million; and it appears from the account of Mr. Robert Morgan, the great cattle salesman, who sells about 400 beasts a-week, that, while other favourite breeds are on the decline, this, with its crosses, has increased upwards of 10 per cent. Quartley successfully applied himself to improving the curly coated North-Devon. Price took up the Hereford, and Ellman of Glynde the Southdown sheep, then little better than half-a-dozen other heathland kinds. The emulation gave rise to the forerunner of the modern fat cattle show, in single oxen of monstrous size, dragged round the country in vans, and with such success that in 1800 a Mr. Day refused 2000*l.* for the Durham ox he had purchased two months previously for 250*l.* Graziers who were not able to join the sheep-shearings of Holkham or Woburn, who did not read the agricultural works of Arthur Young, and would not have been convinced if they had, found their prejudices in favour of local breeds shaken by a personal interview with gigantic specimens of the Teeswater ox.

In 1798 the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, and others, with Arthur Young as honorary secretary, established the 'Little Smithfield Club,' for exhibiting fat stock at Christmas time, in competition for prizes, with a specification of the food on which each animal had been kept. This society has rendered essential service by making known the best kinds of food, and by educating graziers and butchers in a knowledge of the best form of animal. We smile now on reading that in 1806, in defiance of Mr. Coke's toast, 'Small in size and great in value,' a 'prize was given to the tallest ox.' Length of leg has long been counted a serious fault; for it is the most unprofitable part of the beast. In 1856 a little Devon ox, of an egg-like shape, which is the modern beau-ideal, gained the Smithfield gold medal in competition with gigantic short-horns and Herefords of elephantine

phantine proportions; and in 1854 a large animal of Sir Harry Verney's was passed over without even the compliment of a 'commendation,' because he carried on his carcase too much offal and more threepenny than ninepenny beef.

But the fattening qualities and early maturity of the improved stock would have been of little value beyond the few rich grazing districts of the Midland counties, without an addition to the supply of food. The best arable land of the kingdom had been exhausted by long years of cultivation, and the barren fallow, which annually absorbed one-third of the soil, failed to restore its fertility. A new source of agricultural wealth was discovered in turnips, which, as their important qualities became known, excited in many of their early cultivators much the same sort of enthusiasm as they did in Lord Monboddo, who on returning home from a circuit went to look at a field of them by candle-light. Turnips answered the purpose of a fallow crop which cleaned and rested old arable land; turnips were food for fattening cattle in winter; turnips, grown on light land and afterwards eaten down by sheep which consolidated it by their feet, prepared the way for corn-crops on wastes that had previously been given up to the rabbits. By this means the heaths and wolds of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, with the help of marling in certain districts, the blowing sands of Norfolk, Nottinghamshire, and Bedfordshire, were gradually reclaimed and colonised by the race of farmers who have been foremost to adopt all the great improvements in English agriculture for the last century. This new system required a capital on the part of both landlord and tenant. It required from the landlord barns and yards, and houses fit for first-class farmers. Mr. Coke of Holkham laid out above a hundred thousand pounds in 20 years on dwellings and offices. It required the tenant to expend a considerable sum on flocks and herds, and, above all, in labour for the years before the wild land began to yield a profit. Mr. Rodwell, in Suffolk, sunk 5000*l.* in merely marling 820 acres, with a lease of only 28 years. Such spirited proceedings demanded no mean amount of intelligence to conduct them with discretion and profit. The value of Mr. Rodwell's produce during the 28 years of his occupancy was 30,000*l.* greater than in the 28 years which preceded his improvements. No needy race of peasant cultivators, no rack-rent absentee line of landowners, could have achieved this conquest over the English wilderness, then far from ports, manufacturing towns, and markets.

This great advance in arable farming took its rise in Norfolk. The king of Brobdingnag gave it as his opinion, 'that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot

a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.' This passage might have been written upon Lord Townshend, who retired in 1730 from public affairs, which went on none the worse without him, and devoted the remaining eight years of his life to improving his estate. He originated practices which increased the produce not only two, but a hundred fold, and of which the world continues to reap the benefit at this hour. To marl and clay farms was an old practice in England; for Harrison, in his '*Description of Britaine*,' in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says, 'Besides the compost that is carried out of the husbandmen's yards, ditches, and dove-houses, or out of great towns, we have with us a kind of white marl, which is of so great force, that, if it be cast over a piece of land but once in three-score years, it shall not need of any further composting.' The usage seems, however, to have died away, and its advantages were rediscovered by Lord Townshend and a Mr. Allen, who applied it to the sands of Norfolk, and converted boundless wilds of rabbit-warrens and sheep-walks into rich grain-bearing soil. Young estimated that before the close of the century 'three or four hundred thousand acres of wastes had been turned into gardens,' and rents rose from sums between sixpence and two shillings an acre to fifteen shillings and twenty. Many of the tenants realised a capital which amounted to more than the reputed worth of the property. A Mr. Mallet made a fortune in thirty years on a farm of 1500 acres, and bought land of his own of the value of 1700*l.* a-year—a more remarkable example even than that of the Scotch proprietor mentioned by Dr. Cartwright, who, being compelled to sell his estate, hired it on a lease, and afterwards repurchased it with the profits he derived from his tenancy.

But marling would not of itself have reclaimed the Norfolk deserts. Turnips, which are said by Young to have been brought into farm cultivation by the celebrated Jethro Tull, found such a zealous advocate in Lord Townshend, that he got the name of 'Turnip Townshend.' Pope speaks of 'all Townshend's turnips' in one of his *Imitations of Horace*, published in 1737. This crop he had the sagacity to see was the parent of all the future crops. Without winter-food little stock could be kept, without stock there could be little manure, and with little manure there could not be much of anything else. The turnips were, therefore, employed to secure a large dung-heap, and the dung-heap in turn was mainly appropriated to securing the largest possible store of turnips. This tillage in a circle was as productive as it was simple. The ground, cleaned and enriched by the
root-

root-crop, afterwards yielded abundant harvests of corn; and, as we have already stated, the treading of the sheep upon the loose soil, while they fed off a portion of the turnips, gave it the necessary firmness. Thus through the agency of turnips a full fold and a full bullock-yard made a full granary. Essex and Suffolk soon copied the method, but they did not carry it so far as in Norfolk; and in many places the turnips were never thinned or hoed, upon which their size and consequently nearly all their value depended.

The rotation of crops was, however, considered the especial characteristic of the Norfolk husbandry. Until past the middle of the century no just ideas prevailed upon the subject in any other portion of the kingdom. Sir John Sinclair says that all courses were thought to be alike, and deserving neither of praise nor censure. The grand rule of the Norfolk cultivators, to which they steadily adhered, was never to be tempted to take two corn-crops in succession. But, in truth, no one part of their system could be dispensed with, and its value was as a whole. They had not only learnt the importance of alternating grain with other products of the soil, but they had ascertained the particular advantage of having the barley follow the turnips, the clover the barley, and the wheat the clover; for the fibrous roots of the latter were the finest possible pabulum for the lucrative wheat, and nothing else would have been equally efficacious. Young found this four-course system widely prevalent in 1767. The principal variation, he says, was in the duration of the clover, which some persons allowed to remain for two or three seasons before breaking it up for wheat. All these changes were brought about in the thirty years from 1730 to 1760, but they were confined, with slight exceptions, to Norfolk itself; and it was not till after Young appeared upon the scene that they began to penetrate into other districts.

After a considerable interval, during part of which Francis, Duke of Bedford, was the agricultural leader, another great Norfolk landowner succeeded to the mantle of Lord Townshend. This was Mr. Coke, of Holkham, afterwards Earl of Leicester, who, towards the close of the last and throughout the first quarter of the present century, headed the movement. The reclaiming the wastes of Norfolk, the marling the light land, the extensive cultivation of turnips, and the introduction of the rotation of crops, have all been ascribed to him. But as Young, in the *Tours* he published several years before Mr. Coke possessed an acre in the county, states that every one of these practices were then in common use, and constituted the general features of the Norfolk husbandry, it is evident that this is another of the numerous
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cases in which the last improver is credited with the accumulated merits of his predecessors. But though the precise nature of what Mr. Coke effected is often misunderstood, the amount of his services has not been overrated. He stands foremost among the class of whom Arthur Young wrote in 1770—‘Let no one accuse me of the vanity of thinking that I shall ever, by writing, wean farmers of their prejudices: all improvements in agriculture must have their origin in landlords.’ Five years afterwards Mr. Coke succeeded to the estates of the Leicester family. The fine house at Holkham, erected from the designs of Kent, about the middle of the last century, bears an inscription which imports that it was built in the midst of a desert tract, and its noble founder was accustomed to say, at once jocularly and sadly, that his nearest neighbour was the King of Denmark. There was still many a broad acre in its primitive state of sheep-walk, and Mr. Coke graphically described the condition of portions of the property surrounding this princely mansion by the remark ‘that he found two rabbits quarrelling for one blade of grass.’ His first care was to apply the existing methods to fertilising his barren wilds; his second was to improve on the prevailing practices; his third was to persuade his countrymen to follow his example. From the thirty years between 1760 and 1790 both landlords and tenants were content to follow in the track which Lord Townshend had marked out for them—a track which led to such wealth that it is no wonder they were not tempted to further experiments. Mr. Coke roused them from their lethargy, and what Young calls a ‘second revolution’ commenced. The great evil of the time was the isolation in which farmers lived. They were nearly as much fixtures as their houses, and what was done upon one side of a hedge was hardly known upon the other. The lord of Holkham instituted his annual sheep-shearing, at which he feasted crowds of guests from all parts and of all degree. Under the guise of a gigantic festival, it was an agricultural school of the most effective kind, for the social benevolence engendered by such magnificent hospitality disarmed prejudice, and many who would have looked with disdain upon new breeds of stock, newfangled implements, and new modes of tillage, regarded them with favour when they came recommended by their genial host. Hot politician, as he was, according to the fashion of those days, his opponents forgot the partisan in the agriculturist; and when Cobbett, who had no leaning to him, rode through Norfolk in 1821, he acknowledged that every one ‘made use of the expressions towards him that affectionate children use towards the best of parents.’ ‘I have not,’ he adds, ‘met with a single exception.’ The distinguished visitors who came from other counties to the sheep-

sheep-shearings carried home with them lessons which had an effect upon farming throughout the kingdom, Excluded by his political opinions from Court favour or office, Mr. Coke must have found abundant compensation in the feudal state of gatherings, at which, as a contemporary journalist records, 'hundreds assembled and were entertained—farming, hunting, or shooting in the mornings—after dinner discussing agricultural subjects, whether the Southdown or the new Leicester was the better sheep—whether the Devon or the old Norfolk ox was the more profitable.* In dealing with those who farmed under him, he showed the same wisdom as in his own tillage. He formed an intimacy with Young, and acted on three of his maxims, on which agricultural progress may be said to depend—that 'a truly good tenant-farmer cannot be too much favoured, or a bad one have his rent raised too high'—that 'good culture is another name for much labour'—that 'great farmers are generally rich farmers.' By these methods he raised his rental to more *thousands* a-year than it was *hundreds* when he inherited the estate, and had enriched a numerous tenantry into the bargain. Swift, in his satirical 'Directions to Servants,' advises the steward 'to lend my lord his own money.' The bailiff of Lord Peterborough pulled down his master's house, sold the materials, and continued to charge him for repairs. The last case was peculiar; but for the steward to grow rich at the expense of an employer who neglected his own affairs was common enough. Mr. Coke was a conspicuous example of the benefit of the opposite practice, for he showed that no profession in the world was so lucrative as that of a landlord who devoted his life to the improvement of his property. The wealth, nevertheless, which accrued to himself was the smallest part of the gain. He was a national benefactor upon a mighty scale, and was the cause, directly and indirectly, of adding a countless mass of corn and cattle, of beef and mutton, bread and beer to the resources of the country.

No discovery, perhaps, in agriculture was made by Mr. Coke, but he showed a surprising sagacity in singling out what was good in ideas which were not received by the farming public at large, in combining them into a system, and persevering in them till they prevailed. Young states, in his 'Report on the Agriculture of Norfolk,'† which was published in 1804, that Mr. Coke had

* The Holkham sheep-shearings were evidently arranged by an eminently practical mind; and we have had nothing approaching them at the present day, unless it be an Easter week, a year ago, when Lord Berners, one of the pupils of Coke, entertained a party of farmers, with his tenants and friends, at Keythorpe Hall, where much-needed improvements have been transplanted from Norfolk.

† Kent's 'Survey of the Agriculture of Norfolk' was published in 1796; the admirable

had even then grown the invaluable Swedish turnip for several years with the greatest success, and used large quantities of purchased manure in the shape of rape-cake. Above all, he at that date drilled the whole of his crops, turnips included, and he was the prominent champion of this much opposed system, which is now universally adopted for the time and labour it saves, for the facility it affords for applying the manure directly to the seed, for keeping down weeds and stirring the soil by means of the horse-hoe, and for thinning out the crop with regularity and speed.

The Norfolk farmers, while attending to arable culture, had never turned their attention to improving their stock. One of Mr. Coke's most intelligent tenants said that 'bones and offal, rather than meat, were the production of the best grass-lands in the county.' A small number of Norfolk or Suffolk cows, good milkers but miserable graziers, were kept, and a flock of the black-faced, long-horned, Norfolk sheep—an active, bony, hardy animal, well suited to pick up a living on the wild bare heaths, and which gave a little wool every year, and a little mutton at the end of four or five. It is just fifty years since Mr. Coke said, in one of his annual Holkham speeches, 'that a Norfolk flock had hitherto been considered as little more, in point of profit, than a dung-cart.' He soon taught his tenants that, valuable as was manure, they had better keep animals which would at the same time make a return in flesh and fat. His own skill in the difficult art of judging of the qualities of stock was great, and he used to assist his neighbours in parcelling out the ewes to the rams according to the shapes of each, that the defects of one parent might, as much as possible, be remedied by the good points in the other. 'I have seen him and the late Duke of Bedford,' says Young, 'put on a shepherd's smock, work all day, and not quit the business till darkness forced them to dinner.'

A new system of fattening sheep, which has been attended with wonderful results, was commenced in 1824, on the suggestion of Mr. Coke's steward, Blaikie, by Mr. John Hudson, now known throughout England in connexion with his present farm of Castle Acre. He ventured to supply his young wethers with sliced turnips and purchased oil-cake. Such was the success of his experiment, 'that, to Mr. Coke's astonishment, when he asked to see the produce of his tup, he found

admirable work of Young appeared in 1804; and in 1844 an able and elaborate report by Mr. R. N. Bacon, the editor of the 'Norwich Mercury,' gained the prize of the Royal Agricultural Society. These surveys, made at intervals, give an opportunity for comparing one period with another, and throw great light upon agricultural and social progress. They are to be classed among the best kinds of history.

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they had been sent fat to market twelve months before the usual time.' Yet all John Hudson's neighbours, including his father, a man of agricultural progress, prophesied his ruin from his extravagance in buying food for sheep, which was regarded in much the same light in farming as for a young spendthrift to go for money to the Jews. At the present day the purchase of linseed-cake, or meal, or foreign pulse, is one of the regular means by which an increased quantity of meat is manufactured. Wherever turnips are grown and sliced, there cake-troughs are to be seen, and the improved feeding, coupled with the natural tendency of the improved breeds to early maturity, has multiplied to an enormous extent the amount of mutton produced. Mr. Morgan states that twenty years ago the majority of the sheep brought to Smithfield Market were three and four years old, and it was difficult to find a score under two. Now a three-year old sheep is scarcely to be met with, and fat sheep only a twelvemonth old are plentiful. Besides the vast increase in the numbers kept, we have thus three generations got ready for our tables in the same space of time as we had one in 1838. Bought food would have been wasted on the former slow-growing species; but applied to the improved stock bred on Bakewell's principles, it created a demand not only for tups from Sussex, steers from the Quantock hills, and oilcake from Germany, but for improved implements and machinery—the turnip-slicer, the cake-crusher, the chaff-cutter, and the bone-mill, as well as the drill, horse-hoe, heavy roller, and better-contrived ploughs and harrows.

The Leicester breed was for some time adopted by Mr. Coke. He afterwards substituted the Southdowns as superior; and the perfecting of these in the present generation by Mr. Jonas Webb may be said to have been due to one of those trivial circumstances that are always influencing the events of the world. His grandfather was a breeder of Norfolk rams, and it was the amusement of the old gentleman at his annual sales to set his grandsons to ride on his tups, holding fast by their huge horns. It was during the races on these sharp-backed animals that Jonas determined, as soon as he was a man, to breed sheep with 'better *saddles* of mutton.' A lean, hurdle-backed, black-faced Norfolk ram, and the beautiful firkin-bodied Southdown for which Mr. Webb refused five hundred guineas at the Paris Exhibition of 1856, are the two extremes, the two mutton-marks between the boyhood and manhood of the same individual. Nothing but the Norfolk sheep could have found a living on the uncultivated Norfolk heaths; nothing but the 'roots,' artificial
grasses,

grasses, cake, and corn of modern days could have raised the Babraham 'Downs' to their marvellous perfection.

Another instance of a different kind, and one in which extremes meet, marks the contrast between the past and the present. Mr. Coke's first agricultural adviser was Mr. Overman, of Dutch descent, whose sons are still tenant-farmers on the Holkham estate, and prize winners at Royal Agricultural and Smithfield fat-stock shows. The heads of the covenants were drawn, at Mr. Coke's request, by Overman, and only restrained tenants, in obedience to the famous Norfolk rotation, from growing two consecutive corn crops. Now, after a lapse of eighty years, the second Earl of Leicester wisely encourages his tenants to return to the once justly condemned system of two white crops in succession; because the soil that in 1770 was exhausted, has, by a long course of high-farming, been rendered almost too fertile.

A complete history of English agriculture from 1750 would comprise names worthy of record from almost every county, and the name of George III. would worthily appear at the head of the list. He had a considerable practical knowledge of the science, and contributed, under the denomination of Ralph Robinson, to Young's monthly periodical, 'The Annals of Agriculture.' His devotion to the pursuit did much to recommend it to others; and he was often fondly and proudly spoken of as 'Farmer George.' But no sketch can do justice to so extensive a subject, and, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, we have purposely confined ourselves to the tillage of Norfolk, which long led the van in agricultural improvement, and where nearly all the methods which stood the test of time were early adopted. The very labourers seemed animated with the same spirit as their employers, for both Young and Marshall remarked that in no part of England did the workman display an equal activity. We now arrive at a period when Norfolk no longer occupies its old position, not because it has dropped behind in the race, but because other counties have pushed forward, and the course of events are tending to equalise the arts of cultivation throughout the kingdom. This last epoch is chiefly distinguished by the immense extension of drainage, by the discovery of artificial manures, by the increased purchase of food for cattle, by the improvement of implements, and still more by the improvement of those who use them. 'It is well known,' says Sir John Sinclair, 'that the best cultivated districts are those which possess the greatest facility of internal communication, without which agriculture languishes in the most fruitful soil, and with it the most ungrateful soil soon becomes fertile.' The effect which railroads have produced upon farming is a signal illustration

tion of the justice of this remark, for without their aid the larger portion of the recent progress would have been impossible. They furnish cheap and rapid conveyance for goods which were too bulky to admit of free interchange in the days of horse-power—for corn and cattle, coal, iron, and timber, implements and machinery, oil-cake and artificial manures—all that a farmer has to sell or wants to buy—and, above all, for the farmer himself, who brings home with him new ideas as well as new inventions. The railways practically converted distant rural parishes into the suburbs of towns, and thus inoculated them with a spirit of inquiry and commercial enterprise which could never have existed under packhorse or waggon communication. Wesley, who had a wide experience of the different classes in England, thought the tenantry the most ignorant, stupid, and unfeeling part of the community. 'In general,' he added, 'their life is supremely dull, and it is usually unhappy, too; for of all people in the kingdom they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man.' Wilkes said that, reversing Pope's maxim, they held that '*Whatever is, is wrong*.' Wesley, however, was mistaken both in supposing that husbandry was a dull occupation, and in imagining that the grumbling of the husbandmen, which was chiefly designed to keep down rents, was the real measure of their discontent; but, taken as a body, they neither read nor thought, were sluggish in their minds, and the slaves of an antiquated routine. The suddenness with which they have started from their lethargy, and with which the many have displayed the aptitude which formerly was the prerogative of a few, is without a parallel in the annals of farming.

The starting-point of the new era may be dated from the years 1837 and 1838, which were signalised by the foundation of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. This now famous association was suggested in a pamphlet published in 1837 by the late Henry Handley, M.P., a fine specimen of a Lincolnshire squire—a good sportsman, an excellent judge of stock, and cultivating his own estate with more intelligence and success than was usual at that time among his class. The first annual encampment of the society took place at Oxford in 1839, and its first Journal was published in 1840 under the admirable editorship of the late Philip Pusey, a lively and forcible writer, and a most zealous farmer, who to the day of his death in 1854 devoted his time, his talents, and his fortune, to promoting the improvement and recording the progress of his favourite science. He was an example of that delightful combination of scholarship and practical energy which is so common

in England, and he exercised the double influence of an accomplished gentleman and an enlightened agriculturist.

In every institution which meets with distinguished success results are always produced which were not anticipated by its originators. Thus it happened that, when the Agricultural Society was founded, not one of the promoters foresaw the importance of the mechanical department. In the ten sections of the charter of incorporation defining the objects of the association, 'implements' are only incidentally referred to as one of the subjects to which men of science were to be encouraged to pay attention, in a miscellaneous paragraph, which includes 'the construction of farm-buildings,' 'the application of chemistry to the general purposes of agriculture,' 'the destruction of insects injurious to vegetable life,' 'and the eradication of weeds.' At Oxford a few manufacturers saw an opening for obtaining customers, and found their way to the show-yard in spite of the difficulties from the want of that cheap conveyance which is now common to the whole kingdom. One gold medal for a collection of implements, three silver medals, and five pounds for a 'paddle-plough for raising potatoes,' were all the rewards distributed in 1839 for what was destined to be the most attractive, as well as the most useful, feature of the Society's exhibitions. After the Cambridge meeting in 1840 the importance of the implements was acknowledged; and the number displayed, beginning with some 300 at Liverpool in 1841, increased at the rate of about 100 on every succeeding year, until, in 1853, at Gloucester, they reached their highest point in a total of 2000. The rise or fall of a few hundreds chiefly depends upon the importance and railway facilities of the town where the show is held, and the number of articles exhibited is less a test of the progress of mechanical invention than of the sales which are likely to be effected in any particular district. The annual show is only one of the numerous modes in which the makers advertise and display their productions. The true prize to the manufacturer is plenty of custom.

For several years past all the railway companies have agreed to convey live-stock free, and implements at half their usual charges, to and from the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society, the railway company at the towns where they are held generally providing accommodation for the mechanical compartment. This at Chelmsford cost the Eastern Counties upwards of 3000*l*. Railway fares and pace could alone bring the number of shilling-paying strangers who contribute to the enormous expense of these exhibitions. The population of the city of Salisbury, including men, women, and children, only amounts

amounts to 10,000, but the visitors to the show-yard in 1857 were over 35,000. This is of itself a striking proof of the wide and eager practical interest which is felt in agriculture, for there is little to gratify the eye of mere holiday gazers; and when in addition we consider the mountains of coal, iron, timber, artificial manure, lime, and chalk, conveyed in the one direction, and the quantity of live stock and corn in the other, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that George Stephenson's locomotive has been the great cultivator of the farmer's mind and the farmer's land—the great agent for the extraordinary advance which British agriculture has achieved in the last quarter of a century. Very significant were the figures given by the chairman of the Eastern Counties Railway at the Chelmsford dinner, when he told his farmer friends that, in the course of the preceding twelve months, the lines over which he presided had conveyed 24,000 tons of guano and other portable manures, 700,000 quarters of grain, 550 sacks of flour, 71,000 barrels, 380,000 sheep, 13,000 tons of meat and poultry, and 43,000,000 quarts of milk. Who can calculate the value of the money rewards held out to breeding, feeding, and corn-growing, in the shape of four thousand miles of railway? and how little are men who live in the midst of these changes conscious of their magnitude until the results are collected and put upon paper!

The benefit which has accrued from the Royal Agricultural Society has surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. The improvements in cultivation and implements, which had been effected by a few men in advance of the spirit of the age, have now, in great part by its exertions, ceased to be received by the majority of farmers with contemptuous incredulity, and by the labourers with stubborn opposition. In the old days distance operated as a barrier to imitation, and three-fourths of England only heard of what was done in the well-cultivated fourth to ridicule and despise it. When the father of Mr. George Turner, of Barton, Devon, the well-known breeder of Devon cattle and Leicester sheep, who had learned something in his visits with stock to Holkham, began to drill turnips, a well-to-do neighbour looked down from the dividing bank and said to the son, 'I suppose your father will be sowing pepper out of a cruet next.' Indeed the whole history of the turnip cultivation affords a characteristic contrast between the spirit of the past and the present. It took upwards of a century to establish the proper growth of this crop, notwithstanding that the wealth of meat and corn which proceeded from it was as plain to those who would open their eyes as that a guinea was worth one-and-twenty shillings. The first difficulty was to persuade farmers to

try it at all ; and not one turnip was ever seen on a field in Northumberland till between 1760 and 1770. The second difficulty was to get them to be at the expense of hoeing, insomuch that Young said that he should be heard with incredulity in most counties when he bore testimony to the vast benefits which were derived in Norfolk from this indispensable portion of the process. The third difficulty was to induce them to replace broadcast sowing by drilling, which appeared, as we see, to novices no less ridiculous than peppering the land from a cruet. The bigotry of the farmer cramped the energies of the mechanics whom he now welcomes as among his best friends. The implements, even by the first manufacturers, from the absence of criticism and competition, from the limited extent of custom, and from the want of artisans skilled in working in iron, were, however excellent in idea, both clumsy and costly. The choicest specimens which existed in 1840 have been so altered in execution by cheaper materials and improved workmanship that they can scarcely be recognised.

The Royal Agricultural Society, with its council of peers, squires, tenants, and implement-makers—its professors of chemistry, botany, and veterinary art—its thousands of subscribers, spread over every county of England—its Journal of transactions and reports—and, above all, its annual encampments in the centres of successive districts—has done for farming what the great fairs of the middle ages did for commerce—concentrated and diffused knowledge, brought customers and producers into contact, and helped to extinguish prejudices in the excitement of social gatherings. They have carried to provincial cities the best live-stock, the best implements, and the best cultivators. The influence of example, of competition, and even of rank and fashion, has been brought to bear on local obstinacy. Squires have been encouraged to improve their estates by the speeches of even greater men than themselves, and young noblemen, in want of an object, have found it in agricultural duties. Implement-makers have had the advantage of the suggestions of their customers, and, thus taught and teaching at the same time, have every year become more dependent on tenant and less on fancy farmers. Men who went to Shows stanch champions of the flail have been vanquished by the mere sight of a steam-engine driving barn-machinery ; as an old Homeric Greek, if he could revisit earth, would instantly recognise the inferiority of stones hurled by the hand to the iron balls projected from the cannon's mouth. The greatest landlords, wandering unknown in the show-yards, have had opportunities of learning wholesome truths from the tenants of other landlords. Self-satisfied

satisfied ignorance is abashed, and triumphant skill finds at once a large and eager audience. These agricultural exhibitions are, in fact, the Woburn and Holkham sheep-shearings, made national and expanded to the dimensions of an age of steam-driven threshing-machines. When the Royal Society started into life there were about four hundred local societies in existence, but they were rather associations for the promotion of eating and drinking than for the promotion of the arts by which the materials for eating and drinking are increased. The speeches were usually complimentary, and the members congratulated one another upon the pre-eminence to which their own enlightened district had attained. They were, in a word, societies for maintaining local darkness instead of for the acquisition of fresh light from enlarged experience.

Having described the important functions discharged by this central Society for the advancement of farming, we proceed to touch upon the particular improvements which have been effected during its career. Attempts to drain have been made from the earliest times. Specimens may be seen of very clever workmanship more than a hundred years old: but the when it should be done, and the why, and the how, had never been reduced to rule. Lord Bacon, who had a large collection of works upon agriculture, had them one day piled up in the court-yard and set on fire, for, said he, 'In all these books I find no *principles*; they can, therefore, be of no use to any man.' This was just the deficiency with respect to drainage, and it could not therefore progress until Josiah Parkes, in 1843, expounded the '*principles*,' and in 1845 made suggestions which led to the manufacture of the steel tools which were necessary for forming the deep cuttings, and the cheap pipes which were essential to carrying off the water from them when formed. Up to 1843 little was done beyond tapping springs, or endeavouring to convey away the rain which fell on the surface by drains so shallow that the plough frequently spoiled them, it being the popular belief that moisture would not penetrate through retentive clay beyond twenty or thirty inches. In 1833, when Mr. Parkes was engaged in draining a peat-bog near Bolton, in Lancashire, for Mr. Heathcoate, he had an opportunity of seeing the great effect produced by deep cuttings, and he was led to ponder on the advantage that would be derived from relieving the soil of a certain number of inches of the water, which is stagnant during a rainy season and remains until removed by evaporation in a dry season. By experiments continued for several years, he found that a deep drain began to run after wet weather, not from the water above, but from the water rising from the subterranean accumulations below, and that, by drawing away the
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the stagnant moisture from the three or four feet of earth next the surface, it was rendered more friable, easier to work, more penetrable by the rain, which then carried down air and manure, and much warmer and more suitable for the nourishment of the roots of the crops. He came to the conclusion that the shallow draining, advocated by Smith, of Deanston, was a vital error, and that four feet, which left a sufficient layer of dry warm surface earth, after allowing for the rise of the moisture by capillary attraction above the water level of the drain, should be the minimum depth.

The first field drained on the four-feet plan was on a farm near Bolton, belonging to a celebrated Lancashire bone-setter. This was the small beginning of the subterranean net-work of pipes which has more than doubled the value of our retentive soils. In 1843 Mr. Parkes gave his evidence before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Lords, and was strongly supported by the Earl of Lonsdale, whose experience as a commissioner of highway trusts had proved to him the advantage of the system. But nothing could be done without tools and pipes. A Birmingham manufacturer, on Mr. Parkes' suggestion, produced in 1844 the set of drain-cutting implements which have by degrees been brought to perfection. A cheap conduit was still a difficulty. Stones choked up in many soils, and where they had to be broken and carted to the ground, often made the cost enormous. In 1843, at the Derby show of the Royal Agricultural Society, John Reade, a gardener by trade, a self-taught mechanic, well known as the inventor of the stomach-pump, exhibited cylindrical clay-pipes, with which he had been in the habit of draining the hotbeds of his master. His mode of constructing them was to wrap a lump of clay round a mandril, and rub it smooth with a piece of flannel. Mr. Parkes showed one of these pipes to Earl Spencer, saying, 'My Lord, with this pipe I will drain all England.' The Council, on his Lordship's motion, gave John Reade a silver medal for his idea, and in the year following offered a premium for a tile-making machine. A great deal of money was wasted in attempts, and many patents were taken out for the purpose with indifferent success; but in 1845, at Shrewsbury, Thomas Scragg received a prize for a machine which triumphed over the difficulties, and pipes can now be made quite as fast as kilns can take them.

The work from that hour went rapidly forward. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel, whose management of his own property had made him thoroughly alive to the national importance of the subject, passed the Act by which four millions sterling were appropriated toward assisting landowners with loans for draining their land, with leave to repay the advance by instalments extending over twenty-

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two years. Nearly the whole of the first loan was absorbed by canny Scotch proprietors before Englishmen had made up their minds to take advantage of it. But the four millions of Government-money was small in comparison with the sums furnished by private enterprise for the execution of an improvement which on the worst class of wet land gave visible proofs of its value by immediate profits. Another circumstance stimulated the work. About the period that the system of deep draining was perfected, the great landowners were anxious to encourage their tenants, depressed by the approaching free trade in corn, and thorough draining became the most fashionable improvement. The sheepfolding Norfolk rotation had done great things for light land, brought the cultivation of roots to a high pitch, and proportionately increased the live-stock on every light-land farm. The owners of strong retentive soils were anxious to imitate their light-land neighbours, and to grow the roots which were seen to afford such profits in beef and mutton. Deep drainage enabled them to realize these aspirations.

For centuries the farmers of clay soils had been engaged in trying various expedients for saving their corn crops in wet seasons. The land was laid up in 'lands,' 'backs,' or 'sterches,' that the rain might flow off into intervening surface-drains, a few inches deep, and which were formed of turf, bushes, and stones. Not unfrequently an anxious farmer would traverse his cornfields after heavy rains, spud in hand, and try to lead the stagnant little pools to the neighbouring ditches. In favourable seasons the clay usually gave excellent crops of corn, but a wet season destroyed the husbandman's hopes. These stiff soils had been preferred, until light heath-land had been brought by sheepfolding, marling, and root-growing into profitable culture. The introduction of thorough drainage restored them to their ancient pre-eminence. Hundreds of thousands of acres, formerly condemned to remain poor pasture, or to grow at long intervals uncertain crops of corn and beans, have been laid dry, rendered friable, and brought into a regular rotation, in which roots find their place. Sheep-stock thrive where previously a few dairy-cows starved; the produce has been trebled, the rental raised, and the demand for labour increased in proportion. In the neighbourhood of Yorkshire manufactories, moorland not worth a shilling an acre has been converted into dairy-farms worth two pounds. When it is remembered that the principle upon which these results depend was not enunciated till 1843, it will be seen how rapid and mighty has been the recent progress in agriculture. A second public loan of four millions was granted in 1856, and it has been estimated that in the ten previous years upwards of sixteen millions

millions had been invested by the nation, and by private companies and individuals, in thorough drainage. There is no longer truth in the saying that the capital and soil of the country have never been acquainted. All the branches of farming business felt the influence, for the improved stock originated by Bakewell, the artificial food raised to feed the improved stock, the scientifically constructed drills, horse-hoes, and other implements which the Norfolk rotation called into use, all met with an extended development in the retentive soils rendered kindly by the use of 'Parkes' clay pipes.' It will usually be found that an advance in one direction gives a corresponding impulse in every other.

• The Royal Agricultural Society had an important share in the propagation of the principles of thorough drainage first propounded by their author in a complete shape in a lecture at one of their meetings at Newcastle. Another great change, by a fortunate coincidence, accompanied, or rather preceded, the conquest over the clay lands. This was the chemical revolution, which gave the farmer the use of concentrated portable manures, for stimulating the growth of crops in a degree unknown to the preceding generation. Previous to 1835, as nearly as we can fix the date, agriculturists, in addition to farmyard dung or night-soil, employed as manures lime, chalk, gypsum, marl, soot, salt, saltpetre, rape-cake, and bones. The discovery of the fertilising properties of bone was accidentally made at a Yorkshire foxhound kennel. Liberally used on the heaths and wolds of Lincolnshire, it was the philosopher's stone which turned rabbit-warrens and gorse fox-coverts into fields of golden grain. A Mr. Nelson, one of the late Lord Yarborough's tenants, used to say, that 'he did not care who knew that he had made 80,000*l.* out of his farm by employing bones before other people knew the use of them.' But what succeeded in one parish or even in one field often failed in the next, and sometimes the farm which had once yielded bountifully in return for a dressing of lime or gypsum stubbornly refused to respond to a second application. Worse than all, the root crop—the foundation of the famous Norfolk rotation, the wealth of half a dozen counties—began to fail, devoured in tender infancy by the fly; and, without the turnip, where was the food for sheep and winter-fed cattle? The philosopher came to the assistance of the farmer, and rescued him by timely aid from the difficulties which beset him. Nitrate of soda and guano were imported, superphosphate of lime from bones was invented; and agricultural chemistry, having earned the place of a practical, that is, a profitable science, the anomalies in connexion with the use of
lime,

lime, chalk, gypsum, &c., were mastered and explained by the joint exertions of the farmer and his new ally the chemist.

Nitrate of soda was imported from Peru and sold in small quantities by an agricultural manure-dealer somewhere about 1835, and in the same year a cargo of guano was consigned to a Mr. Myers, a Liverpool merchant. Guano (of any agricultural value) is the dung of sea-fowl feeding on fish in a zone where rain rarely falls. The guano of the Peruvian islands was protected in the time of the Incas by special laws. In 1609 its properties were fully described in a work published in Lisbon by Garcilasso de la Vega, but this precious fertiliser was neglected in Europe until the date of Mr. Myers' importation, when investigations into the chemistry of agriculture, commenced by Sir Humphry Davy with very little practical effect during his lifetime, and carried on by continental philosophers, were beginning to bear fruit. Guano, although incredulously received by farmers in 1836, was eagerly accepted by the dealers in artificial manures, and sold, either in a pure state or under a special name, mixed with less active ingredients. In 1843, a store inferior to that of Peru having been discovered on the Laboe Islands, on the coast of Africa, 1100 feet long, 400 broad, and on an average 35 feet deep, the whole was removed before the close of 1844, and realised upwards of a million sterling. Three years previously, an article of forty-three pages, from the German of Dr. Charles Sprengel, appeared in the first volume of the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,' in which, though every kind of animal manure was described, guano only received a passing mention as a curiosity, and no note to supply the deficiency was attached by the editor; so little was it then known to the most intelligent cultivators, and so speedily had the knowledge of its value spread in the interval. This single fact would alone show that we had reached a new era in the history of farming.

In 1840, before the farming public had become accustomed to these imported manures, Professor Liebig suggested that the fertilizing power of bone manure would be increased by the application of sulphuric acid, and the consequent production of superphosphate of lime. There have been periods in our history when a book like that of Liebig would never have travelled further than the libraries of our men of science; but in 1840 we had in our dealers in manures a commercial class keenly alive to the possible profits of a philosophical suggestion. A carboy of sulphuric acid was easily poured over a few bushels of ground bones, and soon Suffolk drills, charged with superphosphate and guano, were sent to teach farmers that if they wished to grow great

great root-crops there was something to be added to the invaluable 'muck.'

One of the first to experiment upon the new manure, and then to manufacture it on a large scale, was Mr. J. B. Lawes, a Hertfordshire squire and scientific chemist. He was followed by Mr. Purser, of London, who began, in 1843, with a single carboy of sulphuric acid, price 10s., and has since frequently purchased ten thousand carboys at one time. At Southampton, a few years later, Messrs. Dixon and Cardus made an excellent speculation by a contract with the Government of Buenos Ayres for the exclusive right of exporting the charred flesh and ashes of joints of meat burned for want of other fuel on the treeless Pampas, to boil down the tallow. This animal refuse, the accumulation of a quarter of a century, when treated with sulphuric acid, is converted into valuable superphosphate. But although every quarter of the globe, even battlefields, were ransacked for bones, the supply was insufficient, and some new resource was required in order to keep down the price.

The chemists having so far done their part, the next contribution to the progress of agriculture came from the geologists. Professor Henslow, whose great acquirements as a botanist had not prevented his attending to other branches of science, had noticed in 1842 some nodules at Felix Stowe, on the coast of Suffolk. In 1843, haunted with the idea that they were something of importance, he returned to Felix Stowe, collected a quantity of them, and placed them in the hands of a Mr. Potter for analysis. The analysis showed them to be fossils, commonly called coprolites, on the supposition that they consisted of animal excrement, and containing from 50 to 55 per cent. of phosphate of lime. From this discovery Professor Henslow might have realized a considerable fortune. The quarry of coprolites was to be had at a common rent, and there were manure manufacturers prepared to pay for the information, but he 'did not consider such a course consistent with his position as a man of science and a clergyman,' and after keeping silence on the subject for some months at the request of Mr. Potter, 'who wished to have the chance of availing himself of the discovery,' he gave the results of his investigation to Mr. J. B. Lawes, who made the superphosphate obtained from coprolites the subject of a patent, which he was not able to maintain. Subsequently beds of coprolites were discovered in Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire, and further investigations in Norway placed Mr. Lawes in the exclusive possession of great beds of a mineral, called *apatite*, rich in phosphates—of which he imports whole cargoes for his manufactory at Bow, near London. The superphosphate of lime, how-
ever,

ever, produced from fossils being much less soluble than that from fresh bones, can only be usefully applied when mixed in moderate proportions with the latter.

One other important addition to the portable manures was discovered about seven years ago by Mr. Odams in the blood and garbage of the London slaughter-houses, which, formerly thrown down sewers and upon dung-heaps, is now contracted for to the extent of nearly eight hundred thousand gallons a-year. Mixed with ground or calcined bones and sulphuric acid, it is converted into a powerful corn and root fertilizer, known to agriculturists as the 'Nitro-phosphate manure.' The mere fact that these products were articles of sale, and not of home manufacture by the farmer, had a powerful influence in extending their use. Those on whom the essays of Professors and the orations of landlords produced little effect were worried into inquiry by the agents of manure-vendors, and, as the new practice spread, were convinced almost against their will by great crops in the fields of enterprising neighbours. The vendor of artificial manures helped in another particular the general movement. He soon discovered that his fertilizing stimulants were robbed of half their value on wet or ill-cultivated land. Hence he became the eager advocate of thorough drainage, and that thorough preparation of the soil which can only be effected by the best class of ploughs, harrows, horse-hoes, and clod-crushers. His customers would have been customers no longer unless he could have convinced them that the fault was in themselves and not in the goods. He argued to ears which had at last been opened, and prevailed without the assistance of the hedge-stake. A man grudged growing weeds with the fertility for which he had paid in hard cash, nor could a manure that cost 10*l.* or 12*l.* a ton be refused the economy of a machine to distribute it carefully; and thus drill husbandry, which is identified with clean husbandry, spread, led by pipe-drains, from Norfolk, Suffolk, and Bedfordshire, into every county of England, and with it brought all the machines and implements required for 'clean, rapid, concentrated cultivation.'

It was between 1816 and 1836,—the twenty years in which the breaking up of poor pastures and the reclamation of waste lands were most vigorously carried on by means of turnip-drilling, sheep-folding, and the four-course rotation—that the crude form of the greater number of the agricultural implements which are now considered 'standard' were either invented or brought into use among the great light-land farmers. In general the ingenuity of the mechanic outstripped the wants of the cultivator, and many excellent contrivances had been forgotten because they
were

were in advance of the requirements of the day. Under the new demand for mechanical aids, more than one ingenious blacksmith or wheelwright rose from a humble position, and has since expanded his small forge into a factory where steam-power and the best artisans are employed in the construction of agricultural implements. The opposition raised to the introduction of some of these machines, under the idea that they were injurious to the labourer, is known to every one. Between 1836 and the present time this prejudice has been almost entirely extinguished by a series of legislative and national changes. The commutation of tithes has unlocked the land; the new poor-law has, to a certain extent, emancipated labour, although the law of settlement still weighs heavily upon the improving farmer and the enterprising peasant; the Irish famine, and the enormous emigration during the last ten years to America and Australia, have removed a mass of floating, half-employed workmen, and made way for the introduction of the threshing-machine, the drill, the haymaking-machine, and the steam-engine, without producing a murmur of discontent. Experience, moreover, has convinced most persons that the use of agricultural machinery creates an increased demand for constant labour of a superior kind, although undoubtedly it relieves the farmer from his dependence on an itinerant army of reapers and haymakers. The true effect of the iron workman is not to displace the human, but to perfect cultivation, to multiply produce, to increase the means of subsistence, and to add to the prosperity of the entire community.

It may be taken for an axiom, that when a farmer has used even one good implement he derives so much advantage from its rapid and accurate work, that he returns again and again to the manufacturer's yard until he has, as far as possible, substituted horse for human power, and steam for horse-power. The flail, so long kept going by the pauper-creating Poor Law, could not have threshed out the breadth of corn which is now grown with the aid of stimulating manures. The picture which is given in Lisle's 'Husbandry,' written in 1714, remained often true up to our own time, because, though there might be a difference arising from the greater or less quantity of grain in the ear, according to the season and the tillage, neither the flail nor the man who worked it varied from the flails and men of bygone generations. 'A good thresher,' he says, 'assured me that five or six bushels of wheat was a very good day's threshing, and, in case the corn was clung and yielded ill, sometimes three bushels was as much as could be threshed in a day.' In another place he tells us that 'iron-clouted shoes do not well to thresh wheat in, especially if it be new corn: a thresher's shoes should, by right,

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be soled with an old hat.' Horses, always the more fatal expense of a farm, were wanted for other purposes as cultivation expanded : and it was found in addition that it did not pay to wear out good animals in the circular drag of a threshing-machine. Thus a way was made for the steam-engine. So early as 1802, General Bulwer, the father of the novelist, erected, at his seat at Heydon in Norfolk, what Young believes to have been the first which was used in England for agricultural purposes. The cost of it was 600*l.*, and it was to thresh, dress, and grind the corn, and cut chaff and hay. The earliest experimenters usually pay, and their successors profit. As the practice was not followed, it is probable it did not answer. The rapidity with which it has spread in the last few years adds another to the particular characteristics of the agriculture of our time. The travelling steam-engine, constructed to be drawn by horses from barn to barn and parish to parish, first made its appearance in an unsuccessful shape at Liverpool in 1841, was formed into a working machine by Mr. Cambridge of Bristol in 1842, grew at once into favour, and in 1845 had become fully established. A new trade sprung up almost like mushrooms in a night, and the show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Salisbury in 1857 was attended by upwards of twenty manufacturers, from almost every district of England. One firm alone made upwards of five hundred engines of an average power of seven horses, in the twelvemonth ending December, 1856.

The threshing-machine which the steam-engine worked has advanced in an equal degree. It was originally a mere box for roughly beating out the corn from the straw, and beating the corn almost as much as the straw. Step by step it was improved, until at Lewes, in 1852, a machine was exhibited which winnowed as well as threshed the corn and delivered it ready for dredging. Since that date 'barn machinery' has been produced which 'threshes, raises the straw to the loft, winnows and dresses the corn, divides the wheat according to quality, and delivers it into sacks ready for market, while the tailings, also divided into first and seconds, remain for the pigs and poultry, and the cavings for litter in the boxes or pigsties.' These multiplied services it performs at the rate of 800 bushels a day and at a cost of *s.* 6*d.* a quarter. The same engine which puts in motion all this automaton work is often made available for pumping water, grinding corn, crushing cake, cutting chaff for cattle, and grinding bones for manure, while the steam from the boiler may be turned into an apparatus for cooking food for cattle.

The reaping machine lay dormant in this country after it had been devised by the Rev. Patrick Bell, because it was not called for

for by the state of the labour-market, and was re-invented in two different forms in the United States, because the scarcity of manual labour made it indispensable. It was brought into notice at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and answers the double object of relieving the farmer from his dependence on itinerant labour, and of economising that most valuable element, *time*, in garnering the harvest. It took more than fifty years to make the seed-drill a standard implement; within six years the far less valuable and less perfect reaping machine has grown into extensive use. One more gap remained to be filled up at the date of the Salisbury Meeting, in order to complete the mechanical requirements of a well-ordered farm, so that the stubble of the land, where the corn is sown by drill, reaped by horse-power, threshed out by steam, and sent in the shortest possible time by railway to market, should be at once broken up by the resistless force of a Steam Cultivator, instead of being left for the net-like twitch to spread and weeds to seed until the following spring. We almost believe, yet we dare not assert, that this crowning triumph of agricultural engineering has now been achieved. The retentive clays fertilized ten years back by deep drainage will then be brought to develop their full power of production by a gain of time often equal to a whole season.

But perhaps nothing illustrates better the change which has come over farming in the last few years than what has taken place with respect to so ancient and familiar an article of husbandry as the plough. Although an implement more than two thousand years old, it is only within the last sixteen years that it has been reduced to an uniform shape and material. In engravings, to the eye of the casual observer there is now no difference between the ploughs manufactured for the same purpose by every one of the eminent makers; and, in fact, in general construction, they are all alike, except where the 'turnwrests of Kent and Sussex' are used, although some have a marked superiority in the details and in durability. They are fashioned entirely of iron and steel, of long graceful wave-like form, provided with a pair of wheels of unequal size, and drawn by a chain attached to the body of the plough. Iron screws and levers have replaced wooden wedges. A few seconds are sufficient to attach the share or adjust the coulter. It was quite otherwise in 1840. Out of six ploughs engraved in the *Journal of Agriculture* for that year, two are swing, two have two wheels, two have one wheel each, all are of wood, except the shares and breasts, all are drawn from the extremity of the beam, and the awkward inferiority of their respective shapes is perceptible at a glance. In 1840, Lincoln, Rutland, Bedfordshire, Berks, and almost every other county,

had

had its separate plough, and knew little of its form in the rest of the kingdom; the exceptions being among the customers of scientific makers, whose trade was restrained by the cost of conveyance, the want of publicity, and the want of intelligence. Mr. Pusey and Mr. Handley, who contributed articles on the Plough to the first volume of the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, were, as gentlemen farmers, far ahead of their time, but it is evident, from their observations, that they had everything to learn in the science and practice of agricultural mechanics. Mr. Handley's acuteness led him to conclude that wheel ploughs were of lighter draught, 'contrary to the opinions of the writers' whom he had consulted; but Mr. Pusey, in his general report on English agriculture, evidently prefers the Scotch swing plough, not aware that the old Bedford wheel plough, even in its unimproved state, was a better implement. After mentioning the instances in which the Scotch plough failed, he hesitatingly adds, 'It is even doubted whether one wheel might not be advantageously restored.' Another report on a trial of different kinds of ploughs in Berkshire showed how general was the ignorance of the simplest principles of mechanical knowledge, for he confesses that he had no idea that there would be any 'difference of draught between a smooth share and one covered with tar or paint.' These trials, valueless in themselves, were the commencement of investigations by well-informed persons under the auspices of Mr. Pusey, and of a series of public competitions, which have placed ploughs constructed on the best principles, and in the best manner, within the reach of every parish in England. The improvement is as great as the change from the old musket to the Minie rifle. Skilful manufacturers, each eager to command the market, study, with all the aids of mechanical knowledge and a wide experience, to secure excellence of design, durability of make, and economy of price, while the farmer in his turn has learnt that science is a better constructor than ignorance, and no longer prefers the clumsy efforts of a village artisan. The marvel is in the rapidity with which these changes have been effected, as if some magician of agriculture had waved his wand over our favoured island.

The farmers were too often worthy of their ploughs. In Leicestershire, where rich pastures made tenants indifferent to careful cultivation, the present president of the Royal Agricultural Society, Lord Berners, found the farmers, as late as 1825, intentionally ploughing crooked with a long string of horses; and the late Duke of Rutland, when in the chair at an agricultural meeting, was alarmed lest a storm of disapprobation should disturb the harmony of the day, because Lord Berners' brother
ventured

ventured to suggest ploughing straight as a first step toward improvement, and exchanging the strings of slow hairy-legged horses for curricule pairs of lively steppers. Young calculated that at least one-half of the draught cattle might have been saved in Essex. The long file of men and beasts which were wasted upon the work provoked his indignation. He exhorted the farmers to raise less oats and more wheat, and to expend their summer provender in fattening bullocks, which were food for man, instead of maintaining superfluous horses, whose ultimate destiny was to furnish food for the kennel. Truths which to us seem truisms were heresies then, and such a simple suggestion as that of Young was distasteful to many a farmer of the olden time. There is no ground to triumph over them, for they were what their circumstances made them, but we may at least rejoice that the present system gives us an ox to eat where our ancestors had a horse to feed.

The pecuniary gains of agricultural progress are not to be estimated by the mere saving in wages, horse-labour, seed, or manure. Thorough draining not only diminishes the cost of ploughing, but it renders it possible to grow great crops of roots—of mangold-wurzel from thirty to thirty-five tons an acre, and of turnips from twenty to twenty-five tons. Ten times more live stock is thus fed on the land than it maintained before. The corn crop follows the roots in due course without further manuring, and is made certain in addition, even in wet seasons. The well-shaped modern plough saves in horse-labour, as compared with the clumsy old-fashioned swing-plough, a sum which can only be calculated in reference to the tenacity of each kind of soil, but which on an average exceeds the power of *one* horse, besides enabling youths, skilful but not strong, to act as ploughmen, and encouraging deep ploughing, the foundation on the best land of good root crops. The advantage of the drill over broadcasting is not only in the smaller quantity of seed and manure required, or in the power to sow seed and manure together, or in its permitting the use of the horse-hoe, though these effect a saving in money equal to one-fourth of the value of the crop; but its great saving in the moist uncertain climate of England is *time*. A day's delay in sowing by hand has lost many a season, whereas one horse-drill does the work of fifteen men. The clod-crusher, again, reduces lumps to tilth, that no wooden 'beetle,' no loaded 'sledge,' no army of clotters could have broken, while on light land it gives consistence to the soil, making thousands of acres of corn stand upright which would otherwise have been rotting on the ground.

Under high farming, the manual labour employed is both increased

increased and concentrated. A greater number of men are required per acre, and a lesser number in proportion to the produce. With mechanical assistance the crops are less dependent on the seasons; and each operation is more quickly performed. With improved breeding the stock is increased in quantity, more early matured, and bears finer and more profitable meat. Four-year-old horned sheep are replaced by mutton grown in thirteen months. The aged cows or worn-out oxen, which form the staple of the continental meat markets, lose from fifteen to twenty per cent. more in cooking than our well-fattened oxen and heifers, to say nothing of the difference in the quality of the flesh. At every stage the farmer who farms for money profits—not like the backwoodsman, the metayer or peasant proprietor, merely to feed his family—loses by rude implements, ignorant cultivation, and coarse-bred live-stock. At every stage of progress the modern English farm becomes more like a manufactory, producing on a limited surface enormous quantities of food for man, turning Peruvian guano into corn, bones from the Pampas into roots, Russian oil-cake, Egyptian beans, Syrian locust-pods, into beef and mutton. The gain to the farmer and the landlord is, we repeat, the most insignificant part of the benefit. The agriculturist is the manufacturer of food for the nation, and upon his skill, under Providence, it depends whether plenty or scarcity prevails in the land.

To give some idea of the modern system of English agriculture, we subjoin a brief description of three farms in three different districts of England—the first, a light land self-drained; the second, clay, sand, and good pasture; the third, stiff clay; and all cultivated by tenants who have not expended money to purchase glory, but who have invested capital in order to earn a profit.

Mr. John Hudson, whose name is familiar to all English, and many French and German, agriculturists, began farming half a century ago. In 1822 he entered upon his now celebrated farm of Castle Acre, which consists of self-drained land, and is a fair specimen of the Norfolk light soil. At that period the only portable manure was rape-cake, which cost 13*l.* a ton, and did not produce any visible effect upon the crops for a month. The whole live-stock consisted of 200 sheep and 40 cattle of the old Norfolk breed. He adopted what was then the new, now the old, and what is perhaps destined to become the obsolete four-course Norfolk system—that is to say, 250 acres pasture, 300 wheat, 300 barley; or in dear years, 600 wheat, 300 roots, and 300 seeds, the rest being gardens and coverts. On these 1200 acres he at present maintains 10 dairy cows, 36 cart-

horses, a flock of 400 breeding ewes, and fattens and sells 250 Short-horns, Herefords, Devons, or Scots, and 3000 Down sheep. The crops of swedes average from 25 to 30 tons; the mangold-wurzel from 30 to 35 tons per acre. His wheat had, in 1855, averaged, for the previous five years, 48 bushels per acre; the barley 56 bushels. Of the seeds, the clover is mowed for hay, the trefoil and white clover are fed down by sheep, and there are no bare fallows. The purchased food given to the cattle in the straw-yards and sheds, and to the sheep in the field, consisting of oilcake, meal, and beans, costs 2000*l.* a-year. The greater part of this oilcake is charged to manure, which it enriches in quality as well as increases in quantity; but the direct expenditure on artificial manures—guano, nitrate of soda, and superphosphate of lime—amounts in addition to 1000*l.* a-year. Wages absorb from 2600*l.* to 3000*l.* a-year. Seven or eight waggon-loads per acre of farmyard-manure are ploughed in on land intended for roots, beside above 30*s.* worth per acre of superphosphate of lime drilled in with the turnip-seed; while wheat has a top-dressing of 1 cwt. of guano, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of nitrate of soda, and 2 cwt. of salt, mixed with earth and ashes. No weeds are grown. The turnips are taken up in November, and a troop, called by the vile name of a 'gang,' consisting of 'boys and girls,' under the care of an experienced man, traverse the ground, forking out and burning every particle of twitch or thistle. The same 'troop' is called in during the progress of the root-crop whenever occasion requires, and immediately after harvest they go over the stubbles with their little three-pronged forks, exterminating the slightest vestige of a weed. The expenses of cleaning are thus kept down to 1*s.* an acre, a price which excited the admiration and doubts of that admirable agricultural essayist the late Mr. Thomas Gisborne, and which proves that, by stopping the evil at the source, and never allowing the enemy to get ahead, land may be kept wholly weeded more cheaply than half weeded. Lord Berners mentioned as recently as 1855 that he found in Leicestershire hundreds of acres netted over with twitch as thick as a Lifeguardsman's cane, and studded with clumps of thistles like bushes. Such neglected land required an expenditure of 5*l.* to 6*l.* an acre to put it in heart. The farmer who saw a thief daily stealing from his dung-heap would soon call in the aid of the policeman. The weeds are an army of scattered thieves, and, if the pilferings of each are small in amount, the aggregate is immense. The wise and thrifty farmer, therefore, keeps his constabulary to take up the offender, and consign him as quickly as possible to death. He who allows himself to be daily robbed of his crop, and the community to the same extent

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of food, and all the while looks helplessly on, is not only a bad farmer, but in effect, though not in design, a bad citizen also.

Mr. J. Thomas, of Lidlington Park, our second example, farms about 800 acres of a mixed character under the Duke of Bedford, of whom it is the highest praise to say that he is a landlord worthy of such tenants, consisting in part of clay, which has been rendered profitable for arable cultivation by deep drainage, and in part of what is locally called sand, which has been reduced from rabbit-warrens to corn-fields by the Norfolk system. This intelligent cultivator read a paper some time since to the Central Farmers' Club, in which he stated, with the assent of his tenant audience, that, under very high farming, it was not only possible but advisable to reduce the fertility of the soil by the more frequent growth of grain—as, for instance, by taking barley after wheat, and returning to the once fatal system of two white crops in succession. He said that, under the four or five-course he began to find his 'turnips subject to strange, inexplicable diseases; his barley (where a large crop of swedes had been fed on the ground by sheep, with the addition of cake or corn) laid flat on the ground by its own weight, and in a wet harvest sprouted, thus rendering the grain unfit for the maltster, the straw valueless as fodder, while the young clover was stifled and killed by the lodgment of the barley crop.' Thus, while Roman agriculturists, with all their garden-like care, were tormented by a decreasing produce on an exhausted soil, we, after ages of cropping, have arrived at the point of an over-abundant fertility—an evil to be cured, not by any fixed rule, but 'by permitting the diligent and intelligent tenant-farmer a freer exercise of judgment.' In this speaker we have another specimen of the invaluable class of men by whom, during the last ten years, on tens of thousands of acres, the produce of meat and corn has been doubled.

At Lidlington, where there is strong clay to deal with, and more good grass-land than exists at Castle Acre, it is not necessary to purchase so much food to keep live-stock for manure. But there are about one hundred and fifty beasts and one thousand sheep sold fat, beside a choice breeding-flock of four hundred Downs, the result of twenty years' care. By these sheep the light land is consolidated and enriched. If they are store sheep they are allowed to gnaw the turnips on the ground for part of the year; if they are young and to be fatted for market, the turnips are drawn, topped, tailed, and sliced by a boy with a portable machine. Thus feeding by day and penned successively over every part of the field at night, they fertilise and compress, as effectually as any roller, the light-blowing sand,

and prepare soil which would scarcely feed a family of rabbits for luxuriant corn-crops. The cattle, consisting of two-year-old Devons, Herefords, or short-horns, or three-year-old Scots or Anglesea runts, purchased at fairs according to the supply and market-price, in spring or summer, are run on the inferior pasture until winter, then taken into the yards or stalls, fed with hay, swedes, mangolds, ground cake, linseed or barley meal, and allowed an unlimited supply of clean water. When the spring comes round they are put on the best grass, and sent off to market as fast as they become ripe, having left behind them a store of manure, which is the capital from which everything else must spring.

Ten years ago four miles of rough bark fences were cleared away on the clay half of this farm, and replaced by single rows of blackthorn, dividing the fields into square lots of forty or fifty acres. Under the old system two hundred acres were poor pasture; now under the rotation system the strong clay feeds four times as much live-stock as before, and bears wheat at least twice in six years. According to the latest experience, the most profitable system in its present light condition would be, to devote the farmyard dung to growing clover, to eat down the clover with folded sheep, and then to use the ground fertilised by the roots of the clover, without home-made manure, for cereal crops, assisted by a top-dressing of guano, to be followed by roots nourished with superphosphate of lime. Good implements come in aid of good methods of cultivation. Mr. Thomas has eight or nine of Howard's iron ploughs—both light and heavy—iron harrows to match the ploughs, a cultivator to stir the earth, a grubber to gather weeds, half a dozen drills, manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a clod-crusher, a heavy stone roller, a haymaking-machine, and horse-rakes. Reaping-machines are to follow. To deal with the crops, a fixed steam-engine, under the care of a ploughboy, puts in motion the compendious barn machinery we have already described, which threshes, dresses, and divides the corn according to its quality, and raises the straw into the loft, and the grain into the granary, besides working a chaff-cutter, a bean-splitter, a cake-crusher, and stones for grinding corn or linseed. With machinery no large barn is required in the English climate; the corn can remain in the rick until required for market. About twenty men and thirty trained boys, under an aged chief, are constantly employed.

No land is here lost by unnecessary fences; no food is wasted on ill-bred live-stock; no fertility is consumed by weeds; no time or labour is thrown away. One crop prepares the way for another, and the wheeled plough, under the charge of a man or boy,

boy, follows quick upon the footsteps of the reaper. The sheep stock is kept up to perfection of form by retaining only the best-shaped ewe-lambs, and hiring or buying the best South-down rams. The profit of keeping first-class stock was proved at the Christmas market of 1856, when twenty-five pure Down shearlings, of twenty months old, which were sold by auction at Hitchin, made an average of 4*l.* 8*s.* each, being nearly double the usual weight. The large produce, whether in corn or meat, is the result of a system the very converse of that practised by the Belgian peasant proprietor, or French metayer, whose main object is to feed his family, and avoid every possible payment in cash. As for laying out sixpence on manure, or cattle food for making manure, no such notion ever crosses the minds of those industrious, hard-living peasants, and the diminution in the means of subsistence in consequence is almost past calculation. He who puts most into the land, and gets most out of it, is the true farmer. The bad cultivator gives little, and receives accordingly.

When the Central Farmers' Club discussed the advantage of returning to the plan of more frequent corn crops, which before the days of artificial manures was found to be utterly ruinous, the then chairman said that he 'had for several years taken a crop of wheat every other year; and that on such soil as that of his farm, as long as he manured accordingly, he considered that he was not using the land (one-half of which is his own freehold) unfairly.' This Weald of Sussex farm shall be our third example; and we adduce it to show what may be done with the most intractable class of retentive soils. A few years ago it was divided into enclosures of from four to eight acres each by broad hedgerows, many of them with ditches on both sides. It was among the evils of these small enclosures that they facilitated the old make-shift plan of draining by surface furrows to shallow sub-drains of bushes, because the water had not far to run. A partial cure postpones completer remedies. In the numerous hedges, according to the custom of the county, the landlord grew oak timber and the tenant underwood for fuel and for mending fences. Before railways had made coal cheaper than hedgerow cuttings, the labourers were employed in fine weather during the winter in trimming the hedges, and clearing out furrows and ditches; in wet weather they retreated to a large barn and threshed out wheat or oats with a flail, in a damp atmosphere the most unfavourable for the condition of the corn, and a time of the year most convenient for pilfering it. The usual course of cropping was—1, fallow; 2, wheat; 3, oats; 4, seeds. The seed crops were fed until the beginning of June with all the stock

stock of the farm, and then broken up for a bare fallow with a wooden turnwrest plough. The crops were about twenty bushels of wheat per acre once in four years, about forty-eight bushels of oats the year following, and hay and seeds in the third year. The stock consisted of about twenty-five cows, and ten young beasts, which were sold half-fat. The horses ploughed four at a time in a line, and were usually the plumpest animals on the farm. Sheep there were none, nor was it believed possible to keep them without Down feed. Lime was the only manure purchased, and hay the only winter food. The present owner and farmer of Ockley Manor, after travelling through England to study the best specimen of modern tenant-farming, began by reducing a hundred enclosures to twenty, and by borrowing enough money from the public loan to drain the whole of his clays, the stiffest imaginable, three feet six inches deep. He would have preferred four feet deep, but the expense lopped off six inches. This indispensable preliminary process enables him to grow roots and to keep a large stock of Southdown sheep on his clovers and seeds, with plenty of cake, running them on the land almost all the year round. To assist in disintegrating the drained clay he avails himself of 'Warne's box-feeding' system, manufacturing a large quantity of long straw-dung, which, when ploughed in, exercises a mechanical as well as a fertilising effect.

There are three modes of feeding cattle in use—open yards, stalls, and boxes. Well-built yards are surrounded by sheds for shelter, the open space is dish-shaped, thinly sprinkled with earth, and thickly covered with straw, which is renewed from time to time as the cattle trample it into manure. The roofs of all the surrounding buildings are provided with gutters, and the rain is carried into underground drains. The liquid manure is pumped back upon the prepared dung-heaps. These yards are attached to all root-feeding farms, and by their appearance and the quality of the cattle fed in them a fair opinion may be formed of the management of the tenant. In stalls the cattle are tied by the head under cover, with more or less straw under them according to the proportion of arable land. On the 'box system' each beast is penned in a separate compartment under cover, and supplied from day to day with just as much straw as will cover the solids and absorb the liquid dung. By the time the beast is fat his cell is full of solid well fermented manure, of the most valuable description for clay land. The cattle, whether in yards, stables, or boxes, and all are often to be found on the same farm, ought to be bountifully fed with sliced or pulped roots mixed with chaff, hay, oilcake, linseed, or corn.

corn. The extra buildings make boxes the most expensive plan, but in no way do the animals thrive better, and where there is an ample supply of straw it is the most advantageous method of manufacturing manure. Box-feeding affords one more instance of the antiquity of many modern agricultural practices. In Sir John Sinclair's 'Statistical Survey of Scotland,' published 1795, we read that in the Shetland Island of Unst, 'The method of preserving manure is by leaving it to accumulate in the beast-house under the cattle, mixed with layers of grass and short heather, till the beasts cannot enter. When the house is full the dung is spread over the fields.' Doubtless the islanders of Unst found, in their damp climate, that dung collected out of doors lost all its fertilizing value. At Ockley farm, with the assistance of the grass-land, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty of the best class of Sussex, or Devons, or Scots, are fattened every year in boxes, built cheaply enough of the timber from the condemned hedgerows, interlaced with furze and plastered with Sussex mud. Though not very sumptuous externally, they are warm and well ventilated. Twenty Alderney cows eat up what the fat cattle leave on the pastures (each cow being tethered), and supply first-class butter for Brighton—a market which requires the best description of farm produce. In manufacturing districts quantity pays the grazier or dairyman the best, in fashionable quarters quality. Eight hundred fat Down sheep and lambs, and about eighty pigs, which are sold off chiefly in the shape of what is popularly called 'dairy-fed pork,' complete the animal results on this Weald of Sussex farm.

On four hundred and fifty acres devoted to arable cultivation wheat is grown every alternate year, at the rate of from forty to forty-eight bushels per acre. The sheep and lambs, which get fat on the clover or other seeds, assisted by cake, prepare the soil for the alternate corn crops, and have doubled the original produce. The roots fatten the cattle in boxes, and, while they are growing ripe for the butcher, they manufacture the long straw manure, which both enriches the tenacious soil, and by its fermentation assists to break it up. Space, light, and air have been gained by clearing away huge fences, which, besides their other evils, harboured hundreds of corn-consuming vermin. By these and such-like methods, all novelties in Sussex, the produce of the farm has in ten years been trebled, and the condition of the soil incalculably improved; and all would have been vain, and much of it impossible, without the adoption of deep, thorough gridiron drainage. This has done in the Weald of Sussex clay what sheep-feeding and drill husbandry did for the warrens of Norfolk, the sands of Bedford, and the Downs of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

Dorsetshire. The result, however, is not so satisfactory in a profitable point of view as in light land counties, because, as Talpa has shown in his 'Annals of a Clay Farm,' it is almost impossible on a retentive soil, with any paying number of horses, to get through more than one-third of the ploughing before winter sets in, with its rain and snow. The cultivators of the farms which from their natural fertility in dry seasons were in favour for centuries, while what are now our finest corn-growing districts were Moorland deserts, are often beaten by time, prevented as they are by the wet from getting on the land, and obliged to work slowly with three or four horses. Yet on autumnal cultivation depends the security of the root-crops—and the root-crops are like the agricultural 'Tortoise' of Indian mythology, the basis on which rests the rent-paying corn crop. Much, therefore, as deep drainage has done for advanced farmers, on retentive clays, it has not done enough, and they look anxiously forward for the time when a perfect *steam cultivator* will make them independent of animal power, and enable them, if needful, to work night as well as day during every hour of dry weather.

We have not thought it necessary to dwell upon any of those profitless agricultural miracles which are from time to time performed, to the great amazement of the class with whom turnips are only associated with boiled legs of mutton, and mangold-wurzel with salad. As little have we cared to describe liquid-manure farms, netted over with iron pipes, irrigated by hose and jet, and a perpetually pumping steam-engine, for the simple reason that, while deep drains, guano, superphosphate of lime, long straw manure, and other aids to agriculture introduced within the last fifteen years, give an early result, liquid manure, under an English sun, has never been proved to be effective, except for grass crops on a dairy farm. We have contented ourselves with selecting illustrations which, though not specimens of perfection in every department, for they all have defects, and in two out of three the buildings and implements might easily be improved, are yet fair types of the system of cultivation which is making rapid progress through every district of England. These are farms which are cultivated on commercial principles, instead of being mainly expensive raree-shows—farms which pay fair rents, and return fair profits, and yield an amount of meat and corn which is at least double that raised by unintelligent farmers in England, and above four-fold that obtained from a more fertile soil and genial sun by the peasant proprietors of France and Germany.

In the absence of agricultural statistics, we have no exact data for comparing the produce of England before and since the era of
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'high farming;' but the following figures will convey some idea of the fixed and floating capital invested by landlords and tenants in modern improvements. Since 1839 at least twelve hundred thousand tons of guano have been imported, for which not less than twelve millions sterling have been paid. In the year 1837 the foreign bones imported were valued by the Custom House authorities at 250,000*l*. After that date we have no return, but since 1840 one million at least has been paid annually for bones, sulphuric acid, and artificial manures, independently of guano. Since 1846 at least sixteen millions have been invested in deep thorough drainage. Thus we have an expenditure of upwards of thirty millions, without counting the value of new implements and machines, purchased every year by thousands, or the large sums laid out in adding to the productive acreage of farms by throwing down useless hedges, or in rebuilding the rude homesteads that served the preceding agricultural generation, and in replacing the inferior local breeds of stock by better animals suited to the soil and climate.

There are other facts which are full as significant. In 1847 the proprietor of a now prosperous school of agricultural chemistry could not, out of a large number of pupils, find one who was willing to be gratuitously instructed in the science for which farmers willingly pay him at present a heavy extra fee. Even Mr. Pusey, who devoted his life to improvements in cultivation, made the mistake, in his last report, of undervaluing the services which chemistry had rendered to agriculture. Such, however, is found to be its practical value, that the demands of farmers have created a class of chemists who make the relative value of manures and artificial food and the constituents of soils the objects of their especial study. To such inquiries Mr. Lawes devotes the Rothamsted experimental farm and laboratory, an establishment over which Dr. Gilbert presides, at an expense for the last fifteen years of more than 1000*l*. a year. Professor Way, who has lately been succeeded by Professor Voelcker, was bound by his appointment under the Royal Agricultural Society to supply analyses to the subscribers at certain low fixed rates, and he was amply employed by the tenant-farmer community. In the West of England, long considered the very Bœotia of agriculture, Professor Voelcker delivered last year at Exeter, Barnstaple, and Newton Abbott, at the request of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, a series of most admirable lectures, the results of experiments carried on at Cirencester, on such subjects as 'The Value of Artificial Manures,' 'Farm Yard Manures,' 'The Composition of Fertile and Barren Soils,' 'The Nutritive Value of different Oilcakes.' In 1840 there was no chemist sufficiently familiar with farming to
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treat usefully on these topics; and if he could have talked the very quintessence of practical wisdom, there certainly was no agricultural audience prepared to listen to him. That he spoke the language of science would of itself have been sufficient to convince the tenantry throughout the country that he did not speak the language of common sense. It is true that Coke of Holkham, with his usual acuteness, had long before invited the attention of Sir Humphry Davy to the chemistry of agriculture, and even specially retained a Mr. Grisewood's services for Norfolk; but the public were not yet ripe for instruction, and the lever of superphosphate of lime and guano was wanting to move their minds from traditionary routine. From that period the work went on with railroad celerity. When Mr. Josiah Parkes called on Mr. Handley in 1837, he found him experimenting on 'a new manure called guano.' Ten years later, although the consumption was enormous, many farmers looked upon its use as a sort of treason, and met innovators with a maxim, which is in one sense sound: 'Nothing like muck.' Others equally ignorant but more enterprising used it freely, and grew great crops without caring to know the reason why. The desire to ascertain the reason why quickly followed, and has already converted many a farmer into a creature of reason from a creature of rule-of-thumb.

If it be asked what has been practically gained within the last twenty years by the investigations of the agricultural chemist, we would answer, *certainly*. We knew years ago that farmyard manure was excellent; by the light of chemical science we learn why it is 'a perfect universal manure,' we learn how to manufacture and employ it best, and we learn why on clay soils it may be safely, nay advantageously, left for weeks on the surface before being ploughed in. Chemical science again teaches us why lime, which is not an active manure, although valuable as a destroyer of elements hostile to fertility, produces great effect for a series of years, and then not unfrequently ceases to show any profitable results; it teaches us to what crops guano, to what superphosphate of lime, to what farmyard manure may be most profitably applied, and when a mixture of all three. Chemistry settles the comparative value of linseed cake, cotton cake, and karob beans; shows when pulse should be used for fattening pigs, and how to compound a mixture of Indian corn and bean-meal which shall produce fat bacon neither hard nor wasteful. The conclusions of science were previously known empirically to a few, but their range was limited and their application accidental. They have been reduced to order and rendered universally available for the use of plain farmers by the investigations of men like

Lawes

Lawes and Voelcker. As the latter observes, 'there are too many modifying influences of soil, climate, season, &c., to enable us to establish any invariable laws for the guidance of the husbandman;' but the more we can trace effects to their causes and ascertain the mode in which nature operates, the nearer we are to fixed principles and a sure rule of practice.

It would seem then that the first great epoch of modern agricultural improvement began with Lord Townshend, who demonstrated the truth embodied in the adage,

'He who marls sand
May buy the land,'

showed the value of the turnip, and, as we presume, must have been a patron of the four-course system, which had its rise in Norfolk about the same time. The second epoch was that of Bakewell, whose principles of stock-breeding have ever since continued to raise, year by year, the average value of our meat-producing animals. The third epoch dates from the exertions of such men as the Duke of Bedford and Coke of Holkham, the latter of whom, combining usages which had been very partially acted upon, brought into favour drilled turnip husbandry, carried all the branches of farming as far as was permitted by the knowledge of his time, and did the inestimable service of inoculating hundreds of landlords and tenants with his own views. The fourth epoch, if we were to take each advance from its earliest dawn, would comprise the various dates of the opening of the first railroad, the importation of the first cargo of guano, the publication of Liebig's first edition of the '*Chemistry of Agriculture*,' and the deep draining of the Bonesetter's field on Chat Moss; but in general terms it may be said to date from the first meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Oxford in 1839, when farmers began to be familiarized with men of science, and men of science learned not to despise agricultural experience. This last era is almost the birth of yesterday, and already, as compared with any former period, the results read more like a page from the *Arabian Nights* than like a chapter in the history of agricultural progress. Deep drainage, artificial manures, artificial food, improved implements, and railroad conveyance, have been the leading means by which the change has been wrought. Deep drainage has brought into play the unexhausted fertility of our strong clays; portable manures and purchased food have increased the crops on land of every degree. Mangold and swedes have been made to flourish on stiff soils, and cereals on sieve-like sands. Downs have been transformed from bare pastures to heavy root and rich grain-bearing

bearing fields. The visitors to Salisbury Plain at the agricultural show of 1857 were surprised to find a large part of it converted into productive corn-land—a change which has been almost entirely effected within the last twenty years. The scientific mechanic has provided the tools and machinery for breaking up and pulverising the ground, for sowing the seed, for gathering the crops, for preparing it for market, for crushing or cutting the food for the stock, with an ease, a quickness, and a perfection unknown before. The railroad is the connecting medium which maintains the vast circulation, conveying the agencies of production to the farmer, and the produce of the farmer to the market. The steam-cultivator is, perhaps, about to be added to the triumphs of mechanism, and then will be realised the expression in the fine lines of Mr. Thackeray on the Great Exhibition of 1851—an expression which was premature if it was intended to be historic, but which we hope, and almost believe, will prove to be prophetic.

- ‘Look yonder where the engines toil;
 These England’s arms of conquest are,
 The trophies of her bloodless war;
 Brave weapons these.
 Victorious over wave and soil,
 With these she sails, she weaves, she *tills*,
 Pierces the everlasting hills
 And spans the seas.’

The spirit of the old agriculture and the new are diametrically opposite—that of the old agriculture was to be stationary, that of the new is to progress. When Young made his tour through the east of England in 1771, he remarks as a peculiarity that the turnip cabbage of a Mr. Reynolds, which had a special superiority, was gradually adopted by his neighbours—‘a circumstance,’ he adds, ‘that would not happen in many counties.’ His works are, in fact, a narrative of individual enterprise and general stupidity. A Mr. Cooper who went into Dorsetshire from Norfolk could only get his turnips hoed by working himself year after year with his labourers, and refusing to be tired out by their deliberate awkwardness for the purpose of defeating his design. After he had continued the practice for twenty years, and all the surrounding farmers had witnessed the vast benefits to be derived from it, not a single one of them had begun to imitate him. Mr. Cooper, with two horses abreast, and no driver, ploughed an acre of land where his neighbours with four horses and a driver ploughed only three-quarters of an acre. Yet not a labourer would touch this unclean implement, as they seemed to think it, and no farmer, with such an example perpetually before his eyes, chose to save on each plough the wages
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of a man, the keep of two horses, and the extra expenditure incurred by the diminished amount of work performed in the day. No longer ago than 1835, Sir Robert Peel presented a Farmers' Club at Tamworth with two iron ploughs of the best construction. On his next visit the old ploughs with the wooden mould-boards were again at work. 'Sir,' said a member of the club, 'we tried the iron, and we be all of one mind that they made the weeds grow.' On Young recommending the Dorsetshire agriculturists to fold their ewes in the winter they treated the idea with contempt; and on pressing them for their reasons, they replied, 'that the flock, in rushing out of the fold, would tread down the lambs,' though no such accident had ever been heard of, 'and that the lambs would not be able to find their dams in a large fold,' though certainly, says Young, 'a lamb in Dorsetshire has as much sense as a lamb elsewhere.' Whether the method had been beneficial or not, the grounds for rejecting it were equally absurd. Of two neighbouring counties one was sometimes a century behind the other. A lazy desire to creep with sluggish monotony along an established path, and a feeling of impatience at being pushed into a novel track, helped to maintain hereditary prejudices, and tenants invented fanciful excuses for not doing what was plainly advantageous to be done, because they preferred present sloth to future profit. They were like a man who had lain upon one side till he shrunk from the trouble of turning over to the other, though when the process was performed the new posture might be easier than the old. But once roused and put in motion, and the inherent reluctance to stir being overcome, the gain in interest as well as in pocket was felt to be great. He who has profited by one innovation is ready to try another, and his pride and his pleasure is to improve where his fathers gloried in resisting improvement. There are still large districts of England which have yet to be converted to a rational system of agriculture—landlords who are ignorant of the principles of management which attract or create intelligent tenants—and tenants who are ignorant of the methods by which the land is made to double its increase. But the wave of agricultural progress has acquired irresistible might, and they must mount it or it will sweep them away. The best thing which can be done for these laggards in the race is to persuade them to take in an agricultural newspaper, to get them to consult the commercial travellers who collect orders for the manufacturers of artificial manures, to talk them into replenishing their worn-out implements from the mart of the great makers, to prevail on them to visit the annual shows of the Royal Agricultural Society, to throw them, in short, in the way of seeing the products of advanced husbandry, and of hearing the

the ideas of enlightened cultivators. By some or all of these means they may be put upon the high-road to improvement, and when they have gone an inch there is little fear, unless they are afflicted by a hopeless incapacity, that they will refuse to go the ell. He who lives within the diameter of a little circle has ideas as narrow as his horizon, but the influence of numbers and skill together is irresistible, and no impersonation of ignorance or bigotry has probably ever visited a single great agricultural exhibition without returning a wiser and a better farmer.

ART. V.—1. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London, 1857.

2. *Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* With Descriptions of the Plates by the Commendatore Canina, C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R. A., and John S. Harford, Esq., F.R.S.

THE two volumes upon Michael Angelo, by a gentleman of Mr. Harford's station, are no slight testimony to the enlightened attention now devoted to the subject of art by the class most at liberty to choose their own studies and recreations. Such free-will offerings are the more valuable from the circumstance that they are usually presented with a liberality as regards time, trouble, and money which the more professional contributor can seldom afford, and which this work offers to us in more than common abundance. Mr. Harford's name was previously known to the public in honourable connexion with that of the illustrious object of his labours for services rendered in the same liberal spirit to artists as well as to art. In 1854 he published, at considerable expense, a plate of the Sistine ceiling, no less remarkable for its large size than for the effect of colour produced by an elaborate application of the chromo-lithographic process. Considering the double difficulty of giving any adequate idea of a work, itself seen under so many disadvantages, Mr. Harford's plate may be pronounced the most successful, as a general representation of the ceiling, yet produced. The profits of the sale are devoted to the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. This fine lithograph is now incorporated with a folio of engravings accompanying the *Life*, in which no pains have been spared to assist the public to comprehend Michael Angelo as architect as well as painter, and which, having the advantage of a careful and enthusiastic essay from the pen of Mr. Cockerell, is valuable with or without the work it illustrates.

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But it is not in generosity of labour or liberality of illustration alone that Mr. Harford shows the independent amateur; the mode in which he has conceived his subject is strictly true to that character also. He may be said to lead the reader up to Michael Angelo by every avenue, except that which most appertains to connoisseurship. We approach the great Florentine by little help of criticism, and by few standards of comparison, either with himself or others, but rather through the literature, philosophy, and salient forms of thought of his day; the author touches on none of the disputed points in his history; he gives us no list of the works of this unprecedented pluralist in art; but, on the principle that a man is best known by his associates, he introduces him surrounded by those living characters whom he believes to have influenced his mind as well as his destiny. Thus the chief personages of that mysterious Florence of the 15th century are successively evoked before us—Lorenzo de' Medici, the magnificent Egotist, the devotee chiefly of a spurious Platonism, the patriot only in art and learning—Politian, the Medicean laureate, and tutor to the future Leo X.—Ficinio, the high-priest of the philosophic Academy—Pico de Mirandola, the lesser Italian Crichton—Matteo Franco—Bartolommeo Scala—Luigi Pulci—with minor literati, sparkling, profligate, and classic—and, finally, the melancholy figure of the puritanic martyr Savonarola, whose stern trumpet-call of Christian protest is heard in harsh opposition to the lulling Pagan tones, which, floating on the surface of Italian society, show the deep moral corruption beneath.

Nor are the results of Mr. Harford's labours dependent for interest on the nature of his subjects only. No matter what the theme—and our short summary comprehends the very antipodes of the dull and interesting in systems and men—from the dreariest dreams of modern Platonism equally as from the stirring echoes of the Reformation yon side the Alps (his favourite and leading topic), this hard-working volunteer extracts a narrative so lucid and elegant as to afford little conception of the obscurity, wordiness, and pedantry through which he himself has forced his way.

In this desire to reflect light on the life he has undertaken, from every form of intellectual depth or sophistical surface at all coincident with it, Mr. Harford expresses not only his own feelings, but that of an important and highly-cultivated class. To such thinkers great part of the interest inspired by art consists in its supposed connexion with the mind of its period; and though not prepared to agree unreservedly with this belief, it may be accepted as one of those cases in which an opinion may bear good fruit without being strictly founded on truth. Whatever reason, indeed, leads the educated and the excellent to take
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an interest in art is a good reason, though it may not be one of sound philosophy. Interesting, therefore, as are Mr. Harford's volumes on various grounds, there is nothing in them more so than the fact that one in his position should devote his best energies to detail the minutest particulars of a great artist's existence; while, on the other hand, we can imagine no tribute more honourable to the memory of the great Florentine than is thus paid by the learning, the liberality, and the piety of so thorough an English gentleman.

As respects the tone of earnest piety which pervades the work, it is no trifling indication of the religious feeling of our 19th century that, in the desire to vindicate taste by a higher principle, by reconciling the life and works of Michael Angelo with the pure doctrines of Christianity—the true solution of Mr. Harford's labours—this gentleman does not stand alone among modern writers on art. The same desire, however different in application, may be seen in M. Rio's work on '*Léonardo da Vinci et son École.*' If Mr. Harford fondly aims to glean from the emanations of Michael Angelo's mind, both as an artist and poet, the indications of an incipient Protestant, M. Rio as fondly claims the art of Leonardo and his school as the only consistent result of true Catholic doctrine. Both, by these means, invest their subject with an interest beyond the reach of art; both inspire the reader with the most respectful convictions of their sincerity; and both, perhaps, lead us somewhat to ponder upon the absence of all philosophical connexion between such premises and conclusions.

While the impure mythology of ancient Greece is known to have enlisted in its service the highest development of art the world has ever known, it would be vain to try and trace any logical consequence between the excellences of the artist and those of his faith. Art may derive her support, in a worldly sense, from the foulest superstition or from the purest Christianity; but in the impossibility of tracing the sources of her *inspiration* to both these extremes alike is shown the fallacy of ascribing it to either. The fuller the Pantheon, or the more numerous the legends, the more abundant are her materials; but as regards the elements which transmute these materials into art, we see no rule which adjudges them to the principles of one form of faith, superstition, or idolatry, more than to those of another. Byzantine art, it is true, may be characterized as the strict exponent of Byzantine religious principle from the 6th to the 12th century; that, however, which, properly speaking, was no art, can constitute no example. If, on the other hand, obedience to prescription and tradition be the banner of the Roman Church, and liberty of thought and progress that of the Protestant, it would puzzle any competent

petent analyser, in considering the highest forms of Italian art, to separate one from the other. In adherence to established types and subjects, both Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo were faithful Catholics; in innovations of every kind in the practice of their great language they were arrant Protestants. It may be thought that we here infer that the Protestant principle is, of the two, as much the more important for the expansion of art, as the practice of the artist is more important than the subject on which it is exercised. The great Italian masters carried on the forms of Papal tradition as the Greek sculptors those of heathen mythology, because they found them ready to their hands; but the very existence of art, as Byzantium again exemplifies, is dependent on the artist's freedom of speech. There is, however, a fallacy in the mere admission of these doctrinal ideas into reasoning upon art which cannot be too much deprecated. The definitions of blackness and whiteness would not be more out of place applied to music, nor those of hardness and softness to perfumes, than the ideas involved by the terms Roman Catholic and Protestant as applied to art. There are feelings in man and appearances in Nature which, joined together in holy wedlock, engender art; but, however the union may be stimulated by fervour, encouraged by piety, and favoured by a holy life, articles of belief have nothing whatever to do with it. If we were asked to define which are the painters in the whole range of art who have most imbued their works with the expression of religious fervour, we should name two as far severed by creed as by country and time—Fra Angelico and Ary Scheffer. Only, indeed, by recognising the instinct of art in its true dignity as the inheritance of the natural man can the apparent discrepancies in its sources and aliment be reconciled, and only thus can it be freed from those theories which, however attractive to the fancy, serve but to clog it with mysticism and confusion. In no respect, therefore, does the faithful follower of Rome more pervert both history and philosophy than by the fond assumption that in the difference between the doctrines of the Papacy and those of the Reformation lies the great secret of Christian art from Giotto upwards. One is tempted to ask in return, if that difference in doctrine be answerable for their production, why it has not been more zealous for their preservation? This, however, is too large a question to be pursued here, and we return to Mr. Harford.

In admitting that the title of this gentleman's work might more appropriately have been that of the History of Michael Angelo and his Times, and that it renders far more service to literature than to art, it is necessary to remind the reader that Mr. Harford has not only taken that view of his subject most congenial to his own mind, but that which every writer must, more

or less, be compelled to take at present. While the numerous materials for a fresh, a correct, and an ampler biography, left by Michael Angelo himself, and preserved in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, are inaccessible to the public, little else than a literary memoir can be put together. These materials contain, we are informed, a correspondence of above three hundred letters on the part of Michael Angelo with Sebastian del Piombo, Vittoria Colonna, Daniel da Volterra, his nephew, his servant, &c., including not less than sixty by his own hand; and judging from those we have been privileged to see, they would serve to place his personal greatness on a still higher pedestal than it has even hitherto assumed, and one which no differences as to the merits of his art could affect. Meanwhile all researches made without access to this treasury are but laborious diggings for water with a full river in sight. This is evident from the scarce, however welcome, gleanings which are presented to the world in Le Monnier's recently published 12th volume of the new edition of Vasari, and which have been collected from every yet published source, from civic records, the archives of ancient ecclesiastical bodies, and other documents. It is therefore the more to be regretted that a promise made by the Signora Buonarroti herself, to investigate the MSS., and answer a few questions on the more uncertain points in Michael Angelo's history, was frustrated by the lamented death of that lady in June, 1856.

The records, therefore, of this great man rest almost entirely upon the Lives of Vasari and Condivi—the one copied very much from the other, and both imbued with modes of thought, as well as inaccuracies of fact, so little in keeping with the dignity of their subject as to render their works valuable for little more than an outline, and that a very defective one, of his career. The circumstance that Michael Angelo was the only living artist whose history is given in Vasari's first edition, accounts for its being, in essential respects, the least satisfactory of all the biographies. Flattery was the order of the day, and the consciousness that the book would reach his hands entailed a stream of adulation without limit or discrimination. That the work did come under the eye of its subject we are assured by Vasari, who further inserts a sonnet received from him in acknowledgment. But it would be doing little justice to our respect for the great man's memory to believe that he really approved of much that Vasari's Life of himself contains, or that his sonnet—a mere complimentary apostrophe, in no way applicable to the work—was anything more than a conventional mode of writing. In reading this Life, therefore, the circumstances which in our times would add materially to its claims to belief must be considered as proportionably detracting from them. Had the master been dead before

before it was written, better discrimination would probably have been exercised than extolling, for example (simply because it was the latest executed), the Last Judgment above the Sistine Ceiling.

But in retracing the lives of the great Italian representatives of art it must be remembered as a rule that we have,* in great measure, to set aside those opinions which have been transmitted with them. Sound views as to the real nature and merits of art especially demand a renunciation of the speculative and the fanciful, which (at least on this subject) is rarely found even in our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, and seems not to have been possible in the dreamy and pedantic fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. When, therefore, we seek to be enlightened by principles supposed to be imbibed at the very fountain-head, we are met by theories and inquiries so vague and senseless as to show that the very foundations of true connoisseurship were not then laid. Even the sentiments put into the mouth of Michael Angelo himself, in a reported conversation with Vittoria Colonna and others,* transmit to us little more than far-fetched theories and conceits, neither worthy of, nor, we should say, compatible with the common, practical sense of any great artist. Two parallel anecdotes, however, from the Lives of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, serve to illustrate more precisely what we mean. Not even their great names, it appears, were any protection against the speculations of idle pedants as to whether Painting or Sculpture were the superior art—a question about as much to the purpose in those days as a dissertation on the comparative merits of fire and water, before a railway committee, would be in ours. The answers of each great painter to what would now be thought the most intolerable intrusion on their time are characteristic. Leonardo bends his philosophic mind meekly to the matter, and comes to the conclusion, ‘that the more an art induces fatigue of body, the less noble it is.’† Michael Angelo, then in his eighty-first year, had evidently, to his credit, never thought on the matter at all. He therefore flounders for a few lines, in deference to the habits of the day, in speculations as to the difference between the sun and

fancied he ought to say than as what this great authority can have really uttered. A palpable contradiction, also, regarding a certain well-known picture, proving that even a then recent transaction in the records of art was not safe from misstatement, shows how little the reporter aimed at common accuracy.

† ‘Quanto più un arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile.’—*Trattato*, lib. ii. cap. 14.

the moon, on the act of removing material, as in sculpture, and that of laying it on, as in painting. And then his strong common sense comes to the rescue, and he bursts out with the dictum, 'Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over Painting and Sculpture, why not make peace between them, and close these endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art? If he who maintains that Painting is more noble than Sculpture writes upon other subjects as he does upon this, my old woman would have written much better.'

But though the artist's soul might be vexed within him by such unprofitable absurdities, yet the evil for a while affected not art. It is one of her glorious uses to continue a reality, even when there is little left that may be called real around her. This it is which often renders her an apparently illogical feature in history. 'Ex pede Herculem' is no sure argument when we reason from art to morals; least of all in the Medicean era, of the glory of which we are apt to read far too flattering a tale by the light of those priceless monuments—its best survivors. The recognition of that divinity which doth hedge art is an indispensable preliminary to the true appreciation of her nature. So long as she was faithful to herself, the most adverse influences had no power to harm her. She flourished through despotism and corruption, and remained holy; vanity and superstition employed her, sophistry and stupidity extolled her, and she was not defiled. She had a charmed, because a separate existence. In point of fact, the high but vague ideas generally entertained of the advantages surrounding art in those great pictorial times which decorated Florence are so much deducted from her real worth. How false those ideas are, in the main, the life of such a man as Michael Angelo will show. But though the impediments and distresses suffered by him in the course he sought to run may shake our faith in the patronage of popes and princes, yet we still nourish delusions as to the 'atmosphere' which surrounded an old master. Here again, however, art is lowered by a false exaltation of things around her. Poetic, indeed, was the existence of those on whom the sun of Italy shone in the workshops of Italian art. Looking closer, however, we shall see little that would now be thought encouraging to the pride of the artist, or even compatible with the liberty of his calling. The original contract for the picture by Benozzo Gozzoli, now in our National Gallery, which has lately come to light, is an example of the terms under which a great painter worked in the days of Lorenzo de' Medici. It runs thus:—

'He shall represent on the said *tavola* the hereinafter mentioned figures

figures in the mode and form about to be expressed. First, in the centre of the said picture, the figure of Our Lady enthroned, in the mode and form, and with the ornaments of the picture on the high altar of St. Mark in Florence. And on the right side of the said picture, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. John the Baptist, in the proper usual dress; and next to him the figure of St. Zenobio, with his ornamented sacerdotal dress; and then the figure of St. Jerome, kneeling, with his proper and usual accessories. And on the left side the undermentioned saints, that is to say, their figures: first, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. Peter, and next him that of St. Dominick, and then, next St. Dominick, the figure of St. Francis, kneeling, with every ornament, as usual.'

There are few patrons of art nowadays who would not hesitate thus to dictate to a painter even in treating for a family picture, and fewer painters of note who would not stipulate for liberty in the arrangement of his subject as the *sine quâ non* of his success. We must descend indeed to a low class of society both as regards art and manners to find those who would either give or take a commission in this spirit. That times, therefore, have changed since pictures could be ordered to pattern is, at all events, a thing to rejoice over. At the same time, far from looking on this contract as derogatory to Art, we regard it as a high tribute to the real independence of this godlike vocation. There might be little regard paid to the painter's delicacy and dignity—he might be addressed like an 'artificer,' as he was then literally denominated; but the art that could afford to be treated like a trade, the art that could not be degraded, was the real thing after all.

Thus far our remarks have tended to show the happy invulnerability of the true æsthetic temperament against evil and unfavourable influences. While, therefore, venerating the sense, morality, and integrity of Michael Angelo, which passed unsullied through a corrupt age, there is no cause for surprise that his genius should have shared the same immunity. But we are called upon now rather to argue against the reversed view, and, by the same rule, to disclaim the benefit an artist is supposed to derive from certain intellectual advantages.

In the belief that Michael Angelo's artistic powers were promoted by the learned society in which the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici enabled him to spend the impressionable years of his early youth, Mr. Harford again shares the opinions of many cultivated minds. It is natural for those who view art from a literary point of view to suppose that the attainments which contribute to general cultivation should be especially fertilising to the follower of the fine arts: and the supposition sounds so complimentary that it seems strange in us to wish to disown

disown it. But no mistake as to the nature of the artist's mind can be really complimentary to it. In treating of the respective domains of art and literature, the first thing to be kept in view is the difference and not the analogy between them. This difference is nowhere more positively seen than in the resources whence each is sustained. No two great classes of human intelligence drink really from the same spring. The lamp of learning, however brightly it may burn, can shed no available light in that separate world where the true artist lives. What that world is—the two poles of which consist of the highest and lowest human faculties, those of the hand and those of the spirit—would be difficult to define. But perhaps some clue to the intense happiness which it affords may be traced to the fact that the tree of knowledge has so little growth there. The very homage of an artist to his art must be passionate, and not, in the literary sense, intellectual. Better it is for him to be the doting slave of an impulse than the reasoning and conscious disciple of a principle. Hence a childlike simplicity of aim has always distinguished the great painter and sculptor; he is possessed by a feeling stronger than himself, and is that absorbed, enthusiastic creature we alternately pity and envy—a lover—his life long; and, though the course of his love do not run smooth, yet he is free from the anxieties which usually beset the state; his head may be unstored, his tongue untutored, but he knows that he serves a mistress who, if a man do but give her his whole heart, makes no difference between the scholar and the ignoramus.

Not that the highest skill in art may not be accompanied by scarcely inferior literary attainments. Of this our own English pictorial annals give sufficient testimony. But these instances prove nothing: the man may stand doubly high, the artist stands but on his own ground. We doubt whether one ignorant of the facts would read Reynolds' cultivated mind in the technical strength of his works, or guess Stothard's comparatively illiterate life in the air of classic elegance which stamps his style. So small an amount of original research can be expressed even in the most crude picture that we may fairly ask what advantage is conferred on one whose art is proverbially long, and life short, to store up with slow pains in his head what half-a-dozen lines would supply from a book, or a few questions extract from the scholar at his side. The cancelled passage in the *Felsina Pittrice*, which questions the possibility of the learning displayed in the *Parnassus*, the *Heliodorus*, *School of Athens*, &c., having entered 'the humble mind of an Urbinese potter' might have been more courteously expressed;

pressed ; but the light of sound philosophy rises clearer from this impertinence than from the flourish about 'the learned' and always fruitful ideas of the *gran Raffaello* which replaced it. As for Michael Angelo, considered as an illustration of this question, our arguments, whether true or false, might have been spared. He is the last man from whom any fancied reaction of letters upon art can be worked out. If there be anything in this world more opposed to the spirit of the literature and conversation of his times, it is the spirit which speaks in his works. On the one hand, a rage for classic literature and style, and the slip-slop revival of a bygone philosophy ; on the other, forms which disown the remotest analogy with the antique, and conceptions of a force, energy, and strangeness, before which even the philosophy of art is sometimes silent. Nor is there any ground for believing that Michael Angelo received what would, either then or now, be called a liberal education. He was versed in Dante and Petrarch, as many an Italian was also who could not so much as read. He knew his beautiful native tongue, and used it like a true poet ; he studied such mechanical sciences as then were taught, and applied them with a sagacity far beyond his day ; and he so far gave in to the habits of the period as to acquire the power of writing bad Latin.* But with this last exception his fine sense and judgment seem to have held him aloof from all those cold and useless forms of learning on which the Italian mind was then more starved than fed, and which were reserved for the cultivation of artists of a very different mould from himself. Vasari himself may be cited as the exponent of that school in which the reaction of letters upon art may be really traced—his pictorial conceptions, equally as his literary *ragionamenti*, teem with classic erudition. The system, however, is known by its fruits. By the time that artists had been turned into scholars, the art that less learned hands had bequeathed to them had hopelessly declined.

We may therefore venture to consider the artistic career of Michael Angelo devoid of all reference to the religious or literary influences of his life. What made him essentially what he was who shall say ? Yet there is something in the constitution of his mind on which a theory may be hazarded. That favoured portion of mankind to whom Florence is familiar will have observed certain salient peculiarities in her ecclesiastic and domestic architecture. Looked down upon from any of the numerous heights surrounding the city, a strange mixture of the most airy and most ponderous structures meet the eye ; giving the impression of

* See Gualandi's '*Lettere artistiche Michelangelo Buonarroti a Francesco Fortunato*,' vol. i. p. 24.

having owed their erection alternately to the hands of fairies and of giants. The Campanile of Giotto, 'with ebony and ivory inlaid,' looks, as anybody beside the Emperor Charles V. might have said, only fit to be put under a glass case—the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces, and the Palazzo Vecchio, what Atlas himself would groan to lift. Of the fairy structures we have nothing to suggest; but those stupendous rough-hewn piles, including the Royal Pitti, which are neither Renaissance, Antique, nor Christian in character, serve to identify the Mediæval-Florentine as the descendant of that Etrurian race which set the stamp of its strength upon the Cyclopean remains still existing in Tuscany, and of its energy and tendency to exaggeration on its painted vases and monumental decorations. Just such in strength, energy, and tendency to exaggeration was Michael Angelo,—a view we find adopted by Winkelmann. This offers a clue to his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and may further account for the popularity his works enjoyed from the first in his own land. They went to the hearts of a people in whose ashes the ancient fires, though expiring, were not yet extinguished. Not that he was the first vent of that volcanic heat; such men as Spinello of Arezzo, Luca Signorelli, the Titanic Sandro, Pollajuolo, whose picture in our gallery was painted the year of Michael Angelo's birth, were all more or less moulded in the old Etrurian furnace; in all, however, that most astonishes the mind, and most puzzles it also, the great Buonarroti may be considered to embody its last and culminating vigour.

Michael Angelo was born on the 6th March, 1475, and not 1474, as stated by modern historians, Mr. Harford included; the three months' difference in the Florentine style, which at that time commenced the year on the 25th March—Annunciation day—having been overlooked in the adoption of the dates given by Vasari and Condivi. The tradition of his descent, on the father's side, from the Counts of Canossa, appears also to rest on erroneous foundations. Even the credulous Vasari states it only on the authority of '*secondo che si dice.*' Condivi, however, enters ardently into particulars with the view to exalt the family honours of his hero, which resolve themselves chiefly into two facts. First, that the supposed founder of the Buonarroti family—a Messer Simone di Canossa—was Podestà of Florence in 1250; and, secondly, that the Canossa and Buonarroti arms agreed. Modern investigation, however, has failed to find any confirmation on either of these points. No Simone di Canossa can be traced in the Florentine records as Podestà at all; nor does it appear that any identity existed between the Canossa and Buonarroti escutcheon, both of them traceable in Tuscany through

through many centuries, until the senator Filippo Buonarroti, well known as an archaeologist, and who died in 1733, added, by way of giving strength to the tradition, the Canossa crest—a dog gnawing a bone. On the other hand, Tiraboschi,* who gives a long and erudite account of the Canossa family, makes no allusion to a connexion which he would have been too glad to claim. It is true that Michael Angelo himself credited the story, and that it received further colour from the courtesies he received from the then representative of the Canossa race. But this proves nothing more than a greater desire on the part of two individuals under such circumstances to claim kindred, than to investigate the evidence on which it rested. We have stated this matter at length, though Michael Angelo's name can neither lose nor gain by the question, as a specimen, at the outset, of the inaccuracy which attends these old gossiping narrators, especially when some point of family vanity is concerned.†

The outline given by these writers, slender as it is, of Michael Angelo's boyhood, tends to confirm our view of the small respect in which the arts were then practically held. The father of the great Buonarroti, though possessing the house at Florence and the villa at Settignano (both still in the family), was poor in purse and education, for, if Condivi may be believed, in a confession put into his own mouth, 'he could do no more than read and write.' His numerous sons were, therefore, devoted to the silk and woollen trade, the young Michael Angelo being alone sent to a grammar school at Florence. Here, however, the incipient artist showed no craving for letters. The pencil was his plaything in school-hours, and his study in play-time. No sooner was this propensity discovered than it was treated by father and uncles as a penal offence. The glorious monuments of art, then fresh and uninjured before their eyes, found no response either in their taste, pride, or vanity. The republican father of haberdasher sons had no mercy on the recreant who demeaned himself to art. Both writers state that Lodovico Buonarroti resorted to the usual parental modes of curing a genius of its bias—an assertion which, at all events, it is to be hoped, the son would have contradicted, had it not been true. It was not only that the future proved how little they comprehended the character they tried to crush; it is evident that the boy, from the first, must have given proofs of an earnestness and ability which, in times

* *Dizionario Topografico*, p. 124.

† The absence of all confirmation on the two points above mentioned was stated as early as 1746, both in Manni's and Gori's notes to Condivi, which Mr. Harford doubtless overlooked. The question is further treated in the '*Prospetto Cronologico*' of Le Monnier's edition of Vasari.

of the lowest artistic standards, would have secured him respect. As usual, the strong purpose triumphed—he was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo when just turned fourteen. The fact that the master at once agreed to pay for the young pupil's services, instead of requiring a premium, shows with what success his school lessons had been neglected. The same opposition was renewed on his subsequent adoption of the sculptor's craft; Ghiberti's 'Gates of Paradise' in the Baptistery, which have since ennobled the vocation throughout the civilized world, had not then raised it in Florentine esteem; and again the dignity of the house of Buonarroti, which, but for the arts, would probably never have been heard of beyond the walls of the city, was in arms at the degradation of a 'stone-mason' member. The word 'scultore' would not have mended the matter. So long was it before the dignity of art was acknowledged at the very capital of its empire, that Michael Angelo himself, in mature years, sternly reprov'd a correspondent for addressing a letter 'Michel Angelo, scultore,' reminding him that more deference was due to one of good family.*

The little that is told us of the young scholar's apprentice days is curiously out of keeping with his subsequent career and works. It sounds strange that the boyhood of the most subjective artist the world has hitherto known should have been distinguished chiefly by the abnegation of that character. We are inclined, therefore, to view the story of his being remarkable for habits of such accurate imitation that his copies of the drawings of old masters were mistaken for the originals by the owners of the drawings themselves, as one of the many instances in which the love of the marvellous outweighed the love of facts. Certain it is that the boy is nowhere more indubitably stamped as father to the man than in the early bas-relief, the first known specimen of his hand, in the Casa Buonarroti, where all that can be well distinguished or admired is the strong likeness to himself.

But it will conduce to the brevity of our survey if we subjoin a chronological table of the principal events of his life and of his works—this last most necessary appendage of a great master's career having been first attempted in Michael Angelo's case in the present edition of Vasari, whence we in great measure derive the following dates:—

1475, March 6.—Michael Angelo born.

1488, April 1.—Entered the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo. (Vasari, Le Monnier's edition, vol. xii. p. 160.)

* MS. letter in the Casa Buonarroti.

1488.—Picture of *S. Antonio*, from *Martin Schongauer's* print; stated to be at *Bologna*. (*Vas.*, p. 162, and note.)

1489.—Entered the *Academy of the Medici Garden*. (*Vas.*, p. 163.)

1489.—Head of *Fawn*; now in the *Sala degli Inscrizioni*, in the *Uffizii*. (*Vas.*, p. 163.)

1489–91.—Bas-relief of *Battle of the Centaurs*, now in the *Casa Buonarroti*. (*Vas.*, p. 165, and note.)

Unfinished picture of *Madonna and Child*, and *St. John*, with four *Angels*. Date unknown. At *Stoke Park*. Mentioned by *Rumohr*, *Italienische Forschungen*, vol. iii. p. 96. Described by *Waagen*, *Treasures of Art*, vol. ii. p. 417.

1492, April 1.—*Lorenzo de' Medici* died.

1492.—*Hercules*, in marble, 7 ft. 8 in. high. Stood for years in the *Strozzi Palace*. Afterwards sent to *France*. Nothing now known of it. (*Vas.*, p. 165.)

1493.—Wooden *Crucifix*, for the church of *S. Spirito*. Nothing known of it. (*Vas.*, p. 166, and note.)

1494, January.—Colossal *Figure*, in snow, for *Piero de' Medici*. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, vol. xii. of *Le Monnier's* edition of *Vasari*, p. 337.)

1494, autumn of.—Visit to *Bologna* and *Venice*. (*Vas.*, p. 166.)

1495.—*Angel*, in marble, on the shrine of *St. Dominick* at *Bologna*. (*Vas.*, p. 167, and note.)

1495.—Return to *Florence*. Youthful *St. John*, in marble, for *Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici*. Nothing known of it. (*Vas.*, p. 167.)

1495.—*Cupid sleeping*, in marble. Life size. Sold to *Cardinal S. Giorgio* as an antique. 1502, in possession of *Isabella*, *Marchesa di Mantua*. Nothing known of it. (*Vas.*, p. 167; *Gaye Carteggio*, 2, 53–4.)

1496, June 25.—First visit to *Rome*. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, p. 339.)

Cupid, in marble. Life size. Nothing known of it. (*Vas.*, p. 169.)

Statue of *Bacchus*, in marble. In corridor of the *Uffizii*. (*Vas.*, p. 169, and note.)

1499–1500.—*Pietà*, in marble. *St. Peter's*, *Rome*. (*Vas.*, p. 170.)

1501, June 5.—Contract, by which *Michael Angelo* engages to execute, for the *Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini*, fifteen statues, 3 ft. 8 in. high, for the *Cappella Piccolomini*, in the cathedral at *Siena*. From a subsequent document, dated *September*, 1504, it appears that only four statues were finished. Nothing now known of them. (*Prosp. Cron.*, pp. 340, 345.)

1501, August 16.—The trustees of *S. Maria del Fiore* (the Cathedral of *Florence*) engage *Michael Angelo* to execute the *David* from an ill-executed marble figure of *David* which had long lain in the court of that church. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 342.)

1502, August 12.—The *Signory of Florence* commission *Michael Angelo* to execute a *David* in bronze. Completed 1508. According to *Vasari* and *Varchi*, sent to *France*. Nothing known of it. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 342.)

1503, April 24.—Engaged to execute twelve Apostles in marble, about 8 ft. high, for the church of S. Maria del Fiore. (Prosp. Cron., p. 343.) The statue of St. Matthew, now in Cortile of the Accademia at Florence, appears to have been the only result of this contract. (Vas., p. 176, and note.)

About this time a Virgin, in bronze, for Flemish merchants. Sent to Flanders. • Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 176.)

About this time circular picture of Virgin and Child and St. Joseph, for Angelo Doni, in Gallery of Uffizii. (Vas., p. 176.)

1503, November 1.—Julius II. elected pope.

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin and Child. In Royal Academy, London. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin, seated, with the Child in her arms, and the infant St. John behind. In the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

To about this time may be assigned the statue of the Virgin and Child in marble, in the church of Our Lady at Bruges; mentioned in Albert Durer's Journal, Easter, 1521. (Passavant's *Kunstreise durch England und Belgien*, p. 363.)

1504, May 18.—Statue of David, brought into Piazza del Gran Duca, where it now stands. (Prosp. Cron., p. 344.)

1504, October.—Michael Angelo commences Cartoon of Pisa. (Pros. Cron., p. 345.) Dates of payment to himself up to February 28, 1505. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 93.) Destroyed during his life.

1505.—Invited to Rome by Julius II. to execute his monument. (Vas., p. 180.)

1505, April.—About this time sent to Carrara to superintend excavation of marbles for the monument of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 346.)

1506, beginning of July.—Left Rome in consequence of dissatisfaction at treatment received from Julius II. regarding the monument. (Prosp. Cron., p. 347.)

1506, November 27.—Went to Bologna; was reconciled to Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Works of monument suspended.

1506-7.—Began bronze statue of Julius II.

1508, February.—Bronze statue of Julius II. uncovered at Bologna. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Destroyed by partisans of Bentivoglio, December 30, 1511. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1508, May 10.—In Rome. Commenced the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. (Prosp. Cron., p. 349.)

1509, November 1.—Part of the ceiling uncovered and shown to the public by order of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1512.—Scaffolding for works of the ceiling still standing in this year. (Vas., p. 192, and note.)

1512-13.—The chapel open to the public. (Vas., p. 192, note.)

1513, February 24.—Death of Julius II.

1513.—Contract with executors of Julius II. to complete the monument on a diminished scale. (Vas., p. 200.)

1513, March 15.—Leo X. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1515.—Michael Angelo at Florence towards the end of this year. Executes model of façade of S. Lorenzo for Leo X. (*Vas.*, p. 201.)

1516.

1517. Michael Angelo chiefly at Carrara and Pietra Santa, excavating marbles for façade of S. Lorenzo, which was never

1519. executed. (*Prosp. Cron.*, pp. 352 to 359.) In 1517 in

1520. Rome for a short time.* (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 356.)

1521.

1521, October 26.—Memorandum of payment to workmen for completing the statue of Christ, now in S. Maria sopra Minerva. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 364.)

1521, December 1.—Death of Leo X.

1522, January 9.—Adrian IV. elected pope.

1522-23.—Michael Angelo resumes the monument of Julius II. at Florence. (*Vas.*, pp. 204-5.)

1523, September 24.—Death of Adrian IV.

1523, November 19.—Clement VII. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1524.—Michael Angelo commences the Medici monuments in Sacristy of S. Lorenzo. (*Prop. Cron.*, p. 362.)

1527, May.—Sack of Rome.

1529, April 6.—Appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 364.)

1529, July 28.—Sent to Ferrara by the Signory of Florence to inspect fortifications. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 367.)

1529, September.—Michael Angelo takes flight from Florence. Visits Ferrara and Venice. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 369.)

1529, November.—Returns to Florence. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 376.)

1529-30.—Repairs the injuries done to the campanile of S. Miniato. (*Vas.*, p. 211.)

1530, August 12.—Fall of Florence.

1530.—Paints a Leda for the Duke of Ferrara in Florence, and works privately at the Medici monuments. (*Vas.*, p. 207.)

About this time Michael Angelo executed the figures of the Virgin and Child in the Medici Chapel. (*Vas.*, p. 207.)

1530-31.—Apollo, in marble, life size, taking an arrow from his quiver. Unfinished figure. Now in corridor of Uffizii. (*Vas.*, p. 212.)

1531, September 29.—The two female figures on Medici monument completed; the others blocked out. (*Gaye*, vol. xi. p. 229.)

1531, November 21.—Michael Angelo out of health. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 378.)

1532, April.—Third contract for the monument of Julius II. (*Prosp. Cron.*, p. 380.)

* This fact of a short visit to Rome in 1517, elicited by the editors of the last edition of Vasari, supplies a long-missing link in Michael Angelo's history. A letter from Sebastian del Piombo to him, dated Rome, Dec. 29, 1519, reports the completion of his picture of the Raising of Lazarus, and mentions Michael Angelo as having seen it commenced. Hitherto all evidence of the great Master's having been in Rome at this period has been wanting.

Summoned to Rome by Clement VII. to undertake the great fresco of the Last Judgment. (Prosp. Cron., p. 380.)

1534, September 15.—Clement VII. died. Works of S. Lorenzo suspended.

1534, October 18.—Paul III. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1535, September 1.—Appointed supreme architect, sculptor, and painter. Last Judgment already begun. (Prosp. Cron., p. 384.)

1536, May 4.—The Emperor Charles V. saw the monuments in the Medici Chapel finished. (Varchi, Storia Fiorentina, lib. xiv.)

1541, Christmas-day.—The Last Judgment uncovered. (Vas., p. 224.)

1542, August 20.—Last contract for Julius II.'s monument. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 301.)

1544.—Design for marble monument for Cecchino Bracci. Not executed. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

1547, January 1.—Appointed architect of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

Executed cornice of the Farnese Palace. (Vas., p. 231.)

1549, November 10.—Paul III. died.

1549-50.—Michael Angelo completes the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel. (Vas., pp. 224-5.)

1550, February 8.—Julius III. elected pope.

About 1556.—Marble Deposition from Cross completed. Now in cathedral at Florence. (Vas., p. 226.)

A smaller Pietà, in marble; blocked out. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 249.)

1556, September.—Spanish force at the gates of Rome. Michael Angelo retreats into the mountains of Spoleto. (Vas., p. 247.)

1557.—Invited by Duke Cosimo to return to Florence. Declines the offer on score of the works of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., pp. 398-9.)

1558.—Executes model of St. Peter's. (Vas., p. 253.)

1564, February 18.—Death of Michael Angelo. (Vas., p. 269.)*

This table, it must be owned, with its alternate strata of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the deep gaps of wasted time and energy between, is a melancholy summary of one of the longest and strongest lives that ever fell to the lot of genius. It is sad enough to know that the works of a great mind have been lost in the varied chances and changes of

* This index is not complete without mentioning the Brutus which gave rise to the well-known epigram, and which is placed under the head of the Fawn in the Uffizii. In the absence, however, of all contemporary record, it is impossible to assign to this, the only bust by Michael Angelo, any proximate date. The same may be said of the Dying Adonis in the Uffizii, which, as Mr. Harford remarks, from its greater conformity to style, and from the inferior quality of the marble, may be inferred to be a work of his youth. An oval bas-relief of a Pietà in the Chapel of the Sala dei Poveri, at Genoa, is also believed by modern travellers to be his work.

centuries, but sadder far to perceive that they have been sacrificed to the selfish whims of those who should most protect the artist's time and peace of mind. Michael Angelo always reminds us of a noble horse falling into successive and cruel hands, each caring little how the muscles were out of practice, or how the harness galled, and one, crueller than all, condemning the generous animal during its best years to no higher occupation than to *cart stones*, and that for buildings which were never so much as put up. It is true this was all in keeping with the treatment of Italian genius in the highest forms of poetry. Dante had been exiled, Ariosto was being slighted by Leo X., and Tasso's harder fate was to come. But the poet's mind may be vexed into action—'they learn by suffering what they teach in song:' the painter's has this vital difference, that it must be tranquillised. The twenty months of the pious Adrian's reign, which Italian writers lament as unfavourable to art, were halcyon days for Michael Angelo; he continued the works of the monument to Julius II.

From this matter-of-fact table, as we have given it, stand out with painful distinctness the two trials which overshadowed his life—the protracted 'Tragedy of the Sepulchre,' as Condivi denominates the vicissitudes attending the monument of Julius II., and the repeated banishments to Carrara. We shall return to each of these.

It has been too much the fashion with commentators on Michael Angelo to endeavour to exalt his merit by depreciating the advantages he received, forgetting that to turn advantage or disadvantage to account is the highest touchstone of genius. Those, however, who know the works of Domenico Ghirlandajo will hardly hesitate to grant that, in the young Buonarroti's apprenticeship to him, at the very time that great painter was engaged on his magnificent frescoes in S. Maria Novella, lay one of the finest opportunities for education in art ever afforded to a young and ardent student. A picture exists, however, placed conjecturally early in our table, which, if granted to be by Michael Angelo, at all, places this fact in the strongest light: we allude to the unfinished picture in Mr. Labouchere's possession—one of those interesting puzzles, perhaps the most interesting puzzle, in the domain of art; of the paternity of which there is at present no evidence beyond that, best of all, which is furnished by the likeness of the offspring. Examined by this light there are many signs, artistic and moral, which tell of the hand of the thunderer, though at a time apparently when his bolts were not fully forged. The subject is the Virgin, the Child, and St. John, with two angels standing on either hand.

hand. The whole picture is incomplete—one of the angel-couples only sketched in. The Virgin has those grand abstract features, the type rather of some stern extinct mythology than of either classic or Christian feeling, which constituted Michael Angelo's ideal when he idealised the human face at all. She is cast in that large scale and with those strong forms peculiar to his women, her figure piled up in the grand perpendicular line from seat to shoulder, so opposed to the hitherto conventional feminine slope from throat to elbow, and resembling his Madonna in the Medici chapel. The angels are not so distinct in their evidence; their heads (those most advanced, two of the grandest ever rendered) have a beauty beyond that which his hand ever gave, and a sublimity beyond any other master we know; while the fine modelling of their limbs and of those of the children, devoid of all needless anatomical display, is not superior—as what modelling well could be?—to that of Ghirlandajo himself. On the other hand, the drapery is finer than any which appears in Michael Angelo's authentic works, and parts of it, especially that round the infant Christ, as foreign to his subsequent manner as it is faithful to that of the school in which he studied. So much for the artistic signs: the moral evidence, if it may so be called, is traceable in the daring which, as again in the Medici Madonna, left the right bosom of the Virgin bare—in the instinct of true anatomy which resisted the impossible insertion of wings into the shoulders of angels in human form, in the general largeness and freedom of lines which pervade the whole design, in the grandeur of every portion, and in the spirituality of none. Taking, therefore, all these signs into consideration—the strong likeness of one part, the compatibility of another, and the incongruity of a third, we venture to conclude that we have before us a specimen of the great master before he lost the strength to moderate his strength, while that 'terrible' energy still bent, which never broke—a work, in short, by the youthful Buonarroti while still in the studio of Ghirlandajo.

As to the period at which this glorious fragment was begun and thrown aside, it can only be arrived at by inference. Nothing in the picture is more decided than that it was executed before he became possessed of those extraordinary anatomical powers, which, once obtained, he never afterwards hid. We have thus a limited period left us for the probable date, which may be considered in two divisions. If this work was the exclusive fruit of Ghirlandajo's example, and of his own interpretation of Nature, it must be assigned to a period when he was but fifteen years of age; if the result of his first study of the antique in the Medici garden, superadded to these conditions, it may have been

been executed any time before, or when, he was eighteen. No argument can be based on the seeming disparity between these tender years and the, to us, mature grandeur of this work. The nonage of most of the Italian painters has far exceeded the standards of modern majority, and the youth of such a being as Michael Angelo evidently as far outran those of his compeers. If his at all, it is as young as any work could well be by a hand which at fourteen years old already earned a premium from the master to whom he was bound. The sympathetic beauty in the angels' heads, the subdued action, and the carefully-studied drapery are possibly only the expression of that restraint proper to a young, however advanced, disciple, while the grandeur of character which points so strongly to him alone may justly be defined as that of the painter, man or boy, who could carry the school in which Michael Angelo studied one stage higher.

With this picture before us, one is tempted to wish that the trammels of apprenticeship had hung longer upon him, and that the world had seen more of the splendid paces of the young courser before the curb was removed. Michael Angelo, as his history shows, was one who especially shone in what were to him technical hindrances. The preference now generally awarded, in which Mr. Harford also agrees, to his qualities as a painter, and which, granting this picture to be by him, here receives further confirmation, may be partly attributed to the fact of his never feeling quite at ease with the brush. Restraint gave birth to beauties which his liberty disdained, and the man who was mainly inspired by difficulties was best inspired by those he never quite mastered.*

Between this unfinished work and the great field of his pictorial powers, the Sistine ceiling, a period we conjecture of from seventeen to eighteen years, lies the only known easel picture by his hand; that painted for Angelo Doni about 1504. Here the school of Ghirlandajo vanishes at once from view in a style which, in this case, is scarcely redeemed by the might peculiar to the great master. So little approximation can be traced in this unattractive work, either to the past or future specimens of his brush, that, as we recall it to our mind's eye, it seems to break rather than connect the artistic link between them.

* Dr. Waagen's verdict on this picture has done much to convince the English public of the justice with which it now bears this great name. It is satisfactory also to turn to Rumohr's mention of it in 1821. Comparing it with the circular picture in the Uffizi, he says, 'the (probably earlier and) more beautiful half-finished tempera picture once in the possession of Mrs. Day in Rome, now in England.'

The praise bestowed on the Sistine ceiling embraces the emptiest tirades and the loftiest eloquence which one and the same subject can well inspire, for it is pre-eminently that work by the master in which the approbation of posterity has ratified the flattery of cotemporary writers. If ever a painter gave proof of that first and last title to success—the true estimate of his own particular force—Michael Angelo did so here. No great glory would have been reflected on his name, had he even been the inventor, as is assumed by Quatremère de Quincy and other modern historians, of the subjects of the ceiling; for the treatment, and not the subject, is the artist. Far, however, from this being the case, the persons and events here depicted, both in number and sequence, are shown by Mr. Harford, quoting from Sir Charles Eastlake's notes to Kugler's '*Handbook of Italian Art*,' to have been, by means of such works as the '*Biblia Pauperum*,' and the '*Speculum Salvationis*,' more familiar to the great mass of the Italian people than any other forms of religious representation. With the arrangement of the subject, therefore, and not with the subject itself, the Michael-Angelesque element begins. The prophets and sibyls in the '*Biblia Pauperum*' were subordinate figures, and, if logic had anything to do with art, rightly so; but this mattered not to the master. What he needed were stately men and women, on whom to spend his power and energy; accordingly he made the precursors of the Saviour, both Scriptural and fabulous, the great features of his work. Again, the introduction of nude academy figures, of no possible symbolical meaning, in closest juxtaposition with the sacred types of art, and on a scale next in importance to the prophets themselves, was a solecism unheard of till then; but here, too, consistency is a weak argument, opposed to the impulses of genius in the field of art. Michael Angelo wanted a vent for that stupendous knowledge of the human frame which such daring as his alone could employ, and, accordingly, in these genii he contrived a neutral ground on which it might properly be displayed. The ceiling, therefore, teems with grand masculine figures, in every possible position the architectural arrangements could excuse; in whom nothing but the pride of sheer animal life is apparent; yet telling not so much in contrast as in affinity with the Scriptural subjects around which they swarm. The Adam is half-brother to the anonymous Athletes seated above and below him; the Haman, even on his cross, seems, like them, to rejoice in his strength; the scenes in the lunettes, most poetically interpreted as the genealogy of the Saviour, are the happy homes of the grandest race, physically speaking, upon earth. Nor, which is the real test of art, does the consistency of the subject suffer, as in the

Last

Last Judgment, by this preponderance of animal life, for in concentrating our attention upon his prophets and sibyls, where its sublimest features are in place, he has sagaciously made it the key-note of the whole.

Mr. Harford alludes to Michael Angelo's temporary dissatisfaction with his work, after proceeding as far as the third compartment—the sacrifice of Noah—attributed by Vasari and Condivi, with their customary finison, to the chilling of the surface, owing to a too fluid compound of the lime. However this may be, we are inclined to adopt a more probable and obvious cause assigned for his discouragement,* namely, the inadequate size of the figures and the distance at which they were to be viewed; a fact which the painter would probably not have tested until he had proceeded thus far. At all events, whether the lime was right or wrong, the immediate change to a scale of proportion three times the size in the next compartment shows a change in the master's views with which the state of the surface could have had nothing to do.

There is another feature also in these Scriptural compartments in which we believe modern sense to be a better translator of Michael Angelo's intentions than contemporary opportunity. We cannot admit that in the first compartment (in the Biblical order), where the Almighty with extended arms appears supported by cherubs, creating the sun and the moon, the single unattended figure on his right, seen entirely from behind from the back of the head to the soles of the feet, was really intended for '*il medesimo Iddio*,' in the act of creating the earth. Nor does the argument gain by the vague something, now almost obliterated, in the corner, which is supposed to represent the new-created world. A picture should be the only key to itself; and, tried by this test, no unbiassed eye could read this retreating figure otherwise than as the symbol of Darkness fleeing before the face of Light. Füsseli passes over the question in silence; Kugler the same; but Quatremère de Quincy boldly describes it as '*Le Père éternel chassant le Génie du Chaos*,' in which version we entirely agree. Nothing, indeed, could be more repulsive to all feelings of reverence and propriety than to identify either the form of the Almighty, or the solemn act of creation, with the back view of a figure expressing nothing but haste and discomfiture, and in that sense only magnificently rendered. And as far as the two cotemporary and concurrent historians are concerned, the very puerility of their admiration

* Fifth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, p. 12.

invalidates their judgment. After the fashion of children and ignorant people, all they think of is that optical delusion by which this figure, like the eyes of a portrait, or like the oxen on a ceiling by Luca Giordano in Florence, seems to follow the spectator wherever he stands.

A remarkable specimen of that peculiarity of conception which isolates Michael Angelo is the diffuseness with which he dwells upon the act of creation, spreading out a theme, which occupies but a few lines in Genesis, into several compartments of his ceiling. Not but that the poet's shortest line may properly cover the painter's longest canvas, if his imagination consent. But there is no imagination exercised here. The act of creation stands as solitary on this ceiling as in the sacred narrative; wherefore, then, its multiplied repetition? The Almighty is depicted five times, and, if we were to accept the old version of the retreating figure above mentioned, six times, in successive compartments, doing the same thing. There is no earth, with its varied forms, or sea, with its boundless roll (even admitting the faint line of sea given in Linnell's engravings),* to assist and vary the idea. In three adjacent pictures the very conception of the Creator is the same. He is seen under the same form, supported on the same wingless angels, composing the same circular group, which in two of these instances, and those two contiguous, is rendered more formally round by the same sweeping line of drapery. Nevertheless, this monotony of invention needs no excuse to the eye. Seen at the height of sixty feet, these solitary floating masses have not only that grandeur of general effect consequent on largeness of design, but the very repetition of the same image conveys a sense of oneness and abstraction to the mind, consonant with the idea of a First and Sole Cause. Even the error of scale in the compartments alluded to, at the other end of the ceiling, is not without its advantage to the eye. Reduced to that comparative indistinctness which the great height entails, more or less, upon all parts, the course of representation seems rather to typify a natural gradation from solitude to multitude—from the separateness of the Creator to the sociality of the creature.

The assertions of Vasari and Condivi regarding the short time (twenty months) in which this ceiling was completed have been repudiated by modern historians, simply on the score of impossibility. The researches of Signor Gualandi, of Bologna, have now elicited the very day of the year on which the work

* Linnell's engravings of the Sistine Ceiling from drawings in the possession of the late Mr. Rogers.

was commenced,* while a note in the last edition of Vasari proves that some time in 1512 the scaffoldings which raised the painter to his work were still standing.† The curious inaccuracy of the old writers is further shown by a quotation given by Fea ‡ from a letter dated June 3rd, 1509, in which the Sistine ceiling is described as not only finished, but as already ornamented with gold—a heightening of effect which is well known never to have been executed.

We may now consider how far this great work claims to be viewed as a link in the great chain of Italian art, and not, as it has been the fashion to suppose, as an isolated creation. However Vasari and his echo may speak of the world as ‘having hitherto lain in darkness,’ we now feel that to attempt to repudiate for Michael Angelo all influence from the painters preceding him would be to strip him of some of the highest excellences of his vocation. As in the picture belonging to Mr. Labouchere, so in the grandest features of the ceiling, the figures of the prophets and sibyls, the merits of Buonarroti are not those of a man who did a new thing, but of one who carried a great development one step higher. If we see the master on his own feet in the numerous nude figures which have no character but that of the finest anatomical display, we see him where a great man should be—on the shoulders of his predecessors—in such conceptions as Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Not only did Florence, Pisa, and Prato teem with historical creations worthy of such successors—not only is Michael Angelo known to have studied Masaccio—but there were specimens of single figures seated in attitudes of grand contemplation to be seen in Florence, which may be considered as the immediate ancestors of those on the Sistine ceiling. We allude to the frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, representing the Wisdom of the Church, in the chapel of the Spaniards in S. Maria Novella, where, among the fourteen seated figures representing the abstract and mechanical sciences, are several which in grandeur and energy, and even in what is called ‘motive,’ recall the painter of the Sistine chapel. This has not escaped the attention of modern writers on art, and Rosini states that, ‘if it would be too bold to say that Buonarroti took the attitude of his Duke of Urbino on the Medici monument from that of the representative of Contemplative Theology, it is only just to assert that Taddeo Gaddi, in this majestic figure, foretold Michael Angelo.’ § It appears to us that the Jeremiah, equally as the Duke of Urbino, may be traced to this figure, in the same

* See Table.

† See Table.

‡ *Notizie intorno Raffaello*, p. 27.

§ Rosini, vol. iii. p. 102.

sense as Raphael's *St. Paul Preaching*, to the Filippino Lippi in the *Carmine*. To those, also, familiar with the frescoes in the *Carmine*, the *Expulsion of Adam and Eve* on the Sistine ceiling must recall the same figures by Masaccio. The position and action of the angel above them (and these are peculiar) are almost identical. Nor does there lie more than one natural link in the chain of conception between Michael Angelo's circular compositions of the Almighty supported on angels, and those of Benozzo Gozzoli in the *Building of the Tower of Babel*, and in Moses receiving the *Tables of the Law*, in the *Campo Santo*; or between those of Ghiberti on his *Gates*—in all of which the group appears encompassed by a *Glory*. Even this conventional *Glory* is retained in the Sistine painter's sweeping line of drapery—one of those devices to conceal rather than overcome a difficulty, which catch the applause of the ignorant.

It is to the absence of union with the masters before him that the inferiority of the *Last Judgment* in the qualities of art is owing. The twenty-seven years which had elapsed between the beginning of the ceiling and that of the east wall of the chapel, in which the pencil and the chisel had been alternately dashed from his hand, will account for the untempered soul of Michael Angelo which reigns rampant in this great work. Here he was allowed no discretion as to which figures should be most conspicuous. The Saviour as judge, the saints and angels around, were necessarily the prominent groups of the subject, and they were not beings in whom an inordinate development of animal life was appropriate. Hence, what we call the key-note of Michael Angelo's mind was not only out of tune in the whole upper part of the composition, but that monotony of character ensued which only the influence of other painters upon him could prevent. By the same rule, however, that which offends us in the sacred person of the Redeemer assumes its proper function in the lower part of the picture. Here his '*terribile via*' is in its place, and reigns with a merciless sublimity which no other painter has approached. For it is only by the exhibition of a tremendous power, analogous to that of *Doom* itself, that this part of the subject can be rendered either morally or pictorially grand. Refinement, pathos, and grace have nothing to do in such a scene, still less that morbid imagination of infernal shapes and horrors by which the earlier painters had rendered the representations of *Hell* disgusting in the sense of art, and ridiculous in that of morals. No stranger evidence can be given of the distinctness between the materials suitable to Painting and Poetry than the instinct with which Michael Angelo avoided embodying any of those fearful details which impart such pitiless

pitiless reality to the pages of Dante. In this respect Luca Signorelli may be cited as his precursor on the same right road.

The frescoes of the Pauline chapel, undertaken after another twelve or thirteen years' interval of pictorial inactivity—for they appear to have been completed about 1550—as the last effort of the great *frescante* require a passing allusion. Called into existence chiefly from the jealousy of the then living Pope over the last dead Pope—exactod from the painter at an age which unfitted him even for the physical labour of the task—and assigned to so dark a locality as to deprive equally him and the world of the fruit of that labour, these frescoes are one of the numerous sad epitomes of his much thwarted life. But though the Roman Church has, in the same spirit, added the dust, dirt, and smoke of centuries to the original darkness to which it doomed them, yet enough remains of these frescoes to show the vigour with which the grand old man grappled with a task which an inferior mind would have had too little courage or too much vanity to undertake. The subject of St. Paul's Conversion is treated with a spirited flow of lines worthy of his best time—that of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, in its numerous repetitions of the same forms, tells the tale of the weary painter who executed more what he had learned than what he felt.

We turn now to the chapter of his sculpture, in so far a mere distressing one than that of his painting from the incessant interruptions with which it was attended. Holy fathers worried him to complete his pictorial tasks, and therefore, however unwillingly commenced, he had the satisfaction of bringing them to a conclusion; but they worried him still more to neglect those he had undertaken in the department of sculpture, and year after year saw the master equally hindered in carrying out the favourite conceptions of his genius, and the sacred dictates of his duty.

The position of Michael Angelo as a sculptor is essentially different from that which he assumes as a painter. The pupil of Ghirlandajo—the cotemporary of some of the greatest Florentine names—the heir to an illustrious line of art, he is, as we have endeavoured to show, never so grand as when that lineage is stamped upon his works. But sculpture gave him, comparatively speaking, no compeer and few predecessors, and the course he tracked out with gigantic strength commenced and continued only in himself. Here, therefore, the real development of his originality must be recognised; the very materials of the art seem to have been a lever sufficient to raise the spirit which in this form separated him from his kind. From the day in which he plied the chisel and clutched the clay in the Medici garden, all his predilections

dilections were sculptresque. Whatever his pictorial triumphs, he never ceased to maintain that sculpture was his vocation; and although he may appeal less to our sympathies in this garb, we must reverence it nevertheless as that in which the genius of one of the greatest men who ever lived was most true to itself. In one very important sense it is plain that Nature intended him for a follower of the plastic art and for nothing else. He cared for that only which is the sculptor's legitimate ground—the human frame. As to backgrounds and accessories, and tone and touch, and all the numerous dependencies of the painter's craft, he utterly repudiated them. Oil-paint, which had recently set the painter's hand at large, and one of the first specimens of which executed in Italy dates from the year of his birth, he would never so much as try. All that is most alluring to a painter was no temptation to him, which leads Vasari to say, with his usual uncomplimentary flattery, that his great mind could not lower itself to the execution of landscapes, trees, or buildings—not knowing that a true artist sees no lowering of the mind to any form of beauty. At any rate it is evident that such objects lay so entirely without the circle of his sympathy, that it matters little whether power or inclination were most wanting.

The period of his youthful study in the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici, from such specimens of the antique as were collected there, must be assumed to have had some share in forming the future man. Nothing, however, is more certain than that, as soon as he was launched on his career, all affinity between him and the antique was effaced in the overwhelming subjectiveness of his art. All the specimens of classic sculpture put together, which Italy was then eagerly disinterring, never made that impression on his mind which the one sarcophagus of Pisa made on that of his great predecessor, Nicolo Pisano. Christian and classic art were not further removed from each other than Michael Angelo was from both. The story of the sale of his Cupid, the constant comparison of his works to those of Greece, and the absurder exaltation of the modern sculptor above the antique masters, are only so many proofs of the mere empiricism regarding art which then prevailed. If the anecdote quoted by Mr. Harford be true, that, 'after looking at various statues in terracotta by Antonio Bigarini (an admirable artist in that line), "Woe," he exclaimed, "to the antique statues if these could become marble!"' if this be true, we may even doubt whether Michael Angelo himself appreciated the antique. And if asked to believe that he read and approved Vasari's account of his life, in which his own works are extolled 'above all sculpture, modern

modern or antique, Greek or Roman,' we may doubly question whether his mind ever did homage to the plastic perfection of Greece. A negative corroboration of this surmise may be traced in a letter from Francesco di San Gallo, quoted by Fex.* It appears that Michael Angelo was present at the excavation of the group of the Laocoon from a vineyard near the church of S. Maria Maggiore, which took place towards the close of the year 1505. His words are, 'We went' (his father, Michael Angelo, and himself), 'and descended to the statues. My father immediately said, "This is the Laocoon of which Pliny makes mention." The cavity was enlarged with a view to extract the group, and, seen, *we returned to dinner.*' There is not one word of the raptures of the modern sculptor, and he not the man to conceal them, at the sight of this, one of the grandest ideals of classic energy and knowledge then or since discovered. We give this anecdote only for what it is worth. At any rate, to return to our former topic, no stronger proof can be given of the discrepancy between that style which he made his own and the prevailing character of the antique than is exhibited in the juxtaposition of the two in an antique statue, the River God, in the Museo Clementino, restored by his own hand. Without dwelling on the verdict of such a profound connoisseur as Visconti, followed by Cicognara, as to the immeasurable inferiority of the modern Etruscan to the ancient Greek, manifest in this peculiar trial of skill, we merely point out that incontestable difference between them which was not in his time so much as perceived. The mere fact of Michael Angelo's being commissioned to restore an antique statue at all speaks volumes as to the total absence of artistic judgment in such matters. Whatever his excellence, the first and easiest thing to recognise in this remarkable man is the impossibility of his adapting his manner to that of any other style or period.

Much has been said of the influence of the colossal male torso in the Medici Academy over the mind of the boy-student; and, without questioning the fact, we are disposed to interpret it somewhat differently. In his admiration for this grand object, we see not so much homage to the spirit of antique sculpture as an incentive to that which constitutes the alpha and omega of his own style, namely, the knowledge of anatomy. Here we touch the real spring which set the powers of this great man at liberty. In the school of anatomy he fought a battle which had never been so thoroughly fought before, and stole from the cold clay those secrets by which his energy could alone

* Notizie intorno Raffaello, p. 21.

be brought into play. The only object he coveted to imitate was the fearfully and wonderfully constructed body of man, and this the science of anatomy alone enabled him to make his own. He could sustain it in any position; and, therefore, he revelled in the most extravagant. He could so plainly discern its internal mechanical forces, that his hand refused under any circumstances to conceal them. He could draw the nude better than anything, and, therefore, he was reluctant to cover any portion of it. In these circumstances lie the great characteristics of daring position, exaggerated muscular development, and that academic absence of individuality which rendered him Michael Angelo, and also those causes which in the present age necessarily narrow the circle of his admirers in the field of sculpture.

Of the at best scanty list of the master's youthful productions in this department, too many, like his snow man, erected for Piero de' Medici, will be perceived to have melted away from human sight. The relief in the Casa Buonarroti, already mentioned, gives a strong foretaste of his eventual might and manner. On the other hand, the angel on the shrine of S. Domenico has nothing of his character, and little promise of any kind. Of the youthful St. John, as of the colossal Hercules, there is no record beyond that in Vasari. The Cupid sleeping appears last in Mantua, and vanished probably in the sack of that city. With the Bacchus, the Pietà, and the David we advance, therefore, as far as his thirtieth year. These three works are important steps in his career. The conception of the Bacchus appears to rest more on the general ideas of the god of wine than on any classic authority or opportunity of examining the antique which Michael Angelo may have possessed. There is no evidence that the group of the Bacchus and Ampelus, now in the Florentine Gallery, was there in Buonarroti's time. It would be a superfluous compliment, therefore, to one who at best attached small value to precedent, to interpret the little faun behind the statue, stealing grapes from a basket, as the figure of the favourite on whom the god was wont to lean. At all events, the conception in other respects departs entirely from that now familiar to us of the softness, effeminacy, and happiness of the Theban deity. The Bacchus of Michael Angelo is a finely-executed figure of manly development and proportion, who is both mortal and drunk, while the Flibbertigibbet behind him, though a symbolic accessory rarely seen in the master's works, was probably meant for nothing more.

The group of the Pietà will ever remain one of his most attractive works. The inanimate state of the Saviour's body gives it a tenderness and relaxation which contrasts refreshingly with his usual excess of vital development; while the features of
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the Virgin have a pathos and solemn individuality which raises this head greatly above his conventional standard. The drapery also is studied for its own sake: he had not then learned to look upon it as a mere incumbrance to the figure.

In the David he appears in his more usual characteristics. The figure is grandly formed and modelled; but that academic vagueness is already conspicuous which leaves the particular intention undefined. The absence of all explaining attribute may be accounted for by the peculiar circumstances under which he received the block of marble; but not so the conception of the figure, than which nothing can be imagined more remote from the idea of the tender and youthful shepherd, who came out to meet the giant Philistine, strong only in the grace of God. Reduce this statue as we please in scale, it remains the sturdy, full-grown, colossal man, far too equal a match for Goliath to illustrate the miraculous narrative of Scripture.

The two circular bas-reliefs of the Virgin and Child are a particular and most interesting phase of his art. The Royal Academy is fortunate in possessing one of them, which, though unfinished, would hardly have gained further beauty from the master's hand. It is impossible to examine it without recurring to our already-expressed theory that Michael Angelo is never so winning as when the conditions of his art linked him in some way to the forms and feelings of his pictorial brethren. Here there is no space for any *tour de force* in the position either of Mother or Child. Here, therefore, he is not exclusively himself, but stands forth rather as some crowning midway excellence, in which Ghirlandajo on the one hand, and Andrea del Sarto on the other, seem united.

The statue of Moses involves that doleful history of the monument of Julius II. to which we have already alluded. The period between the conception and completion of this work was one long travail of the artist's soul without precedent in the annals of inspiration, and rendering all conjecture fruitless as to its positive date.

In 1505 Michael Angelo, fresh glowing with the honours of his, so soon to be annihilated, cartoon of Pisa, was summoned to Rome by Julius II. for the express purpose of undertaking that pontiff's monument. The holy father was worldly and impetuous beyond even the common standard of the Vatican. He wished for the grandest sepulchre that Christendom had hitherto known, and he wished for it as soon as possible. He had found the right man to second these views. Michael Angelo's energy and splendour of ideas needed no spur. He produced a design which, in grandeur, vastness of scale, and far-fetched allegorical compliment,

compliment, admitted of no rival. It represented a quadrangular elevation, in two stages, seen on all four sides; the ground plan, 39 feet by 26 feet. The lower stage consisted of alternate niches, and terminal figures supporting the cornice; the niches containing statues emblematical of the pontiff's victories trampling on captives or converts; the terminal figures having each a full-length nude male figure bound hand and foot to them, symbolising the Arts and Sciences paralysed by the death of Julius. On the second story were seated figures of Prophets, Apostles, and Virtues, two at each corner. Above them reposed the monumental effigy of the impetuous Pope, accompanied by two female figures; the one, Heaven, smiling at the acquisition of the pontifical soul; the other, Earth, bewailing its departure. In all forty figures.

This design so fired the ardour of Julius as to give rise in turn to a scheme for rebuilding the cathedral church of St. Peter's on a scale fitted to receive so sumptuous an erection. 'Hence,' says Mr. Harford, 'the modern church of St. Peter's was a consequence of what proved the abortive scheme for the tomb of Julius.'

It is one of the painful enigmas of this period—so prolific in buildings requiring every class of workmen from the rudest stonemason to the foreman of the works—that in Michael Angelo's undertakings, whether in sculpture or architecture, no one could be ever found to extract the rude materials from the quarry, except the master-mind who was to give those materials life. Accordingly, eight precious months of his thirty-first year were spent in the marble mountains of Carrara, when, having shipped off as much marble as filled the piazza of St. Peter's, he returned to Rome to work. The Moses, and the two so-called Slaves, specimens of the creations intended to people the upper and lower stories of this sepulchral palace, began to grow into life. The pope, meanwhile, did not fail to urge on the willing horse. A temporary bridge was constructed to connect the studio with the palace; and the holy father testified his interest in the work by assiduous interruptions of the artist. Suddenly the scene changed. His holiness, as Michael Angelo himself expresses it, '*si mutò di fantasia*'—a change of mind attributed to the suggestion of a rival regarding the ill luck likely to attend the life of one engaged in his own sepulchral arrangements. Not only did the pope now cease to tread the bridge that led to the studio, but the sculptor was denied access to the palace, and in a fit of indignation quitted his works and Rome.

A few months afterwards a reconciliation ensued, but no entreaties on Michael Angelo's part prevailed on Julius to allow the continuance of the monument until he should be beyond the reach
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of its sinister influence. This took place in 1513, when he left strict charge in his will for the completion of the once favourite scheme. His executors, however, adopted a different view. They considered the vastness of the undertaking, however flattering during his life, a superfluous tribute after death, and Michael Angelo was required to submit to the humiliating condition of furnishing a second design, in which the forty statues originally agreed on were reduced to six. This done, he again devoted his energies to the task, workmen were summoned from Florence, and the Moses felt once more the vivifying chisel of the master, when Leo X. interfered. This pope, whom all worshippers of the great master are bound to execrate, had no interest in his predecessor's tomb, and none in Michael Angelo's fame. Like his successors in the sacred chair, he broke through the solemn obligations of the man without compunction, but, unlike them, he has not even the equivocal merit of having wrung from the artist anything acceptable to the world in exchange. To him was owing the banishment alike from art and society in the wilds of Carrara—a barren waste in Michael Angelo's life—one of the deep stains in his own; and while the most extolled master of the age was quarrying rocks and making roads at the bidding of this falsely called 'patron of the arts,' the dust of years again collected on the half-formed statues of the sepulchre. At Leo's death, in 1521, the chair was occupied by Adrian, who, fortunately, had no ambition to shine in any form of art; the land, therefore, had rest, and for a short twenty months the harassed master proceeded with the work of his affections and his conscience.

Clement VII. succeeded in 1523—too true to his Medici origin to respect any obligation from which he derived no personal glory. In vain Michael Angelo pleaded the contract by which he was bound to the executors. '*Lascia a me far con loro,*' was the answer of the man to whom the sack of Rome and the Medici monuments are alike owing.

In due time—1532—when the artist had reached the age of fifty-seven, the third contract appears, '*per tirare a fine la sepoltura di Giulio II.*' Here it was agreed that the six stipulated statues should be by the master's hand, but that the terminal figures and the accessories of the tomb might be intrusted to other sculptors, the whole to be finished in three years from that time. This arrangement seems to have entailed a fresh design, for a letter to the executors or agents of the deceased Julius apologises for Michael Angelo's not having as yet forwarded the drawing, on the score of its 'being necessary for him first to see again the statues commenced in Rome and buried by

by the inundation of the Tiber, as well as those in Florence, in order to accommodate the plan to them.'*

In 1533 Clement VII. was gathered to his fathers, and Buonarroti flattered himself that the way to the completion of the monument was now clear before him; but the Pope, who stood in his path, never died to him. Paul III. appeared on the stage, ready to walk in the steps of his predecessors. It was the old story: 'Go to; he's dead—I'm alive; serve me now.' What need also was there for six statues for an old man's memory? or three? or two? The statue of Moses alone, according to the Cardinal of Mantua, was all-sufficient tribute to the dead lion. Once more, therefore, a contract was framed to express a further diminution of the structure, and three statues by Michael Angelo's hand was all the allowance left for the former thunderer of the Vatican.

Meanwhile the course of this undertaking had run as little smooth in other respects. Many of the marbles, including all the small pieces, were stolen from the piazza;† his half-finished statues, as we have seen, lay under water; the sculptor was drained of his funds to maintain the expenses which, in some measure, went on, though the monument stood still; and an outcry of embezzlement was raised against him by malicious voices, which outlasted even the tardy completion of the work. Bitterly does he complain, in the same letter we have quoted, that the sepulchre has wasted his youth, honour, and fortune, 'for which my only payment is to be called a usurer and a robber by ignoramuses who were not so much as horn when I undertook the task.' As for the building which had been projected for the sole purpose of doing honour to the mighty scheme, this part of the plan, like all the rest of the original conception, came to nothing. At first, the disappointed old man was urged to place the scattered remnants of his vast idea in a locality—the church del Popolo—where there was neither room nor light suitable for their reception; and, finally, reduced to one façade instead of four, adorned with three statues by the master's hand instead of forty, and with a few terminal figures eked out with paltry corbels and brackets, the sepulchre hid its diminished head beneath the humble shadow of S. Pietro in Vincoli, some time after 1545, or more than forty years subsequent to its commencement.

The three statues which are the only fruit of this sad tale are those of the Moses, which constitutes the principal feature of the tomb, and two standing female figures, alternately designated

* *Prospetto Cronologico*, vol. xii. of Vasari, p. 381.

† Lettera di Michelagnuolo Buonarroti per giustificarsi contro le calunnie degli emuli e dei nemici suoi nel proposito del sepolcro di Papa Giulio II., trovata e pubblicata con illustrazioni da Sebastiano Ciampi.

as Active and Contemplative Life, as Leah and Rachel, and as Virtue and Religion; and so vague in character, that any other unmeaning names will suit them quite as well. We are led to conclude that these two figures were afterthoughts consequent on the change of design, no connection being any longer supposed to exist between the death of Julius and the paralysis of the sciences. As to the number of statues finished or blocked out from first to last during the ups and downs of the monument, we have only Vasari's testimony to guide us. He states that Michael Angelo,* when at Florence, where he worked from time to time to avoid the malaria of Rome, 'completed in every point and in many pieces one façade of the work.' In addition to this he enumerates the two Slaves 'finished by his hand in Rome,' eight more statutes of a similar kind blocked out there, five more in Florence, and a finished Victory trampling on a figure, placed in the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. Making allowance for all exaggeration, it must be concluded that many a figure intended for the tomb has been lost to the world; all that are yet known to exist being the two so-called Slaves, now in the Louvre, where Mr. Harford has the merit of having drawn attention to them; the figure of the Victory, still in the hall of the Palazzo Vecchio; and four half-finished statues of Captives, which adorn a grotto in the Boboli gardens.

The Moses, thus sole remnant and representative of the original design, has been the object of the most opposite opinions, of the extremest praise from contemporaries, and the extremest censure from later writers.† Neither parties have sufficiently borne in mind the different conditions which attended its conception and completion; the fact that he is now seated below the eye when he was intended to be raised above it, that he is now alone when he was designed to be supported by others. Hence, in some measure, that want of concentrated interest which the eye expects in a single figure. The nude portions, especially the left arm, are as fine as anything by the master's hand; but there is an absence of meaning in the general conception, which precludes the idea of a self-sufficing whole. Moses is neither receiving, nor giving, nor teaching the Law; neither occupied with the spectator, retired within himself, nor absorbed in the Deity. Large as is the idea he conveys, he is evidently meant for accessory to an idea larger still; and the action with which he looks round refers less to any passage in the Pentateuch than to the companions who are not by his side.

There is no doubt that in the eight seated figures of Virtues,

* Vasari, p. 183.

† Milizia, 'Dell' Arte di Vedere.'

Prophets,

Prophets, and Apostles, Michael Angelo had conceived what afterwards found expression on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. Of these it is perhaps to be lamented that the figure of Moses, the unplastic nature of whose horns and beard rendered him peculiarly unfitted to be seen alone, should, for the sake of a profane compliment to the pope, have been first taken in hand. We must remember, too, that even that portion of the monument to which he was destined would not have formed its principal feature. It is evident that the grand nude figures, of which the Slaves are a specimen, would have been, both in themselves and from their relation to the spectator's eye, the prominent part of the design; thus again indicating that sagacity in the great master which led him to reserve the principal objects for the qualities in which he most excelled.

In the Medici monuments we arrive at the most unalloyed, and, on that account, at the least legible emanation of Michael Angelo's genius. He was nearly sixty years of age when the commission was undertaken, nearly seventy when it was completed—the maturity of his power being as protracted as its manhood had been premature. The recumbent male and female figures at the feet of each duke are the purest development of subjective art the world has perhaps seen. The idea of sleep, conveyed by one of them, has given conventional names to all, yet without the more uniting the others in the sequence of the same thought, or connecting any one of them with the finely portrayed, though strangely selected representatives of the House of Medici above. Sleeping or waking, dawning or setting, watching or resting, these figures lie there, like the grand types of some forgotten fable, surviving all clue to their meaning, and even extinguishing all desire for it. All that we see and know is, that Michael Angelo retired into the innermost temple of his mind to bring them forth, and hence the novelty and the grandeur, the vagueness and the incomprehensibility which render them most true to himself.

Some theory, however, may be suggested on the nature of that mind itself in its converse with art—a very important distinction in one who carried the vague character of his art into no other phase of his life. As we have said before, the human figure was the sole object that filled the eye of Michael Angelo—yet not the figure, either real or ideal, as we see it in nature or in the antique, but a Titanic being replete with physical power, and grandly rudimental to have attained even the nicer distinctions of individual character. Not only did this broad and primeval image of man occupy his eye to the exclusion of landscape, architecture, drapery (in its proper sense), and all other outward forms, but to the exclusion in a great measure of that which we consider

consider the crown and glory of the human structure—the head itself. Why else the absence of all variety, and even, with every limb enormously developed, of sufficient size, form, and marking in so many of Michael Angelo's heads? His faces are devoid of meaning, his heads, with scarcely an exception, too small and shallow for his faces.* At that very climax of the work where character begins, his interest appears to cease. Here, therefore, we have a key to that vagueness which especially pervades the great master's sculpture. No matter how grandly developed the anatomy of the figure, it gives in Michael Angelo's hand no sense of individuality. Everybody has dorsal muscles; there is no speciality in the prominence of a clavicle—the most perfectly formed flexors and extensors tell us nothing. It is to his triumph over anatomy, mechanically speaking, that his comparative indifference to the special beauties of the head may be attributed. Up to the strong throat-muscles in man, and, with him, equally in woman, the figure is all Michael Angelo; beyond that we are driven to a succession of negatives in endeavouring to characterise a form of human countenance which is not real—not individual, not intellectual, not spiritual, and, if abstract, not in the sense which the antique teaches. What wonder, therefore, that no portrait, either in colour or marble, should be known to exist by his hand; not (we venture to differ from Mr. Harford, who here adopts the insincere flattery of Vasari) because no human head he ever saw corresponded with his ideas of perfect beauty, but because the true rendering of any natural head demanded a feeling of imitation and observation which lay without the pale of his art-sympathies. Vasari speaks his more honest sentiments in the *Life of Jacopo Sansovino*, whom he admits to be superior to Michael Angelo in the cast of his draperies, in children, '*e nell' arie delle donne*.'

The vigorous dash of the chisel, so prominent in his unfinished works, makes it interesting to inquire in what mode this iron hand really worked. And the description by an eye-witness, quoted by Mr. Harford, at once proves that the very word 'chisel,' now little more than a conventional term when applied to a master sculptor, became a reality of the most astonishing kind in Michael Angelo's case.

* I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year; and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four

* The head of the David is an exception in this respect, being rather large in proportion, yet without giving the figure the character of youth.

hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark that, had he passed it even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole; since any such injury, unlike the case of works in plaster or stucco, would have been irreparable.*

Something of this fearlessness may be traced to the unstinted riot of his chisel in the white marble mountains of Carrara. Thorwaldsen once told us that the Carrarese workmen in his studio surpassed all others in the boldness with which they used the tool—‘knocking away the marble,’ he said, ‘like so much cheese.’ There is reason also to think that Michael Angelo availed himself little of those simple geometrical appliances to which it is known the ancient sculptors resorted, and by which an inferior hand may translate the most elaborate clay model into marble. He was accustomed to say, borrowing ‘an antique phrase, that ‘the sculptor should carry his compasses in his eye;’ and several of his works—the face of the Saviour in the *Pietà*, the foot of the Moses, and the hand of the same figure upon his breast, and the hand and arm placed behind the Madonna in the Medici chapel—show that miscalculation in the size of his block which resulted from this reliance. It may be concluded in these instances that he worked the marble from models of a smaller size, for Benvenuto Cellini says that, ‘having experimented in both ways—that is, in making statues from small and from large models—Michael Angelo was at last convinced of the difference, and adhered to the practice of the large models, as it happened to me to witness in Florence while he was working upon the Medici monument.’* •

In natural connection with his exultant use of the chisel follows the wonderful facility of line displayed by his drawings. His hand had learnt the human form by heart, and obeyed the motions of his will with a readiness analogous to the freedom of speech itself. The hand drawn at once with the pen, by way of sign-manual, to prove to the emissary of the Cardinal di San Giorgio what he could do;† the unmistakable sign of his presence in the form of the colossal head left in the before empty lunette in the saloon of the *Galatea* in the Farnesina, to show Sebastian del Piombo who had mounted the scaffolding during

* Cicognara, vol. v. p. 171, note 2nd.

† The drawing of a hand preserved in Paris, and which is known by the engraved facsimile, is not admitted by connoisseurs to be the sketch referred to. The head in the Farnesina is less questionable, though some have ascribed it to that not very expert designer, Sebastian del Piombo himself.

his absence; the figure of the standing Hercules, designed, as kindly as instantaneously, in a shed near S. Rietro in Vincelli, for a young Ferrarese potter who had done him service, all show the burning rapidity with which the mental image was thrown upon any surface that stood ready to receive it. In these feats, however, judging from the head still preserved in the Farnesina, whatever the marvel, there is no mystery. The eye follows the splendid calligraphy of his will, and, however surprised, comprehends the result which ensues. But his more deliberately executed studies have a higher power over us. Here the utter disparity of means to end entails that feeling with which we regard a thing above our comprehension. There is nothing to be said before such a Madonna as that preserved in a little side-room in the Casa Buonarroti. Common coarse paper and slight blurs of red and black chalk appear inadequate to produce the miracle of roundness, gradation, and power which rises from them: the impression of the master's strength growing in proportion to the seeming insufficiency of the materials employed.

There can be little question that in the destruction of the Cartoon of Pisa the chef-d'œuvre, not only of Michael Angelo but of all that human hand has ever produced in such a form, was lost to the world. It was executed in his thirtieth year, when he may be said to have been elate with the possession of his recently-acquired anatomical powers, and eager to display them in a subject which gave them a magnificent field. The cartoon was a new revelation in the history of art! Nude figures, just roused from bathing by the alarm of the enemy, and conceived in every form of hasty preparation: some scarce risen from the water, others hurrying on such clothes as were within reach; others again, forgetting all but the note of war and flying naked to the combat with nothing but a weapon—such a task had never been before attempted, and was produced at once in the utmost perfection. It raised a tumult of astonishment in the artist-world not surpassed, if equalled, by any of his other great achievements, and was studied and copied by a longer list of pictorial celebrities, including the youthful Raphael, than afterwards did homage even to the Sistine ceiling. For this reason, as Vasari says, having become the centre of study as well as of admiration, it was removed from the council chamber into the Casa Medici—now the Riccardi—and placed in the great hall above. The question naturally ensues, How comes such a work of art, so placed, so extolled, so studied, to have been destroyed before the novelty of its beauty had even palled upon the Florentine eyes? The outrage is attributed to the envy of Baccio Bandinelli—he who was considered the best copyist who had

sat before it;—but such a deed could not have been done in a corner, nor without the assistance and connivance of many accomplices. The cartoon, mechanically speaking, was no slight thing to attack. Vasari calls it ‘grandissimo’ in size, and we know that it contained nineteen figures which may be pronounced to have been the size of life. Gaye (vol. ii. pp. 92-3) shows, from Florentine records, that fourteen quires of royal Bolognese folio had been supplied for it by a paper-merchant; that two workmen had been employed to put it together, and that three planks of deal had been paid for to protect it in some way. Such a surface must have been stretched upon a strong framework. Vasari says that the Duke Giuliano—he whom Michael Angelo immortalised on one of the Medici monuments—was ill, and that the palace was being restored for the reception of a new governor. But such a residence could not be left at any time without guards. The fact is, that, though art might be lauded and cried up with empty panegyric and far-fetched praise, it commanded no real intelligence, and therefore no real respect. Leonardo da Vinci’s famous model of his equestrian statue fell a prey to brutal Gascon bowmen in time of war. Michael Angelo’s cartoon was destroyed in a saloon, which it had converted into an academy of art, in the midst of peace. The first was a misfortune which might happen anywhere during a period of violence and foreign occupation, the latter a disgrace which may serve to open our eyes as to the true ‘atmosphere’ of the far-famed Medicean era.

With this cartoon of Pisa perished the only specimen of Michael Angelo’s genius in this form. Designs by his hand, both of sacred and profane subjects, form the basis of well-known pictures by Marcello Venusti, Sebastian del Piombo, Pontormo, Daniel da Volterra, and Battista Franco. They do not, however, contribute to the fame of the master; the figures in many of them are clumsy and ungraceful, the compositions unattractive, and the scanty nature of the accessories adds no interest to the scene. In this respect some of these versions of his conceptions strikingly illustrate his inaptitude or antipathy to any forms and objects extraneous to the human frame. The drapery either disguises the figure in puffy and unmeaning masses, with no beauty of its own, or follows it like a skin, with rope-like lines at the principal joints; while an object so tempting to the lover of the classic or picturesque as the Chariot of the Sun is got rid of in the Fall of Phaëton, under the form of a mere shallow trough with four equal sides.

It is not to be expected in these days, when many a tyro in architectural science is unwilling even to admit Palladio within

within the ranks of its legitimate chronology, that some of those arbitrary forms of the Renaissance, which owe their origin to Michael Angelo, should really find favour. If, as we have said, the shoulders of his predecessors be the best place for the painter, it is certain that they are the only place for the architect. Here, therefore, the self-reliant, unamalgamating mind of Michael Angelo—who, moreover, did not execute his first tasks in architecture until he was past forty years of age—offers at the outset grave impediments to his career. The worst that can be said of an architect—namely, that he has cast aside the rules which his predecessors respected—was the sum of Vasari's praise for him. Even granting that the art had admitted of any impromptu and newly-imagined forms, the artist who, whether in painting, sculpture, or design, instinctively avoided even the necessary niceties of detail, was not the man to recommend them. But in the field which he now entered that freedom of innovation, whether of rejection or introduction, which the force of his genius had rendered admirable in his painting and enduring in his sculpture, was totally inadmissible. It was no longer a question whether he might shirk the beauties of ornament, or even how he might treat them. The order of an edifice is as the flower to a plant, deciding its genus. The architect, in selecting his form of decoration, expresses not his fancy but his creed, and to mix up several together is to have no creed at all. Far from rebelling, therefore, against such conditions, Michael Angelo, with his well-known antipathy to what he thought the nonsense of art, should the more gladly have welcomed the system which spared him all necessity for invention. His antipathy to precedent was, however, stronger still. The sacristy of S. Lorenzo, in the decoration of which he reigned without control, is a memorial of the twofold anomaly of a form of mind which, while disregarding the canons of antique taste, was more than commonly unfitted to supply any others in their place. The mixture of several orders and the invention of new; the unmeaning subdivision of spaces; the grotesque heads in the cornice of the basement, and the masks and detached ram's horns on the capitals; the strange drawn-out consols, half as long as the doors, in the adjacent library; the doors themselves, with triangular pediments enclosed within circular; all show arrangements by the master for which he had no rule, and a medley to the spectator to which there is no key. As Wood tersely says in his letters, 'Simplicity I did not expect; but here there is neither grace nor boldness, lightness nor magnificence.' The vagaries of a Borromini were its natural consequence. Even in cases where Michael Angelo did employ something approaching to a simple order of decoration,

tion, he defeats both its meaning and beauty by some adaptation of his own, as in the Ionic capitals on the ground-floor of one of the palaces of the Campidoglio, where the volutes, instead of ranging flat with the building, are made to return, like the form adopted by the Greeks in turning an angle; thus perpetuating the sense of an architectural difficulty where the occasion for it does not exist. Where he had not the temptation of any precise laws to infringe, his conceptions of ornamental beauty do not the more commend themselves to the eye. In those opportunities for spontaneous decoration (we know what our Wren would have made of them) afforded by blank niches and windows, far from revelling in his liberty, he is evidently puzzled to know how to use it. So, at least, we must conclude from the nondescript festoons of scrolls and urns, gutta and shells, with the papal tiara by way of flower, and the keys of St. Peter by way of buds, fortunately suspended far above ordinary observation on the attic of the external order of St. Peter's.

But though the peculiarities of his mental constitution are answerable for those transgressions unavoidably associated with Michael Angelo's memory as an architect, we must remember that to that great mind are also owing those qualities which ever entitle him to reverence in this form of art—qualities which, though they do little to redeem his architectural shortcomings, rendered him, without question, the best builder, and, in some instances, the finest designer of general masses of his time. Without dwelling on his fanciful comparison, as old as Vitruvius, of the members of architecture to the human body, there can be no doubt of the intimate affinity which connected the structure of his edifices with that of his figures. The same instinctive desire for mechanical truth which rendered him triumphant over the science of anatomy led him also to those correct practical inferences in which the essence of engineering consists. There was nothing to apprehend from novelty of design in this instance. There is no latitude of taste in the pursuit of utility, as there is no difference of opinion where that end is attained. Michael Angelo becomes here as intelligible as he is great. From the self-sustaining scaffolding whence he called into existence the sublime conceptions of the Sistine ceiling, to the fortifications of Florence, which, more than 150 years later, received the high homage of a careful measurement by the best military engineer of Louis XIV.'s reign, his merits, if they have never been the object of exaggerated admiration, have, at all events, never been disputed. However he may have failed in the external, and what he seems to have thought the more optional graces of architecture, yet in such as flow from the very nature
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of fine construction he stands unrivalled. The most beautiful form he has bequeathed to us, that of the cupola of St. Peter's, is an instance in point. There is no reason to believe that Michael Angelo discarded Bramante's cupola on the score of inferior grace. What he objected to was its structural incapacity to sustain the required weight; and in the change of form to secure additional strength followed, in true architectural consequence, additional beauty as well.

We owe to Mr. Harford's folio of engravings the first opportunity of viewing the successive designs for St. Peter's by Bramante, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo, and therefore the self-evident superiority of the last. Those of the two first, while it is doubtful whether they were even capable of being executed, convey a composite conception between the temple and the church, which leaves no leading idea on the mind; that of Michael Angelo, on the other hand, with its grand balance of lightly-rising and firmly-planted masses, offers one of those simple forms of constructive truth whence the utmost variety of architectural beauty may be worked out. Here again the great man puts forth what he knows to be his force in the most prominent light, so filling the mind with the sense of his mechanical skill and unity of design as to render it comparatively indifferent to the minor ornamental shortcomings of the edifice.

Mr. Harford's enthusiasm for his subject is nowhere more judiciously shown than in the clearness with which he has pointed out the superiority of St. Peter's as according to Michael Angelo's design it would have been, compared to the actual building as papal tamperings have made it. The same ill fortune which had attended him through his other undertakings may be said to have reached its climax here. This great temple of the Vatican, to which he devoted the last seventeen years of his life—a votive offering of his genuine piety—which he had redeemed from confusion and feebleness, and raised up into a model of simplicity and grandeur, fell into ignorant and irreverent hands, incapable of any conception of the architect's intention but that which completely disguised it. Again, the Grand Hall of the Baths of Diocletian, converted by Michael Angelo, without essential alteration, into a church—*della Madonna degli Angioli*—of the finest proportions, shared the same fate, being distorted in the last century by one Vanvitelli into the form of a Latin cross, to the sacrifice equally of its original form, and of the master's judicious adaptation. Thus the two specimens most imbued with his energy and grandeur of thought were in great measure sacrificed, while his Florentine edifices, which received the first fruits of his ornamental incongruities,

incongruities, have preserved uninjured the evidence of his deficiencies. Nothing, however, in his architectural career is more melancholy than the results of the banishment to Carrara and Pietra Santa. It is true there is not much probably to regret in the non-execution of that façade, on the preparation of which Leo X. wasted the best years of the greatest man of his pontificate; at the same time a deeper moral is added to the injustice by the fact that, of the five columns which appear to have been the chief fruits of this profanation of his energies, one only reached Florence. This lay for years, broken in two, before the church it had been destined to ornament, and there still lies, we are assured, immersed in the deposit of centuries. The four others, after traversing the road he had constructed, never advanced beyond the place of embarkation.

We must be brief in our comments on the fourth element of Michael Angelo's mental constitution. To measure his poetry by the standard of his plastic and pictorial powers, as some commentators have attempted, is as mistaken as it is uncomplimentary. 'Subjective' is a term which cannot be said to distinguish an art depending, by its very nature, on the predominance of individual thought and character. The peculiar qualities also of his artistic genius, to the great advantage of his muse, are not visible in his verse. There are no ebullitions of Barsark energy in his poetic sentiments, no redundant thunder of sound in his verse. The relation of means to end, as in his engineering science, is clearly perceived: he never displays strength merely for strength's sake. Had he only written as he wrought, the world would have added no fourth garland to his brow. It must be admitted that his poetry is occasionally rugged in form—that it is in parts obscure even to an Italian (though for this the lapse of time, which affects the mutable forms of thought, may account), and that the leading signs of his art are in this particular traceable. But no one would pronounce these to be the predominant characteristics of his poetry. On the contrary, his lyric muse is compact in form, while his graphic muse was diffuse: his verse is pregnant with clear meaning, uttering 'things,' as Berni said of him, while others only spoke 'words'—his most lauded art is singularly unintelligible: the language of his hand spurned precedent even of the highest order; the language of his poetry is modelled on the purest types of his native tongue: his poetry, considered as the general worship of the Beautiful, justifies the quotation Mr. Harford has given from *Condivi*—'That he not only admired human beauty, but universally everything beautiful—a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful

beautiful situation, and, in short, every beautiful thing that can be imagined—surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature as bees do the honey from flowers.’ No words, on the other hand, could be more out of place, applied to his art.

Here, therefore, that connexion which Mr. Harford has sought to establish between the mind of Michael Angelo and the mind of his time, and which we have repudiated in his art, comes legitimately into view, and is pointed out by his biographer with singular success. All that was real in the sentiments and phraseology of modern Platonism found ready reception in a heart and life alike earnest and virtuous. In his homage to a pagan philosophy there was no self-flattering pride conveniently screening vague principles—no ‘profane and vain babblings,’ which disfigure more or less almost every work on letters and art of that time. At the same time we are not inclined to assume that the contrition expressed in those beautiful sonnets, beginning, ‘Carico d’anni, e di peccati pieno;’ and again, ‘Vivo al peccato, ed a me morto vivo,’ refer really to any substitution of the code of a Medicean Platonism for the doctrines of Christianity. Though he was carried along in phraseology, and partially in thought, in that orbit of habit wherein each generation moves, it is difficult to believe that it affected the equilibrium of his inmost heart. He who had known the heart-sickness of hope deferred, and never realised, is here heard acknowledging, not that he had bowed down to any particular form of falsehood, but simply that, having set his affections on earthly things, he had found them wanting.

We must confess a preference for Mr. Harford’s faithful translations of Michael Angelo’s poetry over the versions of Wordsworth and Southey, who have rather exchanged one beauty for another than kept close to the original. In the renderings of Mr. Harford we have far more of the unalloyed spirit of the great Italian.

The same desire to know only what his theme teaches attends Mr. Harford’s interpretation of the bond which united the illustrious names of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna—a bond so far unlike others over which poetry has shed her beams, as to shine with the purer lustre the closer it is seen. If it be insulting to attach the idea of love in its common sense to two such joint names, it is equally as absurd to apply the term ‘Platonic’ to one of the loftiest instances of friendship that ever existed between elderly man and woman. These were the days when no man spoke of his lady as a woman, or of his devotion as a passion; when Cardinal Bembo created a *furor* in Venice
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and Florence by the publication of his '*Asolani*,' the most intolerably dull book we ever took up, in which six young people of each sex were supposed deliberately to meet, and '*ragionar d'amor*—and one maintained that love was always bad and never could be good; and another that it was always good and never could be bad; and a third that love has the choice of two windows, the eyes, which conduct him to the beauty of the body, and the ears, which lead him to that of the soul; and a fourth, Heaven knows what! and in short, where the twelve hopeful young devotees go on to the end of the book perpetually buzzing about the candle, and say nothing as to whether any of them got burnt. Even Michael Angelo fell into this jargon, in a discourse he held before the Academy della Crusca, upon a sonnet by Petrarch, beginning '*Amore, che nel pensier mio vive e regna*,' in which he treats the great question as if it were a sort of mental botany, dividing it into order and class, and proving nothing so clearly as that the first of all virtues and the best of all felicities, reduced to such abstractions, was the prosiest thing in the world. But all pedantry ceased with him when actual feeling was concerned. The Marchesa di Pescara, though too high an ideal to inspire more than the tenderest form of respect, was no abstraction to him. No one indeed was less liable at any age to be caught by merely imaginary charms, and no one was richer in the best feminine graces than the highborn, and gifted, and fair woman who, in his own words, taught him, '*by fairest paths to tread the way to heaven*.' The friendship which united Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo, as it comes before us through the long vista of ages, appears one of those forms of poetic justice which even this world affords to its truly great. Each stood upright and unsullied at a time when such principles excited rather wonderment than admiration. Each received in the esteem of the other the highest tribute which the world could bestow.

From the varied aspects of Michael Angelo's genius which we have successively considered, may be gathered, if not the complete mirror of his mind, yet those leading qualities, and especially that one quality of haughty independence, which in him assumed the form of the sternest moral integrity. There is no wonder that disappointment should be the theme, and melancholy the keynote, of his verse. He who hated injustice and disdained the great, who was inaccessible to vanity and self-interest, and incapable of intrigue, was an inconvenience as well as a reproach in the times in which his lot was cast. His whole career was one of ceaseless conflict with the vices of the great and the little, and the intrigues of both. He paid

paid them back by the standing aloof from society, the refusal of favours, and by that 'power of despising' which Ugo Foscolo attributes to Dante. Nor was this luxury of contempt confined by any means within his own breast; his tongue never faltered either to prince or pope; what he had to say, like what he had to do, he said with all his might. The Duke of Urbino insultingly advised him, through an agent, 'to make a clean conscience' regarding the moneys for the monument of Julius II.; the hot old Florentine replied, 'Tell him he has fabricated a Michael Angelo in his own heart, of the same stuff that he finds there.' Pope Paul IV. enjoined him to add some drapery to the nude figures of the Last Judgment; he answered, 'The pope had better concern himself less about pictures, which are easily mended, and more about the reformation of men, which is far more difficult to achieve.'

The power of his will in his later years daunted even those least accustomed to submit. The ambassador from the Duke of Urbino writes, touching the much discussed monument, 'Michael Angelo has lately evinced a strong desire to come to Rome and conduct the affair himself; the pope has not yet made up his mind to give him leave, but he, wishing to come, *'sarà finalmente sua Santità forzata di contentarsene.'* Again, in the manuscript of François de Hollande, though receiving its evidence with a certain reserve, we find *'Maintenant, si je parle du célèbre Maître Michelange, on taxera mes paroles de fable et de mensonge. Il est pourtant vrai que le Pape Clément avait pour lui de tels égards, que lorsqu'il allait le voir il se tenait toujours debout, craignant que s'il s'asseyait le brusque artiste n'en fit autant.'* It is impossible not to wonder how such a spirit could submit at all to that tyrannic waste of his time, and that arbitrary appropriation of his hand, which marks his whole career. Here, however, something must be allowed for a state of society in which respect for the artist in our sense was utterly unknown, and more for that energy which, kindling with difficulties, avenged itself nobly on caprice by showing that it could not be taxed in vain.

It was not to be expected that his countrymen should comprehend those trials to which a nature so unlike their own was peculiarly sensitive; on the contrary, his cotemporary biographers lose no opportunity of extolling the supreme good fortune which in their opinion attended the life of this extraordinary individual. What higher tribute, Condivi asks, can be given to merit, than to be contended for by four Pontiffs, one Grand Turk, by the King of France, the Duke of Tuscany, the Signory of Venice, and other minor powers? And to leave no doubt of
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what was then considered the highest homage Genius could receive, he gives an anecdote of Julius III. in the next page, which must be translated literally to be believed. 'Having access,' Condivi says, 'to his Holiness, I have heard with my own ears from his own mouth, that, if he should survive Michael Angelo, which the natural course of life renders probable, he would have him embalmed, and kept close to his own person, so that his body should be as perpetual as his works. Which thing, at the beginning of his pontificate, he told Michael Angelo himself, many being present. Nor do I know of anything more honourable to Michael Angelo than these words, nor a greater sign of the esteem in which his Holiness holds him.'—p. 48.

We turn from such a story as this as by a natural consequence to that air of melancholy which characterises every portrait of this great man. Men sung his praises and sought his counsel; a younger generation came upon the scene, who knew, in a dim way, that a great Presence still lingered among them; and the nephews of those who had filled his cup with bitterness stood uncovered before him. But the iron had entered his soul. His later letters are full of a stern sadness, for which no infirmity of age, in a mind so vigorous to the last, can account. He is displeased at his nephew's rejoicings at the birth of a son, because '*l'uomo non deve ridere quando il mondo tutto piange.*' The death of his servant Urbino, for whose long services he thanks God, leaves him nothing, he says, but '*una infinita miseria.*' Writing to Cosimo I. of Florence, he regrets not to be able to comply with his wishes regarding the church of S. Giovanni, because he is old and '*mal d' accordo con la vita.*' And if asked to trace a motto under the noble and pathetic head from the bronze bust by John of Bologna, in Mr. Harford's accompanying folio, we should banish all thoughts of his art, his works, and his virtues, and, remembering only those sorrows which have impressed our heart as deeply as his genius, inscribe his own words written at the foot of some plans for a chapel in St. Peter's: '*Could one die of grief and shame, I should ere this have ceased to exist.*'

Our task must stop here. The analysis of Michael Angelo's art and works, however inadequately performed, was all we proposed to ourselves. The marvellous eye and hand which battled with so many forms of difficulty have given us some insight into his character, and more still is derived from the study of his verse. Both combined, however, are far from supplying a full picture of his mind. As regards cotemporary biography, we have had reason to see that in this case it is singularly unworthy of trust. The world is therefore thrown on such evidence

as his unpublished letters supply. Count Cosimo Buonarroti, their possessor, has recently died, bequeathing, we understand, the Casa Buonarroti and its inestimable contents to the government of his native Tuscany. It is impossible that Michael Angelo's letters should have been better preserved and more honoured than by his collateral descendant, and it is to be hoped that they will at last be made available to the public. Then, we have no doubt, from our own limited knowledge of these documents, that a better glory than any that even art can bestow will encompass the name of Michael Angelo, and that even Mr. Harford will find the object of his generous devotion still more worthy of the monument he has raised to him. We understand that a second edition of his work is already called for. If it appears before he can profit by the treasury of new material which is now open to him, it is to be hoped that the correspondence of the great painter, architect, sculptor, and poet, will be published later in a supplement.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Speeches of Lord Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, and Fox; with Biographical Memoirs, and Introductions and Explanatory Notes.* Edited by a Barrister. 4th edition. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. London, 1855.
2. *Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1857.
3. *An Inaugural Address delivered by Earl Stanhope at his Installation as Lord Rector of Marischal University, Aberdeen.* 8vo. London, 1858.

IN an admirable address to the University of Aberdeen, Lord Stanhope has recently proved to the students, by numerous happy illustrations drawn from the lives of eminent men in the various departments of literature and science, that success is only to be obtained by industry. He repudiated the notion of heaven-born genius, if by that term is meant genius which spontaneously pours forth its stores without labour or study. The greatest talents, like the richest soil, only yields its choicest fruits to persevering tillage. If there is one branch of excellence which more than another has been supposed to be the gift of untutored nature, it is the faculty of verse; if there is one poet more than another who derived his inspiration from the innate passions of his heated mind, and who appeared to possess the power of embodying fervid feelings in glowing rhymes without the

the smallest effort, it was unquestionably Lord Byron. Yet in a conversation, quoted by Lord Stanhope, he asserted that it was nonsense to talk of extemporising verse. The prodigious quantity which he wrote during his short life is no less a proof of his diligence than of his fertility. Mr. Trelawny represents him as spending the larger part of his waking hours in meditating his works; and no physician or lawyer in extensive practice ever followed their professions with more dogged perseverance. His friend Moore, whose songs and tales have a far-fetched prettiness which indicates greater elaboration, confesses of himself that 'he had been at all times a slower and more painstaking workman than would ever be guessed from the result.' Pope tells us that in his boyhood 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;' but if they came unsought, it was a felicity which forsook him as his understanding matured. Though by no means a voluminous writer, considering the many years he worked at his craft, Swift complained that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he 'had always some poetical scheme in his head.' He was in the habit of jotting down in the night, as he lay in bed, any striking thought or lucky expression which passed through his mind, lest it should be forgotten before morning. He recorded lines or fragments of lines, which he hoped to turn to account at a future period, and allowed not a crumb to fall to the ground. What he composed with care, he corrected with patience. He kept his pieces by him long before consigning them to the press; he read them to his friends, and invited their criticism; and his condensed couplets, which seem 'finished more through happiness than pains,' really owe their first quality to the last. As we ascend higher the same truth is equally apparent. Milton's studies are revealed in every page of the 'Paradise Lost.' One of the most original of poets in his conceptions and style, his particular phrases and allusions may be tracked in all the best literature both ancient and modern which existed before his day. He who invoked his muse to raise him to the 'height of his great argument' did by that very expression intimate how vast an effort he considered to be necessary to treat worthily so sublime a theme, as in his *Lycidas* he had declared, that 'to scorn delights and live laborious days' was the indispensable condition of fame. Of the habits of Shakespeare we know nothing, except that the players boasted that he never blotted a line, which only proves that he must have matured his conceptions before committing them o paper. The knowledge of human nature is a matter of experience and not of intuition; and at least he must have been a diligent reader of men if he had been a careless reader of books.

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He must, however, have studied these not a little also, for his language in his poetical dialogue is not the language of conversation alone. Nor is there any poet whose effusions bear the impress of more severe thought, which not only impregnates, but some times obscures, his 'thick-coming fancies.' If internal evidence is to be a guide, he, as little as any one, could have dispensed with previous meditation and preliminary discipline.

Wherever prose-writers have been remarkable for some particular quality, it will be equally found that the point in which they have excelled was one upon which they had bestowed commensurate pains. Those, for example, who are distinguished for the beauty of their style have acquired their skill as the artist acquires his power of drawing—not by contenting themselves with the first rude and rapid draught, but by repeated references to better models, by an incessant renewal of their attempts, and by the untiring correction of defects. Every one knows that Pascal wrote each of his 'Provincial Letters' many times over. The draught of his 'Epoques de la Nature' which Buffon sent to the press was the eleventh. The Benedictine editor of Bossuet's works stated that his manuscripts were bleared over with such numerous interlineations that they were nearly illegible. Burke penned his political pamphlets three times at least before they were put into type, and then he required to have a large margin for his manifold corrections. Sterne was incessantly employed for six months in perfecting one very diminutive volume. 'I mention this,' says Paley, to whom we owe our knowledge of the fact, 'for the sake of those who are not sufficiently apprised that in writing, as in many other things, ease is not the result of negligence, but the perfection of art.' The proposition that uncommon excellence arises from the concurrence of great talents with great industry is supported by so many examples that they might be produced by the score. The extraordinary effect, indeed, of sustained application might almost seem to countenance the saying of Buffon, that 'genius was patience.' The idle may dream over the fancied possession of intuitive powers which they never display. Those who enter the arena and engage in the contest know that strength cannot be put forth without strenuous exertion, nor skill be manifested without assiduous practice.

Of all the attainments which Lord Stanhope, in his graceful and attractive speech, showed to depend upon cultivation, none more needed to be dwelt upon before a body of students than that of oratory. There is no accomplishment which even when possessed in a moderate degree raises its possessor to consideration with equal rapidity, none for which there is so constant a demand

demand in the church, in the senate, or at the bar, and none, strange to say, which is so little studied by the majority of aspirants. Dr. King, in his ‘Anecdotes of his Own Time,’ which was written in 1760, complains that the want of a proper power of expression was a universal defect in the English nation. Many admirable scholars whom he had known could not speak with propriety in a common conversation, whereas among the French and Italians he had met with few learned men who did not talk with ease and elegance. The only three persons of his acquaintance among our own countrymen who expressed themselves in a manner which would have been pronounced excellent if everything they uttered had been committed to writing, were Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Gower,* and Dr. Johnson. That his pupils might acquire the art of speaking with correctness and facility, he used to recommend them to get by heart a page of some English classic every morning, and the method was often attended with complete success. There is still the same disproportion as in his day between the extensive learning of the educated classes and their capability of imparting it. Great pains are taken at our schools and universities to obtain knowledge, but upon the mode of conveying it in a way which shall be pleasing and forcible, no pains are bestowed at all. It is as if years should be spent in collecting materials for the construction of a mighty edifice without any attempt to dispose them in an order which would secure beauty, strength, or convenience. Lord Chesterfield was for ever impressing upon his son the necessity, if he wished to be listened to, of acquiring an elegant style and a good delivery. He appealed to the instances within his own experience of the applause which followed those who possessed these advantages, and of the uselessness without them of the most solid acquirements. Lord Townshend, he said, who invariably spoke with sound argument and abundant knowledge, was heard with impatience and ridicule, because his diction was always vulgar and frequently ungrammatical, his cadences false, and his voice inharmonious; whereas the Duke of Argyle, whose matter was flimsy, and his reasoning the weakest ever addressed to an intelligent assembly, ‘charmed, warmed, and ravished his audience,’ by a noble air, a melodious voice, a just emphasis, and a polished style. Lord Cowper and Sir William Wyndham prevailed chiefly by the same means. By his own account, Lord Chesterfield himself afforded an illustration of the truth of his position when he introduced his bill into the House of Lords for reforming the Calendar. He knew little of the matter, and re-

* He was Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

solved to supply the deficiency by well-rounded periods, and a careful delivery. 'This,' he continues, 'succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them affirmed that I had made the whole very clear to them when, God knows, I had not even attempted it.' Lord Macclesfield, who was a profound astronomer, followed, and with a perfect mastery of the subject, and with as much lucidity as the question permitted, furnished a real explanation of it, but, as his sentences were not so good as those of Lord Chesterfield, 'the preference,' says the latter, 'was most unanimously though most unjustly given to me.' Upon every occasion he had found, in like manner, that weight without lustre was lead.

The total inattention to this truth is not, therefore, a matter of inferior moment. Hundreds of ripe scholars are unable in consequence to bring their attainments to bear upon the understandings of those whom it is their business to inform. Unadorned sense, dry reasoning, a hard, flat, and colourless style make no impression except that of weariness. It is not only in Parliament and the pulpit that the faculty is required of rendering knowledge and argument attractive. Those who observe the effects upon the lower orders of bodily toil, must be sensible that their education, from the time they leave school, will never be conducted in any marked degree through the medium of books. Their chief instruction must be oral, and in many parishes the clergy have adopted the practice of giving secular lectures, which succeed or fail in exact proportion as the lecturer is a proficient in the art of speaking. Tawdry bombast and low humour will, indeed, excite the admiration of unrefined rustics as well as the higher products of the intellect, but no learning, however abundant, ever commands the ears of these audiences, unless it is set off by some extrinsic charm. A gulf is left between the mind of the speaker and that of the hearer, and until this strait can be bridged the long antecedent journey is more than half in vain. Nor need there be any fear that, if elocution and style were more cultivated, a torrent of tedious declamation would be let loose upon the world. Study, by improving taste, increases fastidiousness; and is rather calculated to check than to encourage an ill-timed loquacity. Clergymen and lawyers, at all events, are obliged by their calling, to address public assemblies; and the sole question which remains to them is, whether they will do it well or ill.

The vulgar, said Lord Chesterfield, look upon a fine speaker as a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of heaven. He himself maintained that a good speaker was as much

a mechanic as a good shoemaker, and that the two trades were equally to be learned by the same amount of application. In this there was some degree of exaggeration, but he was much nearer the truth than those who are deterred from every attempt to improve by the erroneous idea that unless the power is intuitive it can never be acquired. They might consider by what long repeated efforts a child learns to talk and read, or the years they pored over Greek and Latin before they gained a mastery over these tongues, and they would not infer, because they felt no inherent aptitude for speaking, that, therefore, nature had denied them the capacity. So much is it a matter of industry that, if any schoolboy were asked to select the most conspicuous example of defects subdued and excellence attained by indefatigable perseverance, he would certainly name the first of orators. The most eloquent of Romans went through a training as severe as that of the illustrious Greek, and if Demosthenes and Cicero found elaborate preparation essential to success, it is no wonder that lesser men should not be speakers before they have studied how to speak. Lord Chesterfield declares that he succeeded in Parliament simply by resolving to succeed. He early saw the importance of eloquence, and neglected nothing which could assist him to become a proficient in it. He conned carefully all the fine passages he met with in his reading; he translated from various languages into English; he attended to his style in the freest conversations and most familiar letters; he never allowed a word to fall from his lips which was not the best he could command! By these means he arrived at such an habitual accuracy that at last he said the pains would have been necessary to express himself inelegantly. A rapid review of the small band of pre-eminent speakers who have adorned our Senate, which has been the chief school of eloquence, the bar producing far fewer orators than might have been expected, will lead to the conclusion, that however varied in detail may have been the methods by which men learned to clothe ready conceptions in ready language, laborious study has been common to them all. From Demosthenes downwards no one has become an adept in the art without a special adaptation of means to the end. Nothing more is wanting to enable the enlightened part of the community to bring their minds into closer contact with the uninstructed, and thus to elevate the lower orders by a potent influence which hitherto has been imperfectly exerted, than that they should have the self-confidence to believe that the education which formed the Chesterfields will not be thrown away upon themselves. Nature has not destined every one to be a

Chatham

Chatham or a Burke, but there are few persons of fair abilities who might not attain to the power of expressing good sense, and useful knowledge, in clear, flowing, and agreeable language.

The old oratory, unlike the old literature of England, is effete and out of date. It was pedantic in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In the great Rebellion, when the passions were roused to the utmost pitch, and it was employed to move the multitude as well as the senate, it might have been expected to assume a more modern and popular air. But the theological studies of the parliamentary leaders gave the law to their eloquence. They framed their speeches upon the model of sermons, divided them into heads, and deadened inflammatory sentiments by a didactic style. The famous orations of Mr. Pym are read in our day with such intolerable weariness, that we wonder they could ever have been listened to with patience by any assembly, ignorant or educated. They are able no doubt, but cumbersome and dreary, and never before or since did enthusiasm find vent in such inanimate language. Though Lord Strafford spoke at his trial with genuine eloquence, it is almost a solitary specimen, and nobody dreams of reverting to the debates of that exciting time for grand sentiments expressed in burning words, or for maxims stamped in the mint which gives a perpetual currency to ideas. The style of speaking changed at the Restoration. The cavaliers were men of the world, who talked the language of the world. They flung aside that heavy scholastic garb which stifled sentiments instead of adorning them, and made a closer approximation to simplicity and nature. In the reign of Queen Anne parliamentary eloquence took much the same shape that it retains at present, as we can infer from casual specimens, and the descriptions of men in the next generation who had listened to it in their youth. Very little, however, has been preserved, and nearly the whole of that little is garbled and abridged. An imperfect abstract of the discussions in the Lords and Commons was commenced in 1711, in a publication called the 'Political State of Great Britain;' but these epitomes merely aim at stating the opinions of the speakers, and make no pretence of preserving their language. Even of the opinions they were an untrustworthy indication, for they were compiled from the information of the door-keepers and subordinate officers of the Houses of Parliament. In 1736 Cave commenced a more elaborate system in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' He employed persons to take notes by stealth, which were handed over to some author who used them as raw materials from which to manufacture finished speeches. Guthrie discharged the task till November, 1740, when it passed into the more powerful hands of Johnson. He relinquished it

in February, 1743, and was succeeded by Hawkesworth, who carried on the process for near twenty years. Whatever the debates may have gained by this method in importance, they lost in accuracy. The memoranda were merely used as heads upon which to enlarge, and we must look in the printed reports for the characteristics of Guthrie, Johnson, and Hawkesworth, and not of Pulteney, Pitt, and Chesterfield.

The reason why Cave employed authors to compose debates instead of short-hand writers to report them, was the refusal of the legislature to permit the public to be a party to its proceedings. No notes could be taken openly, and Cave was quickly warned by the Speaker of the House of Commons to desist from printing the discussions at all. He evaded the injunction by inserting them under fictitious names, and by various devices contrived to furnish his readers with a key. The interest which was felt in this portion of his magazine showed that the curiosity of the country was awakened. The debaters on their part were many of them eager for a larger audience, and speeches were often conveyed underhand to Cave by the authors themselves. The growing desire of those without to hear, and of those within to be heard, at last threw open the doors of both houses; the style of reporting became more and more exact, and though it was long in attaining to the habitual completeness which prevails at present, many of the greater efforts of the principal speakers were recorded towards the close of the last century with perfect precision.

The orators of the unreported parliaments were at very little disadvantage. The reputation of a debater is made much more by his hearers than by his readers. The politician who spells the newspaper over his breakfast reaches the conclusion of passages which drew forth 'loud cheers' without experiencing the slightest emotion, and sarcasms which elicited 'loud laughter' without being lured into the faintest smile. There are instances at this moment, as there always have been instances, of persons who are held in considerable estimation in both Houses, who have scarce any name with the country, and those who only know the efforts even of the most celebrated speakers through the medium of the printing-press are apt to wonder at their fame. If this is the case among contemporaries to whom the topics are matter of absorbing interest, how much more must the orator lose with posterity when his subjects are obsolete, and appear as cold and repelling as the ashes of a fire which has burnt out. Notwithstanding that Pitt desired to have a speech of Lord Bolingbroke in preference to the most precious lost works of the ancients, we venture to think that after it had been glanced at
from

from curiosity, it would be flung aside from disappointment. Lord Chesterfield, who had been among his auditors, applauds the 'force and charm of his eloquence,' and says that, 'like Belial in Milton, "he made the worse appear the better cause,"' but then the same authority bestows still stronger praise upon his writings, where we can form an estimate of the degree of justice in the panegyric. He considers that Cicero alone could compete with him in composition; and he asserts of the 'Letters on Patriotism' that they are adorned with all the beauties of oratory, and that until he read them he 'did not know the extent and powers of the English language.' Burke, in the preface to his earliest work, the 'Vindication of Natural Society,' in which he imitated the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and ironically maintained his principles for the purpose of exposing them, is little less complimentary, and allows that his books were 'justly admired for the rich variety of their imagery and the rapid torrent of an impetuous and overbearing eloquence.*' It may be doubted whether Burke would have repeated this eulogy in maturer years, when he called him 'a presumptuous and superficial writer,' and said 'that his works had not left any permanent impression on his mind.' Nothing at any rate can be less rapid and impetuous than the manner of Lord Bolingbroke, which is in a singular degree slow and fatiguing, nor does any one revert to him now as 'a model of eloquence' from which to learn the extent of the English tongue. He tediously unfolds his thinly scattered ideas in a long array of sounding sentences, and, though the diction is pure and harmonious, it is neither pointed nor brilliant. His treatises have been consigned to a practical oblivion, because they are found to be nearly unreadable, and what Lord Chesterfield considered 'the most splendid eloquence,' appears in our age to be very little better than empty rhetoric. Since his speeches greatly resembled the productions of his pen, and were not considered to be the least superior by an admirable judge who was familiar with both, we may conclude* that their preservation would have contributed little to our pleasure, and added nothing to the reputation of Bolingbroke. Whatever were his merits, he is an example on the side of Lord Stanhope's doctrine, for he told Lord Chesterfield that the whole secret of his style was the constant attention he paid to it in his youth. Declamation less polished than

* Lord Chatham was another great admirer of Lord Bolingbroke, and said that his 'Remarks on the History of England' should 'almost be got by heart for the inimitable beauty of the style.' Lord Grenville, in commenting upon this opinion, states the common judgment of our day, when he asserts that the style of the 'Remarks' is 'declamatory, diffusive, and involved, and deficient both in elegance and precision.'

his, language less copious, and metaphors less appropriate, when set forth by a fine figure, voice, and elocution, would be highly imposing in delivery, and would call forth rapturous cheers. But his was the eloquence which is born of the occasion, and dies with the occasion, and this is the ordinary rule. There is not one of the great debaters who reached their zenith in the last century, with the exception of Burke, whose grandest displays appear to the reader of our day to warrant their renown. The politician may revert to the harangues of Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox. The speeches of Burke alone have become incorporated with the literature of our country. There is a system of compensation in fame as in greater things. If the oratory of each generation is neglected by succeeding times, there is no species of intellectual excellence which produces such an immediate return. While the speaker is in the very act of forming his sentences his triumph is reflected from the countenances of the auditors, and is sounded from their lips. He proceeds, animated at every step by the full chorus of applause, which only comes to other men in feeble echoes long delayed, and which are more often lost before they can reach the ear of him who is the subject of the praise.

The causes of the prodigious success of oratory spoken over oratory read are easy to be distinguished. When the contending forces are drawn out face to face in hostile array there is the excitement of a battle, and every blow which tells against the enemy is received with the same sort of exultation that soldiers feel when a well-aimed shot rips up the ranks of the adversary, or blows up the magazine. The effect under these circumstances of a damaging reply arises as much from the state of mind of the auditors, as from the vigour of the retort. It is because the powder lights upon a heated surface that an explosion is produced, though, unless the powder was itself inflammable, the result could not ensue, and therefore the dust which is thrown by minor speakers falls feeble and harmless. The mere presence of numbers aids the impression even where the assembly is not split into parties, and no especial interest has been roused in advance on the question discussed. The speech which would be listened to calmly by half a dozen people will stir a multitude, and an observation will raise a laugh in public, which would not pass for a joke in private. But perhaps the most influential element of all is the delight which is derived from the real or apparently spontaneous production of appropriate thoughts in well-chosen language,—in the exhibition of the feat of pouring out off-hand elaborate composition, and a connected series of apt ideas. The art is so remote

remote from the common practice of mankind, that however often repeated it always excites the pleasure which arises from the manifestation of unusual power. Every great orator writes passages which he commits to memory, but it is a part of his science to blend the extemporaneous and the prepared portions into an indistinguishable whole, and were he by his clumsiness to betray the joins he would destroy the charm. The readers of a debate are no longer under the spell of this seeming facility. The language does not flow living to them from the lips of the speaker, and they judge it exactly as they would estimate the same quantity of printed matter by whatever means produced. In many cases in addition the figure, the voice, the manner of the man contribute largely to give force and animation to his words. The famous saying of Demosthenes that action, which includes delivery, was the first, second, and third great requisite of an orator is repeated and confirmed by Cicero, who calls it the principal accomplishment in speaking. He affirms that the highest excellence is nothing without it, and that with it mediocrity can often surpass the most gifted. In modern times pre-eminent powers have enabled a few to dispense with it. The assertion that it sets off feeble matter is as true as ever. In every age there are speakers who owe nearly the whole of their success to their delivery.

Another predominant cause of the different impression which a speech produces in the closet from what it does when heard is to be found in the nature of the oratorical style. When Dr. Johnson furnished Boswell with materials for an address to a Committee of the House of Commons on an election petition he added, 'This you must enlarge on. You must not argue there, as if you were arguing in the schools. You must say the same thing over and over again, in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention.' The masters of eloquence have enforced the rule. Fox advised Sir Samuel Romilly, when about to sum up the evidence in Lord Melville's trial, 'not to be afraid of repeating observations which were material, since it were better that some of the audience should observe it than that any should not understand.' Though he himself was censured for the practice, he declared it to be his conviction, from long experience, that the system was right. Pitt urged a similar defence for the amplification which was thought by some to be a defect in his style. 'Every person,' he said, 'who addressed a public assembly, and was anxious to make an impression upon particular points, must either be copious upon those points or repeat them, and that he preferred copiousness to repetition.' Lord Brougham gives his testimony

on the same side. The orator, he remarks, often feels that he could add strength to his composition by compression, but his hearers would then be unable to keep pace with him, and he is compelled to sacrifice conciseness to clearness. The Greeks appeared to shun every species of prolixity, which Lord Brougham justly considers to be an indication that they condensed their harangues when they committed them to writing. Burke shared the conviction that not even an Athenian audience could have followed the orations of Demosthenes, if he had uttered them in the concentrated form in which they have come down to us, and Cicero objects to the Greeks that they sometimes carried brevity to the point of obscurity. The expansion which is a merit at the moment of delivery is turned to a defect when a speech is printed. What before was impressive seems now to be verbose, and the effect is diminished in much the same proportion that it was originally increased. It was for some such reason that Fox asserted that if a speech read well it was not a good speech.

Though the force and splendour of oratory is only limited by the powers of the human mind, and though some of its displays rival anything which exists under any other form, less intrinsic excellence is required upon the whole to secure fame than in the productions of the pen. The balance is made up by the difficulty of pouring forth composition off-hand, which shall at least impose or sparkle at the moment. This facility is therefore the first requisite of the speaker, and in whatever qualities he is deficient, a want of readiness must not be one of them. Essays written and learnt by heart, however brilliant, have never of themselves procured much reputation for any debater in modern times. Until he has proved that he is equal to extempore efforts he is rather sneered at than applauded. The first Mr. Pitt, the earliest, since the time of Queen Anne, of the great orators of whom we have specimens sufficient to enable us to judge of his style, had been at small pains to qualify himself, for his part in other particulars, but a perennial flow of parliamentary eloquence can no more exist without prompt language than without a tongue, and he had taken especial care to furnish his memory with a copious vocabulary. Lord Chesterfield asserts that he had very little political knowledge, that his manner was generally flimsy, and his arguments often weak. This is confirmed by Dr. King, who states that he was devoid of learning, unless it was a slight acquaintance with the Latin classics, and his sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, used to declare sarcastically—for being of the same haughty temperament they agreed, as Horace Walpole says, like two drops of fire—that the only book he had read was
Spenser's

Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' which drew from Burke the remark that whoever was master of Spenser 'had a strong hold of the English language.' But he had not trusted to the bright and romantic fancy of Spenser alone to supply him with the materials for contests so unlike the source from whence he fetched his aid. He studied the famous divines of our church, and especially Barrow, with the same view. Not only did he attain to a readiness which never failed him, and in the consciousness of power delighted to avail himself of any opportunity to reply, but according to Lord Chesterfield every word he employed was the most expressive that could be used. What remains of his eloquence would not bear out this last eulogium, but the reports are meagre, and cannot be trusted for more than an occasional fragment of which the vigour proves the accuracy. Nevertheless it is certain from contemporary accounts that, like all men who speak much, and trust to the inspiration of the hour, he sometimes made bad speeches, and would often interpose between his brighter sallies long passages of commonplace rhetoric. A bold, brief, and pointed mode of expressing daring truths, sometimes by metaphor and sometimes by antithesis, is the characteristic of his most stirring appeals. He put what he had to say into the strongest words the English tongue would afford, and, possessing a spirit as dauntless as his language, the attempt to check him invariably drew from him an indignant and defiant repetition of the offence. Hence he was a terrible antagonist, who awed his opponents by the fierceness and courage of his invectives, and on popular questions roused enthusiasm by the short and vehement sentences in which he embodied the feverish passions of his hearers. It required the utmost energy of style to sustain the commanding tone he assumed, and he would have been ridiculous if he had not been sublime. Of his manner we can with difficulty form an idea from the descriptions which have come down to us, but all are agreed that every art of elocution and action aided his imposing figure and his eagle eye. So consummate was his gesture and delivery that Horace Walpole often calls him 'Old Garrick.' This as much as his command of language must have been the result of study, and well deserved it for the effect which it produced.

In 1766 Johnson announced to Langton that Burke, who had recently obtained a seat in Parliament, 'had made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and had filled the town with wonder.' This was the appropriate start of a man who, whether as a statesman, a thinker, or an orator, was without an equal. Pitt and Fox were great, but Burke belongs to another order of beings,
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and ranks with the Shakespeares, the Bacons, and the Newtons. He was what he called Charles Townshend—‘a prodigy’—and the conclusion of Moore, after reading the debates of the time, that his speeches, when compared with those of his ablest contemporaries, were ‘almost superhuman,’ must be shared by every one who adopts the same means of forming a judgment. Johnson said ‘he did not grudge his being the first man in the House of Commons, for he was the first man everywhere;’ but the House of Commons was not composed of Johnsons, and when the novelty had worn off they grew tired of his magnificent harangues. His manner was against him. Grattan, who heard him shortly after he had entered Parliament, and while he was yet listened to ‘with profound attention,’ and received the homage due to ‘acknowledged superiority,’ states that there was a total want of energy in his delivery, and of grace in his action. Later he was noted for frequent outbreaks of impetuosity bordering upon passion, but they rather conveyed the idea of irritability of temper than earnestness of feeling, and were thought no improvement upon the frigid tone of his early displays. His voice, which he never attempted to discipline, was harsh when he was calm, and when he was excited he often became so hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. But the main cause of the weariness he produced arose from his mode of treating his subject. Every man who has any opinions derived from deliberate investigation, unfolds them in the manner in which he himself arrived at them, and enforces the arguments which have carried conviction to his own understanding. Burke drew his conclusions from a wide survey of history and human nature—from enlarged principles, which looked far beyond the petty expedients and fitful passions of the hour. Upon this grand basis he founded his views of present policy. His hearers, on the contrary, were absorbed in the business of the moment, and were impatient of a process so circuitous, and so out of harmony with their own habits of thought. Whatever had not an immediate and obvious bearing upon the question before them seemed foreign to the matter, and carried the mind away from points on which it was fixed with eager interest to topics on which it felt no interest at all. His manner of expressing himself partook of the philosophic turn of his thoughts. However eloquent or imaginative, he never laid aside his didactic air; and not only tired his audience by his elaborate lessons in politics, but often seemed to them as if he was arrogating the authority of a master over his pupils. To such a degree was his method of expounding his ideas unsuited to the feelings which prevailed in the House of Commons, that Erskine crept under the benches to escape a speech which, when published, he thumbed to

to rags ; and Pitt and Lord Grenville once consulted whether it was worth while to answer another of his famous harangues, and decided in the negative, though Lord Grenville read it afterwards with extreme admiration and delight, and held it to be one of his noblest efforts. The very circumstance which diminished the interest of his oratory when it was delivered adds to it now. The less it was confined to temporary topics, and the more it dealt in permanent principles, the greater its value to posterity. Those whose own horizon was bounded by party prejudices could not even perceive how vast was the reach of his vision in comparison with their own. The profligate Wilkes, who, in his popular time, was at best an ape mimicking the fierceness of the tiger, said, in the days when the pretended patriot had subsided into the sleek and docile placeman, that Burke had drawn his own character in that of Rousseau—‘much splendid, brilliant eloquence, little solid wisdom.’ In our age the wisdom and the eloquence would be pronounced to be upon a par. They are both transcendent, and the world has never afforded a second example of their union in anything like the same degree. His language was nervous, his sentences polished, his abundant metaphors grand and original. Though his style is never stilted, it has a rare majesty both in thought and expression. Occasionally he descends to phrases and images which are too homely for the general strain of his discourse ; but these blots are not frequent. His commonest fault is rather a monotony of dignity, which wants the relief of passages dressed in a more familiar garb. He has the further defect of moving too slowly over his ground. There is no repetition in his language, nor much tautology in his sentences. But he dwells long upon one idea, and reiterates it as a whole or in its parts under manifold forms. That speeches so finished and elaborate, and abounding in eloquence of unrivalled magnificence, should have been the product of infinite pains, requires no other proof than is supplied by the speeches themselves. But the immense labour which he bestowed upon all he did was his constant boast. He disclaimed superior talent, and always appealed to his superior industry. Gibbon testifies that he published his great orations as he delivered them, which is only another mode of saying that he prepared his addresses to the House of Commons with no less care than he prepared his pamphlets for the printer. By this incessant labour he could at last soar at any moment to his highest elevation, as though it had been his natural level. ‘His very answers,’ says Horace Walpole, ‘that had sprung from what had fallen from others, were so pointed and artfully arranged that they wore the appearance of study.’ His innate genius was undoubtedly wonderful,

derful, but he improved it to the uttermost. By reading and observation he fed his rich imagination; to books he owed his vast and varied knowledge; from his extensive acquaintance with literature he derived his inexhaustible command of words; through his habits of severe thought he was enabled to draw the inferences which have won for him the renown of being the most sagacious of politicians; and by the incessant practice of composition he learnt to embody his conclusions in a style more grandly beautiful than has ever been reached by any other Englishman with either the tongue or the pen.

Conversation Sharpe relates of Mr. Fox that he sometimes put the arguments of his adversaries in such an advantageous light that his friends were alarmed lest he should fail to answer them. To state one by one the arguments of the opposition, and one by one to reply to them, was the characteristic of his speaking, and without the aid of this text upon which to hang his comments he could make little progress. His opening speeches were almost always bad. Until he got warmed with his subject he hesitated and stammered, and he often continued for long together in a tame and commonplace strain. Even in his highest flights he indulged in incessant repetitions, was negligent in his language, and was neither polished nor exact in his style. Notwithstanding these defects he exercised a prodigious influence over his hearers. 'He forgot himself,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'and everything around him. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions.' There is nothing in his finest passages which would seem to answer to this description, for to the calm eye of the reader they are marred by the want of condensation and finish, and their faults are perhaps more conspicuous than their beauties. But if his speeches are considered with reference to the influence they might exert when delivered with vehemence to partizans who were excited upon the topics of which they treat, and who would only slightly remark during the rapidity of utterance the negligence which reigns throughout his best declamation, it is easy to understand the impression they made. There is a rough vigour and animation in his phraseology, a force or plausibility in his reasoning, and a fertility in his counter arguments which would be highly effective whilst the contest raged. Of all the celebrated orators of his generation he was the one who composed the least, and it is precisely on this account that he is the one whose speeches betray the greatest carelessness. His arguments, on the contrary, must have been carefully meditated, and as in reflecting on them the manner in which they could be rendered most telling must have constituted part

part of the process, even the expressions themselves must have been in some respects prepared. Far from being an instance to encourage indolence, his example confirms the proposition that no powers can enable men to dispense with industry, since the particular in which he took less pains than his compeers was also the point in which he was most defective. He had not the teeming knowledge, the enlarged views, the prophetic vision, the exuberant imagination, or the lofty eloquence of Burke; but he surpassed him as a party leader, or at least as a party debater, chiefly because he kept to the topics of the hour. His were not the grand strategic movements of which few had the patience to await the issue. They were close hand-to-hand fights with the adversaries in his front, and hence much of the interest which attended them then, and the faint impression they produce by comparison at present.

The late Lord Stanhope asked Pitt by what method he acquired his readiness of speech, and Pitt replied that it was very much due to a practice enjoined on him by his father of reading a book in some foreign language, turning it into English as he went along, and pausing when he was at a loss for a fitting word until the right expression came. He had often to stop at first, but grew fluent by degrees, and in consequence had never to stop when he afterwards entered into public life. This is the example adduced by Lord Stanhope to show the students of the Aberdeen University the necessity of training, and the means by which success is obtained. Lord Chatham brought up his son to be an orator, and the reason he came forth a consummate speaker in his youth was that he had been learning the lesson from boyhood. None of the negligence of Fox was apparent in him. His sentences, which fell from him as easily as if he had been talking, were as finished as if they had been penned. They were stately, flowing, and harmonious, kept up throughout to the same level, and set off by a fine voice and a dignified bearing. But it must be confessed that there is a large measure of truth in the criticism that he spoke 'a state-paper style.' Though the language is sonorous, pure, and perspicuous, and though it perfectly defines the ideas he intended to convey, it is wanting in fire, and those peculiar felicities which arrest attention, and call forth admiration. In our opinion he was greater as a minister than as an orator if his speeches are to be judged as literary compositions, and not solely for their adaptation to a temporary purpose, which they most effectually served. His father was less equal, and his manner indeed entirely different from that of his son, but in the energy and picturesqueness of his brightest flashes Lord Chatham was as superior to Mr. Pitt as Mr. Pitt was superior to Lord

Lord Chatham in argument and the knowledge of politics and finance.

Sheridan as an orator was very inferior to the persons with whom his name is usually associated. His taste was radically vicious. His favourite sentiments were claptrap, his favourite phraseology tinsel. The florid rhetoric, the apostrophes, and the invocations which imposed upon his listeners appear now to be only fit to be addressed to the galleries by some hero of a melodrama. Burke said of his speech on the Begums in Westminster Hall, at the impeachment of Warren Hastings, 'That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either.' Moore had the short-hand writer's report, and though his own taste at that time was sufficiently oriental, he pronounced it to 'be trashy bombast.' There is occasionally in Sheridan a fine image or a splendid sentence, but his most highly wrought passages belong in general to the class of the false sublime. Such as he was, however, he became entirely by unremitting exertion. He never, Moore says, made a speech of any moment of which a sketch was not found in his papers, with the showy parts written two or three times over. The minutest points had been carefully considered, and he marked the precise place in which what he meant to seem the involuntary exclamation 'Good God, Mr. Speaker,' was to be introduced. This preparation he continued to the last. He never, in truth, acquired readiness by practice. Both Sir Samuel Romilly and Dugald Stewart said that his transitions from his learnt declamation to his extempore statements were perceptible to everybody. From his inability to keep for an instant on the wing there was no gradation, and he suddenly dropped from tropes and rhetoric into a style that was singularly bald and lax. His wit, which was his chief excellence, was equally known to have been studied in the closet even before Moore printed from his papers the several forms through which many of his sarcastic pleasantries had passed from their first germ to the last edition which he produced in public. Pitt in replying to him spoke of his 'hoarded repartees and matured jests.' Every person who has been upon the stage remains more or less an actor when he is off it. Sheridan, the son of a player, and himself a dramatist and the manager of a theatre, had contracted this habit, and carried to chicanery his vain attempts to conceal his laboured preparation. In one of his speeches on the trial of Warren Hastings, when Mr. M. A. Taylor, who was to read the minutes referred to in the argument, asked him for the papers, he said he had omitted to bring them. 'But he would abuse Ned Law, ridicule Plumer's long orations, make the court laugh, please the women, and get triumphantly through the whole.'

whole.' The Lord Chancellor, as he proceeded, insisted that the minutes should be read. A general cry of inquiry was raised for Mr. Sheridan's bag. Fox, alarmed lest the want of it should be the ruin of the speech, eagerly demanded of Mr. Taylor the cause of the mistake, and Taylor whispered to him, 'The man has no bag.' The whole scene according to Moore was a contrivance of Sheridan to raise surprise at the readiness of his resources, notwithstanding that he had shut himself up at Wanstead to elaborate this very oration, and wrote and read so hard that he complained at evenings that he had motes before his eyes. The fate which attended the attempt was just what might have been foreseen. The man who could feel it necessary upon such a point to contrive an elaborate piece of dramatic deception could never personate his part with sufficient perfection to deceive.

Sir James Mackintosh remarked 'that the true light in which to consider speaking in the House of Commons was as an animated conversation on public business, and that it was rare for any speech to succeed which was raised on any other basis.' Canning joined in this opinion. He said that the House was a business assembly, and that the debates must conform to its predominant character; that it was particularly jealous of ornament and declamation, and that if they were employed at all they must seem to spring naturally out of the subject. This preponderance of the business element had been of gradual growth. In the time of Lord Chatham the discussions turned much upon personalities and abstract sentiments, and were compared by Burke to the loose discussions of a vestry meeting or a debating-club. A more extensive knowledge of the minutiae of a question was required during the reign of Pitt and Fox, but far less than was demanded in the time of Canning and Brougham. Canning is an evidence that wit and eloquence may find a full exercise in the exposition of facts, and in reasoning upon details, as well as in vague and superficial generalities. His style was lighter than that of Pitt and his language more elegant, disclosing in its greater felicity his more intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature. His graceful composition would have enlivened any topic even if his satirical pleasantry had been less bright and abundant. The point in which he fell below the highest orators was in his declamatory passages, which are somewhat deficient in that robustness and power, that grandeur and magnificence which thrill through the mind. The effect of his speaking was even diminished by the excess to which he carried his painstaking, by the evident elaboration of every word he uttered, by the over-fastidiousness which prevented his forgetting in his subject his

care for the garb in which he clothed it. He needed a little more of that last art by which art is concealed ; but what intense application did not enable him to reach would certainly not have been gained through indolence, except by the sacrifice of all the merits which have rendered him famous.

Lord Brougham, who comes next in this line of illustrious orators, whom we have named in a chronological series, has, like Cicero, discoursed largely upon his art ; and not Cicero himself has insisted more strenuously upon the absolute necessity of incessant study of the best models, and the diligent use of the pen. His speeches, a selection from which, in two volumes, has been recently published, are an evidence that he has done both in his own person. His familiarity with Demosthenes is attested by his imitation of some of his noblest passages ; and he is generally understood to have written several of his celebrated perorations again and again. No man has spoken more frequently offhand, or has had a more inexhaustible supply of language, knowledge, and sarcasm at command. He, if any one, might have been supposed capable of dispensing with the preparation he has practised and enforced ; and we could desire no stronger illustration of the eternal truth, that excellence and labour are never disjoined. In the speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Canning we seek in vain for specimens of oratory which, when separated from the context, would give an adequate idea of their powers, and do justice to their renown. Their most perfect pages would disappoint those whose opinion of their genius is chiefly derived from traditionary fame. In the case of Lord Brougham, the best panegyric of his highest eloquence is to transcribe it. It is thus that he winds up his speech on Law Reform in 1828 :—

‘ You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast, “ I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand ! ” You have vanquished him in the field ; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace ! Outstrip him as a lawgiver whom in arms you overcame ! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign’s boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap ; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter ; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor ; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence ! ’

Nobody

Nobody needs to be told that this conclusion must have been laboured in advance, because it is not within the compass of human intellect to have sustained the antithesis in language so felicitous and condensed by any extempore effort. An ordinary speaker may approach the greatest in his middle strain. The test of genius is in flights like this, which, as with the fine parts of Milton, soar to a height that lesser masters cannot approach. To an example of a prepared peroration we add one which must have been inspired at the moment, since it was in answer to an argument used in the course of the debate, and which was hardly of a nature to have been foreseen. The subject was the Eastern Slave Trade, and the date of the discussion was 1838 :—

‘But I am told to be of good courage, and not to despond. I am bid to look at the influence of public opinion—the watchfulness of the press—the unceasing efforts of all the societies—the jealous vigilance of Parliament. Trust, say the friends of this abominable measure, trust to the force which gained the former triumph. Expect some Clarkson to arise, mighty in the powers of persevering philanthropy, with the piety of a saint, and the courage of a martyr—hope for some second Wilberforce who shall cast away all ambition but that of doing good, scorn all power but that of relieving his fellow-creatures, and reserving for mankind what others give up to party; know no vocation but that blessed work of furthering justice and freeing the slave—reckon upon once more seeing a government like that of 1806—alas, how different from any we now witness!—formed of men who deemed no work of humanity below their care or alien to their nature, and resolved to fulfil their high destiny, beard the Court, confront the Peers, contemn the Planters, and in despite of planter and peer and prince, crush the foreign traffic with one hand, while they gave up the staff of power with the other, rather than be patrons of intolerance at home. I make for answer, If it please you—No. I will not suffer the upstart to be transplanted on the chance of its not thriving in an ungenial soil, and in the hope that, after it shall be found to blight with death all beneath its shade, my arm may be found strong enough to wield the axe which shall lay it low.’

Cicero says that, as a boat, when the rowers rest upon their oars, continues to move by the previous impulse in the same direction, so in a speech which has been in part composed, the extemporaneous portion proceeds in the same strain from the influence of the high-wrought declamation which has gone before. This extract from Lord Brougham is both an example of the truth of Cicero’s observation, and of the pitch to which unprepared eloquence may rise. Marvellous under any circumstances, it would be absolutely miraculous if extraordinary industry did not conspire with extraordinary talent to produce the result. Orators are not made by the talk of the nurse, and it would indeed be

strange if passages which are surpassed by nothing in the English language could have been conceived without the study and practice of that composition of which they are such noble specimens.

Lord Brougham states, in his 'Discourse on Natural Theology,' that though the body begins to decline after thirty, the mind improves rapidly from thirty to fifty, and suffers no decay till past seventy in the generality of men, while in some it continues unimpaired till eighty or ninety. Of such persons there have been more than an ordinary number in the present day; and Lord Brougham, who himself is one of them, may thus be said to have flourished in two generations. Of the speakers who belong exclusively to a later period than that of Canning we shall not touch here; but we venture to express our belief that, when the circumstances which have formed Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone are known, it will be found that these two orators, confessedly without a rival among the men of their own standing, have attained to excellence by the same methods as their predecessors. If they have not surpassed their forerunners by doing without effort what their precursors could only effect with diligence, as little can we admit that they fall behind them. Persons who have been thrilled and charmed by their oratory, and who are loud in its praise, yet share the notion, which is founded upon nothing, that the exhibitions of Pitt and Fox were finer still. Burke, in conformity with this hereditary delusion, spoke of that very age as of an age of mediocrity; we speak of it as of an age of giants. Every era is thus unduly depressed while it is passing, and is sometimes unduly elevated when it is past. Nearly all mankind, in this respect, adopt the language of Nestor, or even believe, with the old count in 'Gil Blas,' that the peaches were much larger in their youth. But let those who are not imposed on by names read a speech or two of Pitt and Fox, and, when fresh from the task, listen to an oration, upon an equal occasion, of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, or of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and they will, we are confident, be ready to confess that eloquence in England is not yet upon the decline. The real improvement required is that the men who have entirely neglected the art should endeavour to repair a deficiency which deprives their knowledge of its utility by destroying its charm.

- ART. VII.—1. *Rough Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By Lieutenant J. J. McLeod Innes, Bengal Engineers. Calcutta. 1857.
2. *Letter containing Extracts from a Journal kept by Mrs. Inglis during the Siege of Lucknow.* London (printed for private circulation only). 1858.
3. *Private Copy of Letters received Thursday 28th of January from Lieutenant John Farquhar, 7th Bengal Light Cavalry.*
4. *Letters from Lucknow and Cawnpore, 1857.* (For private circulation only.) Greenwich. 1858.
5. *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell.* By L. E. Ruutz Rees, one of the surviving Defenders. 3rd Edition. London. 1858.
6. *The Defence of Lucknow: a Diary from 30th May to 25th September, 1857.* By a Staff-Officer. London. 1858.
7. *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By Captain R. P. Anderson, 25th Native Infantry. London. 1858.
8. *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow, written for the Perusal of Friends at Home.* London, 1858.

OF the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow which have already familiarised the people of this country with that remarkable event, there are some which are obviously out of the range of literary criticism. These are private letters and journals printed by the families of the writers to save the trouble of frequent transcriptions. The most interesting of these documents is naturally the journal of Lady Inglis, whose husband held an important command from the beginning of the transactions and succeeded to the whole responsibility of the defence on the death of Major Banks on the 21st of July. His despatch of the 26th of September to the Government at Calcutta has taken its place among our best specimens of precise and dignified military composition. Her narrative is that of a high-hearted English lady testifying throughout the unselfish spirit which made her, at the last, refuse the use of the litter prepared to carry her from her place of trial, and walk forth with those whose sufferings she had shared and whose sorrows she had lightened by her sympathy and her courage. This is now indeed all the more valuable from the loss of papers which Lady Inglis and her fellow-passengers have sustained in the shipwreck of the 'Ava,' that strange appendix to the tale of their calamities. Lieutenant Farquhar's letters are those of a young soldier who thinks no more of swallowing a bullet than he would of being peppered in a battue, and whose cheerful manliness is combined with sensible observation; while Major Lowe writes like a man who, regardless of

his own hardships, can feel deeply the miseries he graphically describes. The characteristics of the Staff-officer's diary are clear arrangement and impressive accuracy: he so entirely omits all allusion to his own part in the defence that it is difficult even for those who shared the dangers to trace his identity, and he has thus produced a valuable record of facts without offending against the strictest maxims of military reserve.* Mr. Rees, the author of the *Personal Narrative*, is a native of Spire, in Rhenish Bavaria, and the nephew of the late Professor of the same name at the Calcutta College and Superintendent of the Observatory. He left Germany at the age of fifteen, and was attached for several years to the Martinière College at Lucknow. The scenes, therefore, of the events in which he was destined to bear part had been long familiar to him, and the idiomatic language of the book can only have been acquired by a similar intimacy with Anglo-Indian life. He is from these circumstances enabled to write on the subject with a well informed impartiality which it would be difficult for an Englishman either new to the country or long habituated to the professional and social peculiarities of the British community to attain. The *Lady's Diary*, which is the production of the wife of the assistant-chaplain, is the true woman's story of that perilous and mournful time. The book is equally remarkable for its representation of calm courage in the midst of fearful dangers, of meek resignation in the midst of the extremest mental and physical trials, and of unshaking confidence in Providence in the midst of events which might have led persons less pious to think themselves forsaken. Scenes so abounding in all which affects the deepest feelings of the heart needed no artificial embellishment, and such is the power of simplicity and truth that few could read this pathetic little volume with dry eyes.

It is beside our object to inquire whether it was necessary or judicious to include the names of the Governor-General and the Governors of the other Presidencies in the Votes of Thanks proposed in Parliament to the military commanders in the successful enterprises of which the defence of Lucknow forms so large a part. But it was assuredly unfortunate that on such an occasion there should have arisen any doubt or discussion, and that the whole attention and sympathy of both Houses should not have been concentrated on the deeds and sufferings of these heroic men. If parliamentary eloquence is ever to be displayed, never of late years has a more becoming occasion arisen for its exercise. The strange seclusion of the beleaguered garrison for near four months, as entirely from their

* Major Wilson, of the 13th Native Infantry, has the credit of this excellent little work.

countrymen thirty miles apart as from their country, thousands of miles away—the yearning interest of the whole population of these realms towards that little band battling, as it were, on a solitary raft against an ocean of insurgent waves—the daily combat and the nightly vigil of above an hundred days and nights—the baffled hope of Havelock's first advance, and the cruel voices which were at once rumours of the fate of many best-beloved by those to whom they were addressed, and menaces of their own—the partial relief afforded by the force that made its way through a very strait of fire—and the final achievement of unerring strategy combined with the daring that distinguished the Lieutenant Campbell of St. Sebastian in the great war which is now long gone by—surely these were topics worthy to have suspended for one night the squabbles of party politics, and to have raised the mind and heart of the British Senate to a sense of a nation's glory and a nation's gratitude. But it was not so; and it must devolve on the essayist and the historian to bring together the main characteristics of this wonderful episode in our military annals, and to impress it as best they may on the memory of the British people. The pen which has lately vivified the details of the siege of Londonderry would be well employed on the siege of Lucknow, since the presence of Lord Macaulay in the House of Peers was not sufficient to obtain for it its just meed of eloquent commemoration.

It is a circumstance hardly to be accounted for as a coincidence that on the 10th May, the day of the mutiny at Meerut, the 7th Oude Infantry in the cantonments near Lucknow rudely refused to take the greased cartridges, and, when summoned, about 5 o'clock that afternoon, to give up their arms, declined to obey the order. They then left the camp and were pursued by her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, by the 13th, 48th, and 70th Native Infantry, a regiment of Native cavalry, and a troop of Artillery for about 10 miles, when they gave up their arms and several were taken prisoners; the rest were dispersed. On the evening of the 13th the news of the insurrection and massacre at Meerut and Delhi arrived at Lucknow, and Sir H. Lawrence consulted with the civil and military authorities as to the best means of preserving the public peace, of securing the lives and property of the European residents, and of meeting any outbreak that might take place. The European troops were three miles away from the cantonments, which were in the hands of the three Native infantry and one cavalry regiment, so that a revolt of the sepoys at that moment might have been as calamitous at Lucknow as at Delhi; nor did the 32nd march in before the 17th, by which time Colonel Inglis had received a letter from Captain Hayes, the military

tary secretary, informing him that an immediate attack was expected. Under the protection of the cavalry and guns the non-combatants of the garrison were removed to Sir H. Lawrence's house in the cantonments, and thus saved from a repetition of the catastrophes of Delhi and Meerut, while no time was lost in placing the Residency in the city in as strong a state of defence as circumstances permitted, and in collecting within its walls the women, children, and sick,—in fact all the helpless portion of the European and much of the Eurasian (or half-caste) population. The evil spirit had indeed been laid for a short time by the effect of the address of the Chief Commissioner to the native troops. He placed distinctly before their minds the might and resources of England; he told them how 50,000 men had been sent to the Crimea and how twice that number, if necessary, could be despatched to India—he contrasted the certain rewards of fidelity with the certain ultimate failure of treason,—and the impression produced by his earnest words was so great, that, anywhere except in Oude, its results might have been permanent. But the elements of disorder were here too wide and too deep to be thus constrained, and the comparative tranquillity which for a time left open the communications through that country, and the surprise throughout India that the most dangerous of the provinces under British rule had not been one of the first to lead the revolt, remained the sole consequences of his tact and eloquence. Before the 30th May the non-combatants had all been removed from the cantonments, and the evening-gun of that day was the preconcerted signal for the mutiny. The regiments which twenty days before had followed and disarmed their insurgent comrades now broke out with the same bloodthirsty ferocity which has stultified all previous estimates of the native character and clouded the hopes of the civilisation of a hundred years. They burnt whatever they could not plunder and murdered every officer they could find. Lieutenant Grant was dragged out to death from under a cot where a faithful soubahdar had concealed him, and Cornet Raleigh, who had joined his regiment three days before and had been left in his sick-bed by his soldiers, was hacked to pieces by them in their retreat. But after all this violence they seemed unprepared for any organised attack: 300 men of her Majesty's 32nd Foot, with some guns, kept the whole force at bay. Sir Henry cut off the communications with the city, and Lieutenant Hardinge patrolled the cantonments with some few sowers of the Irregular Cavalry under the very fire of the mutineers. Remnants of the 13th and 71st joined the British, and the chief body of the rebels was pursued the next day by this force and part of the 7th Cavalry, with considerable effect.

Some

Some sixty prisoners were taken and tried, together with other persons suspected of a share in the mutiny—Sir Henry remitting the sentences of many, with what the Europeans thought a mistaken clemency.

We well remember the gratification with which the repression of this act of mutiny was received both throughout India and at home. The simultaneous success of Sir John Lawrence in disarming the Sepoy regiments, and in turning to our advantage the ancestral feud between the Punjaubees and the inhabitants of Hindostan, seemed almost a guarantee for the triumph of Sir Henry, so that the brothers stood forth in public esteem as the Dioscuri of the troubled darkness of the Indian world. It seemed that, difficult as was the position of Oude, Sir Henry's firmness and ability had arrested the rebellious spirit, and that the proximate capture of Delhi would speedily terminate the mutiny, confirm the tranquillity of Central India, and consolidate in the surest manner the British occupation of Oude. But Sir Henry Lawrence knew otherwise. We should have placed the late Sir William Sleeman's '*Journey through the Kingdom of Oude*' at the head of this article had it not deserved a full and separate consideration, and we now only refer to it as showing what must inevitably have been the condition, feelings, and opinions of the people of Oude, and especially of the inhabitants of Lucknow, at the time when Lawrence and his fellow-countrymen had to maintain the authority and power of England against an armed population. Not only was Oude the nursery of soldiers for the Company's army, but it was the habit of the capital for every man engaged in the ordinary business of life to wear his tulwar or short bent sword, and the poorest idler in the streets swaggered along with his shield of buffalo-hide and matchlock or pistols. Since the assumption of British authority no attempt had been made to disarm any portion of the inhabitants, or to intimidate them by the presence of any adequate European force. The city itself was thronged with the disbanded minions and discharged servitors of a most dissolute court, now left without character and often without subsistence. The compensations and gratuities allotted to the more honest officials were necessarily but a poor pittance; and the whole commercial class were far more inclined to regret the lost opportunities of extravagance and abuse than to look forward with hope to the gradual development of prosperity under an alien rule. Throughout the country the dissatisfaction with our government may be measured as well by the violences we ourselves were compelled to commit as by those we were attempting to remedy. The cruelty which had become the customary mode of collecting revenue and was at the same time the

the gratification of a diabolical appetite indicated the ferocity with which any endeavour to check its exercise and appropriate its fruits must naturally be resisted. Supported, even in 1849, by about 250 forts or strongholds, mounted with near 500 pieces of cannon, the landholders of Oude were not likely to submit with good-humour to a territorial settlement which openly professed only to deal with the actual occupants of the soil, and 'conveniently consider at a future period' (that was the phrase) 'the claims, if tenable claims exist,' of the *talookdars* or feudatory chiefs, who held under the Mahomedan sovereigns an analogous position to that of the barons of England under the early Norman kings. Nor were the peasantry likely to appreciate the transference of authority to juster and milder hands so keenly as to compensate for all the animosity it excited. Guile and fraud were the instruments with which they had been in the habit of encountering oppression and brutality, and no doubt with considerable success; torture and death were on the die, but they took the chances; for on the other side were long immunity from taxation, and, in bad seasons, the accepted plea of inability to pay. The Hindoo cultivator is as little provident as the Irish peasant or the Sheffield artisan; when prosperous, he gives dowers to his children and fees to his Brahmin, and has, therefore, nothing in worse times to meet the inexorable uniformity of the British fiscal system. While under the lash of the Rajpoot tyrant, he fled for refuge and sympathy to British power whenever it was near; but, when the new dominion came, it was none the more welcome, and it was the 'raj' of the Feringhee besides. No wonder then that Sir Henry Lawrence, to whom these were the patent conditions of his government in Oude, should have thought no precaution superfluous and no danger improbable.

The total abandonment of the position, and a retreat upon the line of communication between Calcutta and the North-West Province, must have frequently come before him as a terrible possibility. Nor was he a man who would have shrunk from any temporary consequences to his own reputation if it had seemed to him right so to act. But the evacuation to have been effective must have been complete—not a non-combatant, not a gun must have been left behind, and these must have been conducted through all the discouragements and difficulties of a retreat which would not have been the relinquishment of a town but the surrender of a country. If we can imagine the whole of the Lucknow garrison transported to Cawnpore before the 3rd of May, we have a vision of Wheeler relieved, of those hideous chapters of the book of Fate unwritten, of those agonies and those treacheries unenacted; but against this we have to set the picture of

of the whole of the province of Oude triumphant with unresisted rebellion, and of all the storms, which spent their rage in vain for four months against the garrison of Lucknow, gathered and bursting with tenfold energy on every other ill-defended repository of British power, and offering a front and mass of insurrectionary force which would have precipitated events that afterwards were spread over a considerable lapse of time and have concentrated in the earlier periods of the revolt those dangers which, though delayed and dispersed, we have only at last overcome at so terrible a cost of blood and treasure.

The strength too of the position which he held, and had good hope to hold till relief might arrive even from England, must have occupied no unimportant place in Sir Henry's calculations. About three quarters of a mile from the Residency stood the Muchee Bhawn, a castellated edifice apparently of considerable strength, commanding the iron and stone bridges over the Gomtee, and regarded by the people with much respect from having been the castle of the ancient Sheiks, who held it in defiance of the Viceroy of the Great Mogul. Its capture by the Viceroy Asoph ood Dowlah had been the cause of the change of the seat of Government from Fyzabad to what was then the village of Lucknow. It had been purchased by Sir H. Lawrence, and more labour and care were perhaps spent upon it than the old walls really deserved. At this crisis, however, the position was most useful in overawing the town, and its possession was in itself, from historical associations, a pledge of power. But it is not quite clear why so many stores were accumulated there instead of in the Residency, which in case of extremity must necessarily have become the centre of defence, and which Sir Henry was in fact at the same time gradually transforming into a most formidable fortress. The clear soldierly account of Lieutenant Innes has been transferred to other narratives and enables the reader to understand by what process of skill and toil a number of detached houses standing in gardens, public edifices, outhouses, and casual buildings were, as it were, netted together and welded by ditches, parapets, stockades, and batteries, into one consentaneous whole of resistance. Certain hostile positions were indeed left undestroyed, from which the enemy were afterwards enabled to inflict great damage on the defenders, but it may be well presumed that this was one of the many fatal consequences of the uncalculated disaster of the 30th of June. There must indeed have been an ulterior intention of a far larger system of defences than the limited command of time and labour enabled the British forces to execute, and which would have comprehended in one plan both the Residency and the Muchee Bhawn

Bhawn in safe and free communication with each other. As it turned out, it was most unfortunate that the whole scheme of the defence should not have been confined to the Residency, leaving the occupation of the Muchee Bhawn as a feint to deceive and distract our opponents.

The month of June was spent in painful expectation; through the greater part of it the labourers worked on readily and cheerfully, but the general aspect* of the town was surly and suspicious. The native police were suspected of taking part in crimes of violence, seditious placards were openly exhibited, dolls dressed like British children were carried about the streets and their heads struck off. Every day brought the rumour, and many, the certainty, of some fresh calamity. From the 5th the treason of the Nana and the soldiery at Cawnpore, and the dreadful position of Sir H. Wheeler were known; then came his prayers for the succour which they had not to grant; then the miserable story of his surrender. From the massacre of Seetapore some thirty fugitive officers and ladies were rescued by a body of volunteer cavalry. Mrs. Dorin was brought in later, after incredible sufferings, only to fall one of the victims of the siege; and Mr. Birch escaped from the same slaughter to be shot in September by mistake through one of our own loopholes. Mr. Graham, one of the officers saved from Secora, went mad and killed himself the day after his wife's confinement. Of a party sent out to reconnoitre the state of the country all were destroyed except Lieutenant Boulton, who, pursued by seven of his own soldiers, and wounded in the wrist, preserved his life by a tremendous leap over a broad ditch, and turning the enemy's camp, reached Cawnpore—he also only to perish amid the horrors of that Aceldama.

The ship foundering in port, after having successfully traversed the perils of a tempestuous voyage, has always been the most pathetic of images, but what can we say of such examples as these, of brave men and tender women enduring a succession of physical and moral tortures, to reach at last a consummation of cruel death for themselves and the objects of their closest affections? What of the tragedy of Sir Mountstuart Jackson and his companions escaping from Seetapore with every hardship, protected for a time by a friendly Rajah, then dragged to Lucknow and imprisoned in a palace in the very sight of their besieged countrymen, and after months of suspense murdered, as it were, in revenge for the success of British arms? Lieutenant Burnes might have escaped alone if he would have abandoned an orphan girl entrusted to his care, but whose life all his devotion did not avail to save, although the ladies of the party were rescued

rescued by Maun Singh, and are now believed to be secure from further violence.

The Europeans were now fully aware that they must very soon meet face to face the revolted force daily recruited by fresh mutinies; one day it was expected in the direction of Cawnpore, another in that of Fyzabad. At last, on the 29th, Captain Forbes, who had been sent out to reconnoitre with the Sikh cavalry, reported that the enemy were at Chinhut, only nine miles from Lucknow: all the troops were withdrawn from the cantonments in the evening, and at three the next morning orders were given for the whole available force, under 600 men, to go out to meet them. We know the disastrous issue of that event, but little of the circumstances that induced Sir H. Lawrence to run the risk of it. Mr. Rees mentions a report widely circulated, and generally believed, that Brigadier Inglis strongly opposed the movement at the council which decided it, but that his opinion was overruled. We once heard a distinguished commander, who knew the two brothers well, remark, 'that Henry Lawrence was an admirable man, but John was the soldier'—John being a civilian—and it is possible that the higher prudence of Sir John might have anticipated the very great hazard of meeting an enemy of whose numbers he was uncertain, with a force on whose fidelity he could not rely. As it was, the British were both outnumbered and betrayed. At the first shot the whole of the police-force went over and commenced firing against them; the native gunners cut the traces of the Artillery horses, and escaped; the Sikh cavalry were panic-struck and fled. The enemy's horse was commanded by some European in undress uniform and handled with great ability. We are glad that Mr. Rees has, in his later editions, confined his conjectures to the probability of this renegade being a Russian, and omitted the suggestion that the rebel artillery was directed by English officers, whose infamy, even if they are dead, should not be pronounced without the clearest evidence. Among the greatest of the material losses of the day was an 8-inch howitzer which had been found in the town a few days before and in which the garrison trusted as a great arm of defence, little foreseeing that from it would be fired the fatal shell which was destined to cut short the life of that noble old man, whose presence hitherto had been ever looked upon as a Providence, and whose reproach after the calamity of this day was confined to his own compassionate heart, which burst forth at the close of it amid the carnage of his retreating troops in the exclamation, 'My God! and I brought them to this.'

The same singular inability to take advantage of any temporary success,

success, which the rebels have exhibited on other occasions during this war, limited the consequences of this disaster. Although the tremendous fire which was then opened on the Residency all but succeeded in preventing the signal being given to abandon and destroy the fort of Muchee Bhawn, its evacuation was effected without the loss of a single life, and with the preservation of its guns and treasure. The arrangements for posting and stationing this additional force were the last Sir Henry Lawrence personally superintended. He was wounded that evening, and died on the 4th of July. In the confusion incident to the first days of an unexpected siege this misfortune was easily concealed; the stern necessity of the hour spared no man to pay military honours to the illustrious dead: he was buried, with a hurried prayer, in the company of the humble comrades who fell about the same time; and so unwilling were the besieged to realise their loss, that, for days after, it was rumoured that he was recovering. The announcement of this catastrophe at home opened the eyes of the English people to the danger of Lucknow, and awoke that interest in its fortunes which has never ceased to this moment, when the British and Indian Governments have combined to show the only respect that was possible to the name of Sir Henry Lawrence by continuing his title to his son and family. The portrait prefixed to Mr. Rees's volume is a welcome addition to the gallery of the military worthies of England.

The personal adventures we have already mentioned will be but a small instalment of those which will interest, not perhaps the public which, in these active times, must forget in order to live on, but numerous circles of friends, each of which will have its hero and its history. There can be no monopoly of merit or of fame in a conflict in which there was no scope for large or continuous military operations, and in which the presiding genius of the defence, Captain Fulton, could only employ himself in repairing the damage of the hour, and in so directing his means of resistance as to weaken the enemy's position of aggression. The affair of Chinhut had rapidly closed the circuit of defence, and rendered its extension impossible, although some houses were left undestroyed which actually commanded the garrison, and from which incessant missiles of death were directed. It was attempted, and in some cases successfully, to undermine and blow up these accidental fortresses; while, on the part of the enemy, mines were skilfully driven under the walls and stockades, and more than once exploded within the barriers, compelling the besieged to make a rampart of their own bodies till the material protection could be repaired. The skill of Captain Fulton in detecting these covert attacks had something

something intuitive about it; it seemed to others that he could hear the subterranean working, where they could not catch a sound; and his success in countermining the galleries, and sometimes destroying large bodies of men in the midst of their work, confirmed this belief. Indefatigable and amiable, as he was intelligent, the loss of this officer by a cannon-ball, ten days before the rescue by Havelock, is another instance of the strange destiny which, in this campaign, has cut off so many in the sight of victory and safety.

In the earlier part of the siege provisions were plentiful and various, the casualties not very numerous, and the spirit of the garrison kept high by the sense of individual responsibility and the variety of personal adventure. The novel situation of the greater part of the volunteers was, perhaps, more diverting to the regular soldiers than to themselves; but the impression produced on Mr. Rees was, that courage is natural to every man, if he has only the opportunity of trying it, and whatever faint-heartedness there was only showed itself in the desponding view that some took of their ultimate fate. The ladies began by keeping watch in turn, 'being very nervous, and expecting some dreadful catastrophe to happen;' but they soon got braver, and 'voted there was no necessity for any one to keep awake' who had not some one to watch over. It was, perhaps, an advantage that the knowledge of the treachery of which the garrison at Cawnpore were the victims foreclosed every notion of surrender. There the hastily-fortified barracks had not deserved the name of entrenchments; and when some perishing hand wrote on those crumbling walls these words of fire, 'This is worse than the siege of Jerusalem! My God! my God! wilt thou deliver us!' it was, amid a moral atmosphere of despair from which, at the very worst, the garrison of Lucknow were preserved. Yet the casualties at first were, perhaps, more cruel than afterwards. The danger of certain posts was only known by the loss of life. Besides Sir H. Lawrence, a young lady was shot in the Residency itself, and the chaplain was severely wounded in the hospital. The fierce sun and drenching showers under which the men watched and worked, made them ill able to withstand the cholera and small-pox which, towards the middle of June, began to rage, and soon extended to the women and children. Lady Inglis was attacked, and happily recovered, though even the comparative comfort of her position did not permit her to occupy an apartment alone. The children were easy victims. The food that was sufficient to sustain life in healthy and vigorous subjects could not do the same for the infantine and weakly. There was hardly a day without a child's death, often, indeed, occurring from the careless familiarity

familiarity with which they exposed themselves to danger, playing with the bullets as with marbles, laughingly dropping them when too hot to hold, and driven back with good-humoured force from the perilous positions into which they loved to run. A boy is described on the 27th of May as 'the image of Murillo's John the Baptist'; on the 2nd of August he was 'a little old man.' Here was Mr. Lawrence, watching by the death-bed of his darling convulsed with terror at a nine springing close to him; there an old merchant (notorious for his selfish greed) dragging himself, when weak with sickness, from under cover, to get fire-wood to cook his children's food, and shot down in the attempt; there a hard-tempered officer daily guarding a little cup of milk with a jealous care that was not satisfied till he had himself placed it to his infant's lips—and all in vain!

The escapes were literally hair-breadth: a cotton pillow was cut to pieces under a drummer's head, leaving him unhurt; a piece of a fuze was found sticking in Major Lowe's whisker, while the shell spread destruction around. Mr. Capper was caught by the neck between a falling beam and the verandah floor, and he was extricated after an hour's labour of men lying flat on their stomachs to avoid a rain of musketry, and working with both hands. On the other hand the accidents were as strange: a sergeant, with five medals on him, was killed by a bullet passing through a box which should have been full of earth, but where the careless workman had left out a shovelful. Of three fellows thrown up in the air by the explosion of a mine, two lighted unhurt in the rubbish and one was pitched over the ramparts into the midst of the enemy who beheaded him. During the rescue by Havellock, a Highlander, who had fired off his rifle, saved himself from the uplifted sabre of a trooper by putting his pipes to his mouth, and sending forth such a screech that the foe bolted off as if shot,—an anecdote which may serve as the foundation of the legend of 'Jessie Cameron' and Mr. Goodall's popular picture.

The condition of the atmosphere soon began to be the most constant and odious source of distress; the dead could not be put by; the disgusting task of burying the bodies of men and animals might be diligently executed, but in that narrow space the work could not be effectually done: so tainted was the whole air that complete recovery from wounds or sickness was next to impossible and amputation was certain death. A plague of flies was generated by this universal corruption, which the poor lads who had been pupils of the Martinière College were incessantly occupied in trying to brush away, yet which seemed to increase by destruction. The rats and mice ran over the invalids whenever left untended. But these and similar miseries are the common incidents

incidents of war, and must not be classed with the circumstances which give to this event its historical peculiarity and significance. These indeed mainly depend on the singular relation between the besiegers and the besieged. Numerous letters from the camp before Delhi in the earlier periods of the outbreak describe the sense of an almost unnatural conflict produced on the army by seeing the enemy issue from the town in British uniforms, with their bands playing the old familiar tunes, 'The British Grenadiers,' 'The girl I left behind me,' even 'God save the Queen,' and the honoured colours of the regiments waving side by side with the green standard of civil revolt and religious hate, and the English words of command and well-known bugle-signals used for the purpose of their own destruction. It was an experience of what, thank God! has been long unknown to British troops, of the sentiments and passions of civil war, of that form of hostility in which personal take the place of national feelings—in which the excitement and, so to say, the pleasure of individual combat is substituted for the motives of military honour and patriotic duty. But if this was the case where the contact was only occasional—in the sortie, or the attack, or the felon's punishment—what must it have been at Lucknow, where it was incessant for months together? Since the days of Ariosto's heroes there has never been such a combination of words and blows. The enemy were the very newsmongers of the garrison; each fresh disaster to European power was triumphantly heralded to the anxious ears of the besieged. After Havelock's first advance, when every heart was on the acme of expectation, and shouts of delight had answered the booming of the distant guns, up ran the malicious foes—'So you think the reinforcements have come, do you? so they have, and we have beaten them off, and we have crowned our King.' Again the combatants are so near that there is no difficulty in recognising faces; the son of a native Christian is recognised amongst the defenders, and a rebel finds shelter in a hut not five yards from the post he is guarding: 'Come over to us and leave the cursed Feringhees, whose mothers and sisters we have defiled, and all of whom we shall kill in a day or two.' 'Am I going to be unfaithful to my salt, like you, you son of a dog? take that,' and off goes his gun. 'Wait a moment,' cries the other, 'and we shall be over the wall.' 'Come along, my bayonet is ready to catch you,' and so on, till the dialogue is lost in a volley of oaths and musketry from the comrades who on each side have joined the disputants. Mr. Rees's French friend Duprat became an object of especial detestation from the reckless courage he displayed, and perhaps, too, from the knowledge on the part of the Scpoys that

that he was no sincere partisan of the rule which he was defending: it may have been no secret among them that overtures had been made to him by the Nana, through his agent Azimoolah (so well known in London society), and declined rather on a point of honour than from any interest in the British cause or even from any confidence in its success. 'Cursed dog of an infidel,' they cried whenever they saw him, 'we'll have you yet; we know you—we'll kill you.' Duprat loved to provoke these attacks by abusing the enemy in broken Hindostanee, exposing himself with the strong self-confidence which many men either possess or assume in circumstances of the greatest danger, but which in his case was sadly falsified, for he died from a wound in the face after a month of great suffering.

Another special feature of this siege was the impossibility of reducing the number of the assailants, either by repeated attacks or continuous resistance. The superiority of our rifle-practice was clear from the first, and our artillery was worked with a care and ability which could not be exceeded. Not only were the positions continually changed, so as to bring the guns to bear on the points where the masses of the enemy were greatest and their means of offence most dangerous, but we actually discovered what edifices were the seat of the provisional government, and even where the military councils were held, and often disturbed them by the arrival of a well-aimed shell or two. The six regiments of cavalry and nineteen of infantry give no estimate of the beleaguering force; at least three-fourths of the inhabitants of the town itself had the habit of arms, and the number of Zemindaree troops was only limited by the means of subsistence, which were abundant. The gratification, therefore, which Mr. Rees tells us was frequently all they had—viz., to kill as many as possible before they were killed themselves—was no great consolation to the reflecting mind. The only impression which European courage could produce was to check the more furious assaults, such as that of the 20th of July, and to confine the swarming hordes to the effect of their more distant projectiles. Here, indeed, our great protection was in the absence of combination and generalship in the masses of the enemy. Separate attacks were skilfully organised, separate batteries were effectively placed, individual courage was not wanting, but there was no master-mind and no all-directing hand. The commander-in-chief—a brother-in-law of the ex-king—exercised only a nominal authority; the officers were elected by the sepoys, and the commanders by the officers, in the name of a puppet-sovereign. These were successively degraded when unsuccessful, and not unfrequently shot by their own soldiers. Thus discipline was null,
and

and organisation impossible. But had this well-armed multitude been simultaneously and scientifically brought against the scantily-protected and over-tasked garrison, destruction was inevitable. As it was, the scaling-ladders frequently were forgotten when most wanted, the mines often ran short of their object and wrong in the direction of their craters, and the communications with the forces that were attempting to relieve the besieged were not always intercepted.

As the siege wore on, the monotony of suffering and the continual presence of death could not but produce some of the demoralising effects which have ever attended on similar circumstances, and have never been better described than by the historian of the Plague of Athens. The excitement went down ; the jest was rarer ; horrible forebodings of the possible issue of the struggle were conjectured and whispered ; the women, broken-hearted by the loss of child or husband, could not cheer the bed of the sick and wounded, as they were wont to do : yet, notwithstanding all this, there was no falling off in the earnest discharge of every military duty, with diminished numbers and declining strength. The mutilated and the faint dragged themselves over the perilous spaces to their posts ; one broken arm did not prevent the other from levelling the musket ; and, though the reserved scrap of choice food and the hoarded cheroot were followed by many wistful eyes, property was generally respected and subordination preserved. One of the rare exceptions was the pillage of part of the royal jewels, which, when the siege began, were transported to the Residency, and men were pointed at as possessors of great wealth in diamonds, but which they could not exchange for bread.

The contrast between the abundant beauty of the landscape outside after the rains, as it was seen by those who were adventurous enough to mount the exposed roofs to look out in the direction of the long-expected succour, and the unvarying gloom of the fœtid enclosure is said to have been most painful. One day a bright-winged peacock settled on one of the buildings : welcome indeed would have been that taste of fresh food, but the guns aimed at it were lowered with an undefinable sense of humane superstition, and the gay stranger flew safe away. The supply of the bare necessities of life was indeed not so scanty at any time as to make actual hunger one of the prominent miseries, although many ladies wasted away from inability to derive nourishment from such rude means of subsistence. Sometimes meat was more abundant than was required from the casual butchery by the guns of the enemy, the wounded cattle being of necessity at once killed and distributed ; but latterly the rations were so much

reduced that Mr. Rees tells us graphically how glad he was to run off with a bone from a friend's plate, and, at the time of the last relief, a fortnight would have exhausted all the provisions of any kind that were remaining. * The straits of famine were not traversed, but they were long in sight.

Never in military history did a body of men set out on an enterprise with a deeper enthusiasm of patriotic humanity than General Havelock and his followers to the relief of Lucknow. On the 13th of July Havelock had written: 'One of the prayers often repeated throughout my life since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action;' and going back in his mind to his fellows in those distant years—'Norris* must have rejoiced, and so must dear old Julius Hare, if he had survived to see the day.' How modest an estimate of his own worth in the tried and adventurous soldier of forty-two years' standing! how beautiful the memory of the friendship that had stretched over half a century! That battle of Futteli-pore opened the way to the occupation of Cawnpore, and the fate of the helpless prisoners of the Nana seemed to prognosticate the doom of Lucknow. No disparity of force, no disadvantages of the season, no improbability of success, could hold back those chivalrous spirits. Battle after battle was won; the cholera and the sun-stroke slew many survivors of the combat; General Neill denuded his own position at Cawnpore to reinforce his friend. With a prescient mind did Havelock write to his wife on the 9th of August: 'as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy in this crisis. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour: we shall meet in Heaven.' After every effort he had not advanced ten miles on the road to Lucknow, and he must fall back on Cawnpore. The letters of Major Crump, which appeared in the English journals, detail with exactness the desperate struggles and able manœuvres of those days; and now that their writer has bravely fallen in the very hour of the rescue, it is only just to record the earnestness which almost reproves the caution of Havelock's retreat, and desires to have gone on, at all odds, and against every obstacle. But, in truth, the return of the force to Cawnpore saved that place from the troops of the Nana, which

* Sir William Norris, late Chief Justice in Ceylon and Singapore, the author of an affecting poem, 'On the Meeting of Three Schoolfellows and Friends, after a Separation of Forty Years,' written in 1850, when he and Julius Hare—

'welcome back
Dear Havelock from the wars, to rest awhile
In philosophic ease, and reckon o'er,
As in the meditative moods of old,
The perils past in distant barbarous lands.'

were

were gathering about it; and its advance to Lucknow, even if successful, would not have effectually aided the besieged. Except as an instalment of future reinforcements, the addition of a thousand men without provisions, and with no very large guns, would have been an incumbrance and a difficulty to the garrison.

Havelock was now enabled to drive off the traitor's cavalry and to destroy his stronghold of Bithoor; yet when, even after a month's delay, he again marched into Oude, it was with a force which he himself felt hardly adequate to the attempt. 'I will do my best,' he writes, 'but the operation is most delicate, and there is too great a probability of the Residency falling into the hands of the foe before we can relieve it. The wretches will put every one to the sword, and the poor girl Mary (his niece) and her husband are shut up in the place.' The Alumbagh, a strongly-fortified outpost of the besiegers, separated from the town by a canal, was reached and won without any great loss, and became the base of his operations. The bridge over the canal was commanded by a powerful battery, and protected by a large force, which, for some cause not yet explained, it was resolved to encounter and subdue, rather than use the pontoons which they had brought with them and which might have enabled them to cross at some undefended part and perhaps gain the advantages of a surprise. As it was, after all the loss incurred by the capture of the bridge and its forts, they were compelled to leave the direct road, and to consume many valuable hours in reaching the Kaiser Bagh, which might now be regarded as the citadel of the rebels of Lucknow. Nothing but the most undaunted courage would have carried this column of men through the overwhelming numbers and furious slaughter. General Outram, who had ceded to Havelock the chief command, was wounded early in the day, but never got down from his horse. Every wall was loop-holed; and, besides the hosts of Sepoys, a new kind of enemy appeared as reconnoiterers of the march. The King of Oude had in his service a number of women, whom it amused him to arm and discipline, as a kind of guard. When our soldiers first came into contact with these Amazons, they declined to fire at them; but they soon found this courtesy was abused, and thus all who now showed themselves were shot down. The resistance at the Kaiser Bagh was so desperate that it was a question whether it was possible to traverse even the small space that lay between it and the Residency with the diminished and exhausted force; and when it was decided that it would be a still greater peril to leave the night to the enemy, success was only won by a fearful sacrifice of valuable lives—among them that of General Neill, who had actually reached the

entrenchments, but, hearing that some guns were in jeopardy, leaped forward again, was struck, and fell. A sortie was then made from the garrison, some intervening buildings were occupied, and in the last twilight of that 25th of September, Lucknow was relieved.

There were many of these deliverers who had anticipated a very different reception than they found. One of them has described his expectation, by no means extravagant, that the enemy would have shrunk before the overpowering valour of our troops, and that the rescued would have come forth to meet them with radiant faces of joy and gratitude, with waving handkerchiefs, and shouts of ecstasy. He contrasts with this picture that of his real arrival, when, all but overcome with fatigue, rushing forward amid a shower of balls, he was seized by a rough and heavy hand, dragged through a door in a blank wall, and told 'he is in the Residency.' At another part we hear of three Highlanders struggling into a room where some ladies were sitting mute with anxiety, and, as they fell down exhausted, crying, 'God bless you!' The rough soldiers seized the children and kissed them, with tears and exclamations of 'This is better than Cawnpore.' It is but too true that several faithful Sepoys were bayoneted at their guns in the Bailey-Guard Battery by the infuriated soldiers of the 78th, who confounded them with other natives; none of them offered any resistance, and one, whose name should never be forgotten, waved his hand, and, with the words, 'It is all for the good cause; welcome, friend!' expired.

In a certain sense the relieving force was now itself besieged, but the addition was invaluable in the revived spirit of the garrison, and the confirmed fidelity of the Sepoys. It is doubtful whether otherwise the latter could have much longer resisted the prayers and threats of their countrymen. Several had already deserted, as well as some half-castes and native Christians, who had families in the city at the mercy of the rebels. The material advantages also were considerable from the increased amount of available labour and the relief from harassing and continual military duty. There was now sufficient force not only to man effectively the present posts, but to take in more ground and occupy several positions from which the enemy had been able to inflict great damage upon us. In some of the houses thus taken possession of, were found chests of tea and spices, and, what was still more valuable, some of the ground was planted with *gouïan* (sweet-potato) and sugarcane. It was amusing to see how every other kind of pillage was abandoned till these delicacies were exhausted. The wounded, who had been saved from such horrors as befell our poor fellows roasted alive or tortured to death

death at the Mootee Mehal by the 'heathen that delight in cruelty,' and who, at least, might now die tended by friendly hands, occupied much interest and attention; none more than Mr. Thornhill, the husband of General Havelock's 'Mary'—a man of a family distinguished in the Indian service for their high ability and in the insurrection by their courage and misfortunes. As the deliverers approached, he had hastened forward to meet his victorious relative, and on saying, 'Uncle, can I do anything for you?' was answered, 'I have just heard Henry is wounded; can you bring him in?' Thornhill soon found his wounded cousin, and, procuring a *dooley*, had him carried into the entrenchments; but, at the gate, his own arm was shattered by a ball, and, while he was holding it up with the other hand, he was struck again. Captain Henry Havelock recovered to be, too soon, the inheritor of his father's name and honours, but within three weeks Mr. Thornhill shared the fate of all who had to submit to amputation in that pestilential atmosphere.

The offensive operations which General Havelock now found necessary for the purpose of taking in new ground and of preparing for the advance of Sir Colin Campbell, cost many other valuable lives and gravely impaired his own health. His spare and hardy frame had been severely tried during the last four months; his very habits of endurance were telling upon him without his knowledge: though in no sense an old man, he could not undergo the continual exposure and disregard of personal comfort as he used to do, and perhaps the long-delayed prize of military command now brought with it more anxiety than it would have done had he received it in the due order of professional service. Passing his life in a country in which so much of the success of administration has been due to the courageous system of combining responsibility with the energy of youth, even so pious and noble a mind as his must have revolted at the strange exception of his own position, at the impotence and folly that had wasted in subordinate employment the abundance of his military knowledge and the power of his mind and character. It is a poor excuse to say that opportunities were wanting; they ought to have been found for him. His thorough acquaintance with the art of war was generally known, his zeal in his profession had been tested by years of experience and the most varied trials, his character and judgment were unimpeached—and yet this man was allowed to become a veteran before he was entrusted with independent authority. Only in the very crisis of the fate of India, only when the union of the highest spirit with the greatest caution was demanded, only when the most that can be was required.

quired of a commander—was Havelock for the first time weighted with responsibility; and, if that responsibility helped to bear him down, they who might have earlier inured him to the task and diminished his sense of its burden are not without a share in the calamity of his loss.

On the 5th November Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore, and his force, which was comparatively large, was soon assembled at the Alumbagh. Thence, by a circuitous route, he forced his way to the Residency. The merits of this great act of strategy will be duly weighed in military history. Every step had been anticipated, every contingency provided for. Although, from the larger circuit, the troops advanced in many parts without continuously running the gauntlet in the way that Havelock's force had to suffer, yet the separate assaults on the Dilkoosha Palace, the Martinière College, and the Secunderbagh, were enterprises of the boldest daring and the most consummate skill. The resistance was everywhere worthy of a better cause. Fresh from the shambles of Cawnpore, the British troops were maddened with the revenge of men who had seen English-women dying staked down in the public thoroughfares and had drawn out the one living child from the accursed well. The words scratched on the wall of the chamber, of which Major Crump has left us so awful a representation, were the war-cries of our soldiers and the response to every prayer for quarter.* Other fortified edifices—the Shah Nadjuff, the Mess-house, and the Observatory—were taken at the point of the bayonet, under the well-directed fire of Sir W. Peel's guns; and, on the afternoon of the 17th, in the midst of the tumult, between the old entrenchments and the freshly-captured palaces, Sir Colin Campbell had the delight to meet Outram and Havelock.

The communication between the Residency and the Dilkoosha Palace, extending through the whole line of strongholds, either occupied or destroyed, was from this time carefully kept up, and the ladies, the wounded, and the sick were removed to a comparatively healthy locality, though not without difficulty. Near the Secunderbagh they had to bend down and run as fast as they could, while volleys of grape were passing over their heads. Among the invalids was General Havelock, now showing dangerous symptoms of dysentery; and there on the 25th of November he died. He had said to the young English volunteer, Lord Seymour, 'Tell them in England that here we fight in earnest.' His last letter was written on the 19th; it mentions

* The three prints of the localities of the massacre are sold, we believe, for the benefit of Major Crump's widow.

that he had heard of his Commandership of the Bath for his first three battles; and he adds, 'I have fought nine since.' The last victory over the great destroyer yet remained, and it was complete. 'For more than forty years,' he said to Sir J. Outram, 'I have so ruled my life that, when death came, I might face it without fear.' The telegram told the sad news to England on the 7th of January. It seemed to dash down every satisfaction, to dim every triumph. Of itself, without favour and without suggestion, public opinion, perhaps with some exclusive injustice, had made him the hero of the hour. It seemed as if all men felt a self-reproach that he had not been known before, and now, when he came back, how they would make it up to him! But this was not to be. Like so many regrets, these were only of use to those who felt them. Britain had lost, not only a great defender in arms, but a man whose fame it would have been good for her to have been able to celebrate. The simplicity of his character, the absence of the gaudiness and glitter which too often accompany even true glory, the strong Puritan element which the dignity of his life at once attested and made respected, the self-reliance and paternal duty of his whole career, made him perhaps the safest object of popular idolatry that the course of events ever offered to a free and moral nation.

It was with mingled feelings of disappointment and happiness that the old garrison heard of the determination of the authorities to evacuate Lucknow. Brigadier Inglis had offered still to hold the Residency with 600 men, 100 of them being of his own regiment, but the gallant offer was not accepted. The retreat was so successfully covered by a feigned attack on the Kaiser Bagh, that it was accomplished without the loss of a man. A Captain Waterman by some mischance was left behind asleep, but he was able to come up with the retiring rear-guard, though mad with terror at the position he for some hours had occupied, alone in the Residency, surrounded by an army of infuriated foes.

By the order of the Governor-General the survivors of Lucknow were received at Calcutta with all the honours of war. The Queen's representative went to meet and congratulate them; there were the eager eyes and sympathetic faces of fellow-soldiers and fellow-countrymen, and the sound which had for so long been to them one of terror and destruction now was heard booming welcome and peace. But when, one by one, the sad procession came to view, the wan and wasted cheeks, the weak and trembling forms, the almost universal garb of woe, betokening the widow or the childless or the orphan, the cheers died away on the lips about to utter them, and the scene was felt to be too solemn for triumph or for joy. None, however, would have anticipated

anticipated that for some of these unhappy persons the hardships of fortune were not yet exhausted, and that they would have to undergo the perils of shipwreck on their homeward voyage, to escape only with the loss of the little they still possessed, even the records of their trials and sufferings.

From the night of our silent retreat a curtain has fallen over our deserted citadel: the fierce glee and inconsiderate triumph of the enemy that occupied it can have no historian. Of the retributive victory we as yet know little more than the fact that the British standard waves again over the beleaguered fortress, soon to become the centre of our indisputable dominion. Then may the wisdom and vigour of our future rule expiate the gigantic imprudence which incorporated the kingdom of Oude with the Empire of India, without precaution or defence against the interests we thwarted and the passions we aroused, and for which Britain has already paid so heavy a penalty of blood and tears!

ART. VIII.—1. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre.* Paris, 1858.

2. *Speech of the Earl of Clarendon in the House of Lords, March 1, 1858.* London, 1858.

3. *Lettre au Parlement et à la Presse.* London, 1858.

4. *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Application de l'Article 24 du Traité de Paris en Moldavie.* Londres, 1857.

5. *La Question des Principautés devant l'Europe.* Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris, 1858.

6. *Signor L. C. Farini al Signor Guglielmo Gladstone, Londra.* Torino, Dicembre 1857.

7. *To Louis Napoleon.* By Joseph Mazzini. London, 1858.

IT is a frequent complaint that we live in a prosaic age, that the bloom is rubbed off which the world wore when it was young, that the hue of romance no longer colours the objects which lie along the every-day path of human experience. Yet Fortune is a merry jade after all; and she has recently been performing her choicest freaks among us, with more of vivacity and energy than the decorous forms of a constitutional government are usually found to allow. The late Minister of England had contrived to keep his seat on the top of her famous wheel during such a number of its revolutions, as had all but covered what may be termed the utmost space allowed to the activity of human life. But suddenly a difficulty that he himself had created, as if for the purpose, by a contempt of the most ordinary caution and the best established customs, caught him in his giddy elevation,

vation, and precipitated the old favourite of millions into the depths of the Tartarus of politics, almost without a solitary cry of regret to mingle in the crash of his fall, or a word of sympathy to break its force.

The career of the late Ministry, especially since the Peace of Paris, well deserves a careful examination. It has been too eminent, as its friends would say—or too prominent, as the admission even of its enemies would run—to escape from notoriety. In the work of legislation, in the great department of finance, in what may be called its spirit of administration, and in the extended details of a foreign policy which had excitement for its daily food, it either deserves the chronicler or must invite the critic. But though these things are great, there are greater things than these. Its sayings and doings, its non-sayings and non-doings, have found at once their climax and their close in a great international complication.

What we propose then on the present occasion is, to examine the reciprocal attitudes of England and France. It is true that one immediate difficulty, paramount in its kind, was got rid of, when the Palmerston Ministry was overthrown. The hands of that Government had been so utterly paralysed by its incomprehensible and most unworthy concessions, that its removal was as a first step absolutely necessary for the clearing, so to speak, of the atmosphere. But there has been a national controversy; and a controversy between France and England is of necessity a matter of moment—a matter not to be forgotten because it has passed away, though only to be remembered for the purposes of good-will or of prudence. In the present instance, we are not as yet entitled to say that the question slumbers in the past of diplomacy, and exists no longer. On the contrary, proceedings are pending in our courts; the displacement of an Ambassador, greatly and justly regarded among us, has followed upon that of an offending Ministry; and the correspondence of the Governments has been wound up for the time in an appeal, which seems to be susceptible of more senses than one, by the Emperor of the French to the loyalty of the English people.*

The parties in this case, as it would seem at first sight, should be either two or four. It would in ordinary circumstances be the natural course either to regard France and England as being each a political integer, or else to divide both the one and the other into government and people. As to England, it is clear that the division must be made, for the dualism is beyond all doubt. Nothing could be more contradictory in their letter and in their

* Count Walewski's Despatch, March 11, 1858.

spirit than the proceedings of the Ministry and of the nation; the dogs were coupled, but they could not hunt together. What the Ministry encouraged, the nation repelled; what the Ministry gratuitously tendered, the nation unconditionally refused; what the Ministry took to be justice, the nation interpreted as disgrace. On this side the water, therefore, we have had two parties, at the least. There is the old agent of the master, dismissed for breach of trust; and there is the master with his new agent, of whom it has thus far been found that he has not for practical purposes much misconstrued his principal. Beyond the Channel the case stands very differently. The French nation, tingling as it does to the very fingers' ends with vivacity, running over with a thousand kinds of talent, and almost unrivalled in the power of giving expression to its thoughts, is nevertheless, under its peculiar institutions, unprovided with any distinct or independent organs of the wishes or ideas it may entertain; we know its feelings only from the chance-medley intercourse of individuals in private society, or from the official descriptions of its government. But in official language a State, when it deals with foreign Powers, assumes the concurrence, and at times even imagines the enthusiasm, of its subjects. It is, therefore, allowable, when we see the name of the French nation quoted in this controversy, and when we are terrified with glowing descriptions of its excited condition, to admit into our minds the possibility that that name may perhaps be taken in vain. This does not imply that the popular feeling is wantonly falsified by the ministers of the Emperor. These high authorities must not be supposed to deceive; but they may themselves be misled by subordinate persons who speak to them smooth things, and therefore they cannot help misleading others. With us it is a canon that, if the people be without proper organs, its sentiments cannot be certainly known. Even if they were on each question already matured, still they could not be gathered into general results through those myriad rills, that connect individual with collective life. But, in truth, it is in the process of expression itself that the public opinion is in the main developed and matured, even as the iron takes its shape amidst the clang that announces the labours of the blacksmith. From this want of competent and regular organs in France it has come about that we really have but the very scantiest means of judging what are the feelings of that country on the subject before us. At one time we are told that the resentment of the French against England can hardly be restrained; at another that the popular discontent is aimed at the Emperor. On these heads, then, we shall affirm nothing, as we know nothing. Accordingly, we have three, and no more than three, parties

parties in the cause—the Government of France, the English nation, and the Ministry, now defunct, by whom that nation was misrepresented.

And we must aver at the outset that this discussion is not one in which England stands on the defensive only. She has her own causes of complaint, alike just and grave. On both sides of the Channel there is a sense of wrong. The Government of France has been encouraged to make appeals which have proved fruitless, and to commit itself to their propriety. They have conceived that the state of British laws, or manners, or both, was such as to afford shelter to schemes of anarchy and murder. Such impressions are not formed by a foreign government, except upon information from within. They were taught to believe that the existence of this state of things would be admitted, and that a remedy would be promptly applied. We cannot wonder, that the failure of their wishes and expectations has left behind it considerable soreness. Through the publication of the Walewski despatch in England and in France, the credit of the Imperial Government was hazardously staked on effecting a change in English law. That credit cannot but be damaged by its having been found that the change which was proposed we utterly and as one man repudiate, and that it as yet remains subject to doubt whether we can and ought to make any change at all.

On the other hand, the people of England deem themselves wronged by the manner in which their laws have been arraigned. They are laws, of which the benefit has been impartially extended to all political fugitives, of all colours alike; to ex-Kings, ex-legitimists; ex-constitutionalists, ex-Napoleons, ex-republicans: and we well perceive that, if they are surrendered or impaired to gratify the resentments, or promote the interests, of any one party during its heyday of power, they will thenceforward have lost their virtue for all parties alike. We are aware that no one has more largely profited by these laws than the present Emperor of the French; and though his worst enemy would not charge him with any plot that had assassination for its object, yet it is no exaggeration to say that, short of the limit thus defined, he availed himself to the full not only of their lawful scope for his own protection, but likewise of the facilities afforded by a secure privacy to devise and execute measures contrary both to their spirit and to their letter. And without doubt, one cause of the sensitiveness of the people of England on the recent occasion has been this: that they have not felt quite certain whether it was his intention, under cover of the excitement following upon the recent plot, to pledge us to prevent others, by restrictions upon liberty formerly unknown among us, from doing that very thing

thing which he did himself, and which our British Government, had it then been armed with the necessary powers, would, without doubt, have been bound to prevent him from doing.

The natural and salutary jealousy, which every people should cherish of foreign interference in its affairs, is further aggravated in the case before us by the fact that the demand raises a question of much greater breadth than it seems at first sight to involve. It touches a subject-matter, in which honour is tenderly and vitally concerned. It was urged originally in terms of railing accusation, rather than of rational argument. And it required us to change our laws not only without clear indications of the ground or the extent of the alteration, but also without the decency of a previous attempt to put them into exercise, so as at least to lay some intelligible ground for the indictment against them.

Of the three parties in the cause, as it appears to us, no one stands so well as the people of England. Thus far, they at least have known their own minds, adhered to their own standing ground, and disembarassed themselves, that there might be no mistake as to their views, of the late Ministry, as a medium of representation which exhibited them falsely to the Government of France. They have acted with the spirit that became them; and our belief is, that both in France and elsewhere their courage has been admired, their prudence not denied. But let them not be misunderstood. It is not because they sympathise with revolution; it is not because they are averse to the Emperor. No one, we are persuaded, acquainted with the real feeling of England will assign to either of these two causes those intelligible manifestations of its will, by which the country placed an extinguisher on the Bill for altering the Law of Conspiracy to Murder, and hurled from power by a judgment almost unanimous the parents of that ill-starred and detested measure.

In order to form anything like an historical appreciation of their conduct and feelings, we must go back to the date of the guilty and destructive attempt to assassinate the Emperor and Empress of the French, as they were about to alight at the Opera on the evening of the 14th of January.

When the news of that sanguinary attempt arrived, it was universally both deplored and condemned without mitigation or reserve by the English people of all ranks and classes. Nothing was known, at the moment, of the fact, or of the imputation, that the perpetrators of the act had commenced their machinations in England. It was not dreamed that a case was to be got up, with the aim of making us and our laws responsible for this conspiracy. The sentiments that prevailed among us were
thoroughly

thoroughly natural and impartial sentiments, for they were formed while we thought that we were spectators, and had no idea that we were parties. They are, therefore, good evidence of the state of feeling in this country towards the Emperor and the Empire; and they will suffice to show whether we gave to our ally, at that critical moment, less or more than his due.

The feelings of the British people had undergone great changes with the lapse of time and with the progress of events. At the period when the *attentat* of the 2nd of December, 1851, occurred, that, too, was strongly and almost universally condemned in this country. Lord Palmerston, indeed, hastened at once to offer his hearty compliments to the triumphant ex-President and Emperor-designate, without committing his colleagues. But his admiration of vigour was in this case shared by few of his countrymen. For a length of time it was evident, that approval in England lagged greatly in the rear of acceptance by France. The offence of Louis Napoleon was patent to our view; it lay in the breach of his official oath, in his trampling on liberty and law, and in his travelling to the summit of power through violence and blood. His apologies, on the other hand, were such as we had neither full means nor a ready disposition to appreciate; the fitful and unstable movement of representative government in France, the unstable and bewildered state of the public mind, the plea of counterplots on the part of his enemies, the power of his name in that country, his belief that in that power lay the only safety for order, for property, and for life; and the assumption, natural there, though unintelligible here, that, when brought into conflict with these primary objects, freedom itself must kick the beam.

The very sound of arguments such as these excites in the English mind an instinctive revulsion. Liberty has been with us the rare ally of excess, but its constant corrective; the standing source and guarantee of peace and order, of stability in institutions, and of loyalty to the throne. We are hardly able to conceive that a nation like the French have been smitten by a Divine decree with an incapacity to enjoy and turn to account this inestimable boon, or that it would not with them, as with us, had it only been allowed fair play, have found in time the best remedies, alike the gentlest and the most effectual, for its own disorders and defects. Hence even the most thoughtful and tolerant of our countrymen on the whole withheld their sympathy from the inception of the Empire. But tolerance is not prominent among the English virtues: and that great portion of the British people, who are more self-willed and summary in their modes of judgment, found a short road to an adverse conclusion. At the
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same time there prevailed throughout the country a thorough friendliness towards France: nor could we be so blind and stupid as to hesitate a moment, either inwardly or outwardly, in acknowledging her absolute and exclusive right to solve political problems for herself and in her own fashions. These considerations availed to keep down the strong revulsion which was excited throughout England by the gigantic and successful *coup d'état*; but yet not to reverse the current of inward feeling to which that revulsion had been due.

But, when once the first impression had been got over, powerful causes came into operation, which by degrees brought about a different state of feeling. We found, in the first place, that the name of Napoleon was dissociated from the old traditions of bloodshed and of conquest. We found that it was not only compatible with but significant of a foreign policy towards England at the very least as frank and friendly as we had, even in the best times, experienced at the hands of the Bourbon or the Orleans dynasties. We found that the vital interests of the Emperor were at the time bound up with the English alliance. Presently we found ourselves forced into a joint and common championship of the liberties of Europe, so seriously menaced by the machinations of Russia in the East. The partnership of toil and effort, of danger, of suffering, and of glory, knit together with a rare and happy closeness the feelings both of the governments and of the nations. We saw France right loyally perform all her engagements, and withdraw from her possession of Constantinople, the most tempting of all the prizes of the world, with a disinterestedness as conspicuous, as had been the splendid exertions of her power. The first tempestuous and blood-stained birthday of the Empire now came to be as completely forgotten by the people of England, as if it had never been heard of on this side the Channel. It is certainly a characteristic of our countrymen, that they hate to bear a grudge; and if they cannot get rid of their resentments by a quarrel, they will before long overlook them. The Emperor of the French became nearly as popular in England as the Queen; and when he visited as a monarch these shores, within which he had long languished as an exile, there was absolutely no tribute of honour that was not lavished upon him. Nay, more, these loud acclamations virtually came from an unanimous people, in a land where unanimity on continental politics is most rare; for if there were dissentients in that moment of exulting homage to the ally of England, they were abashed into silence, and did not obstruct, even so much as motes do in the sunshine, one ray of the light of public favour.

Critics might have asked whether, by so profuse and unmeasured an effusion of her emotion and her homage, England did not abate something of what was due to her own self-respect, and depart by a few hairs' breadths from that dignified and wise rigour of neutrality, as between successive revolutions on the Continent, which it is so evidently her duty and interest to maintain. But, at all events, it was now clear that the Emperor of the French had reached, with the English people at large, the summit of all honour which a Sovereign other than their own can receive. A curtain was drawn over the past; and on the front of that curtain were embroidered in letters of flame the exploits of his army by the side of our army, and the unbroken series of his own steady demonstrations of fidelity to the alliance with England.

It was, therefore, with a painful surprise that, when the comrades of Orsini had cast their bombs beneath the carriage of the Emperor, the people of England learned that they had been by negligence parties to the plot, and were to be included in the arraignment of the accused. In France, the culprits were arrested by the police, and the Emperor, with an appearance of heat and haste that are unusual in him, announced the necessity of repressive laws. In effect to judge from the manifestations of a press which must be taken to represent the government, it was deemed to be desirable, that the attention of the French nation should be diverted to a foreign country.

It is undeniable that there was a fatal discrepancy between two simultaneous utterances of the government of France; and the logical flaw, which it was so easy to detect, was understood to be in fact the index of a purpose lying beneath the surface. The Emperor we were told was calm, but the country was excited. The fervid affection of the people outran the care and caution of the Government, and spent itself, as we were informed, in energetic demands that a few foreigners, the refuse of all nations, who were harboured in England, should no longer be tolerated in their machinations against the peace of society in that country and against the person of its ruler. But if the French people were thus fervent and thus united in sentiment, and if the nation abhorred the attempts of these aliens who could only find a standing-point abroad, then surely, whatever the call upon us might be, the demand for restrictive laws in France became utterly unintelligible. It was strange indeed that an affectionate people, labouring with loyal emotion which it could ill control against these criminal attempts, should be rewarded, by the very Government which acknowledged and proclaimed its devotion, with the tightening of its bonds, and with the most glaring practical proofs that the people were suspected
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by the sovereign. This was not and could not be a mere *idolum fori*, or error of reasoning; it seemed rather to be a disclosure of the cloven foot.

It is impossible in our judgment to overstate the amount and effect of the error committed on this occasion by the usually sagacious Napoleon III. Its consequences were varied and separate; but were all alike injurious for England, and disastrous for France. In France the contradiction was glaring between the new restraints* on liberty, and the verbal ascriptions to the people of an overboiling devotion. Nor is it difficult, when words and acts cross the path of one another, to know which will be taken to express the truth. It may be true, that what can now be done in France by law was done before by that portentous modern illegality, the 'measure of police' taken 'by way of prevention.' Still, that the Emperor should inscribe new rigours on the page of *law*, was a fact of great and formidable significance. It seemed to be an authoritative declaration, that a throne founded on force had not unlearned the bias of its beginnings, and that its original instrument was likewise to be its standing guarantee. Of the effect, however, which has been produced upon the feelings of France by the measure, and by many hundreds of arrests and deportations under its provisions, though we hear much, we are unable adequately to judge: that is a French question, and our very last wish would be to interfere for the purpose of embroiling it. But the bearing upon England was also immediate and powerful. In the first place, the proposal for repressive laws in France, coming contemporaneously with the demand upon England, utterly belied, to our distant apprehensions, the expressions of reliance upon French loyalty—seemed even to turn them into mockery—and drove us to conclude that these enactments beyond the Channel were part of a scheme and a policy that aimed at putting down the last remnants of liberty, whether in thought or in action. In the second place, it gave a new character to our part of the affair, to the remonstrances which were pressed upon us. The Emperor might, so it appeared to the mind of England, have availed himself of the horror excited by the attempt of January 14, to answer in a generous tone to the awakened sympathies of the French nation. He might have thrown his arms wide to embrace them, have cast himself upon the protection which their love would afford—the only protection that could or can be permanent on his behalf—and by taking that very occasion to add to rather than to pare down the *modicum* and remnant

* The nature and operation of the new law may be seen from a warrant issued under it, which will be found in the Daily News of April 3, incorporated in a letter from Mazzini to the editor.

of their liberties, might have made his cause to be their cause, and their hands to be his guard. But he did the very reverse: he called for changes in the law, which armed him ostensibly with new powers against great masses of his people. An invitation was sent to us to become partners in the work: and that invitation could not but take its colour, in the judgment of the world, from the domestic proceedings of those who despatched it. For we were asked to move in the same direction, we were desired to take steps in England for the purpose of supporting, and, if we may so speak, of integrating a policy hostile to freedom in France. The question of a change in our domestic laws at the instance of a foreign power could not but be, under the simplest and best conditions, both critical and difficult. But in the instance now before us, the foreign origin of the demand was the smallest of the difficulties involved. It was not only change that was desired, but change in a repressive sense: change in a sense parallel to a movement which was to proceed simultaneously in France, a movement having that for its aim which, when we were compelled to pass a judgment in the matter, we could not but feel to be the aggravation of powers and practices wholly arbitrary and capable of being made thoroughly tyrannical.

We have here a marked instance of the breadth of fatal consequences which one false step may entail. The French Government, deeming that it had a right to expect an alteration of our laws, forgot that through demanding it they at once, by their own act, made us parties in their internal controversy. Before they lodged their claim upon us, we were little entitled, and less disposed, to inquire to what causes the attempt at assassination was really due; and the general horror at the act was not crossed nor qualified by critical inquiry or by invidious retrospect. But Count Walewski took upon himself to inform us in brief of what we have since learnt more fully from the pamphlet ascribed to M. la Guernonière. We were told by the Minister that assassination was in England elevated to a doctrine; that this doctrine was preached openly among us; that it had repeatedly been carried into practice, and that English laws served to favour these proceedings, and to shelter persons whose crimes had placed them beyond the ban of humanity. Such was the charge made on the 20th of January; and if there could be a doubt as to what it really meant, that doubt must have been removed by the defence of it which was subsequently supplied; for Count Walewski, in his letter of March 11th to the French Ambassador at this Court, simply states that he did not mean, in his first letter, to say that our legislation 'knowingly' (*sciemment*) protected crime;

and Lord Cowley, who in the whole of these proceedings appears to have outrun the French themselves in his inconsiderate partizanship, thought it worth his while to spend ink and paper in apprising us that Count Walewski had intended to apply his imputations only 'to a definite class of strangers,' and not 'as a generality,'—that is (as we thankfully presume), not to the British people at large.

We postpone for the moment any inquiry into the precise nature of the charge; our present object is to show how the stroke dealt to us recoiled on the Emperor and his Government. Apart from all dispute, the meaning of the Walewski despatch and of the La Guernonnière pamphlet was to father the responsibility of these attempts upon the defective state of the laws of England. It was apparently forgotten that there might be at least two opinions on that subject; that the English nation might rise in feeling as one man on behalf of its laws, as insulted and calumniated (of course *not sciemment*) by these charges, and that it might even be their duty, in the act of denying that their jurisprudence was chargeable with these attempts, to show where the cause of them was really to be found. Thus the course of proceeding that was chosen forced the mind of the English nation back upon the origin of the Empire, and, in provoking a refusal of the demand that had been urged, provoked also the revival of questions which, as between England and France, can hardly bear discussion. For it is little likely that France could, without irritation, hear us charge upon her supine abandonment of freedom some portion at least of the scandals of these bloody plots. And it is still less likely that England, who sees in her liberties the grand security for her monarchs, and who would feel that in losing freedom she lost her all, could do otherwise than refer these lamentable ebullitions to the erection of a despotic power, under circumstances of moral aggravation, upon the ruins of popular government.

But all this, it will be truly said, must in a great degree depend upon the question whether the laxity of law in England and the apathy of its administrators were really or were not the source, to which the assassination of the 14th January ought to be referred; or whether it is more true that the frequent resort to such detestable attempts has been caused by the suppression of free discussion and of free government. It is a misfortune that these questions should be debated; but it is impossible to state the case in justification of England without presenting to view the positive, as well as the merely negative, elements which belong to it.

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Let us first, however, take the case as it has been made by the French Government against the laws of England. It shall be stated in Count Walewski's own words:—

‘ Mais, M. le Comte, combien est différente l'attitude des adeptes de la démagogie établis en Angleterre. Ce n'est plus l'hostilité de partis égarés se manifestant par tous les excès de la presse, et toutes les violences du langage; ce n'est plus même le travail de factieux cherchant à agiter l'opinion et à provoquer le désordre; c'est l'assassinat érigé en doctrine, prêché ouvertement, pratiqué dans des tentatives répétées, dont la plus récente vient de frapper l'Europe de stupeur. Le droit d'asile doit-il donc protéger un tel état de choses? L'hospitalité est-elle due à des assassins? La législation Anglaise doit-elle servir à favoriser leurs desseins et leurs manœuvres, et peut-elle continuer de couvrir des gens qui se mettent eux-mêmes, par des actes flagrants, en dehors du droit commun et au ban de l'humanité?—*Paper respecting Foreign Refugees*, p. 1.

The accusation is plainly this: that assassination for France has been publicly and systematically preached as well as ordinarily prepared in England, and that our laws are guilty of favouring, by the fact that they do not repress, these nefarious proceedings.

In the rear of Count Walewski's despatch came the too famous address from the colonels of certain regiments. Of all the points of the subject this is the one on which we should dwell with the strongest reluctance, since the conduct of the Government of France appears at least here to have been the reverse of frank or manly. We will not reprint the foul and scurrilous language, in which certain misguided officers were induced to refer to England as the guilty partner of assassins, and to utter the absurd menace of punishing our criminality by invasion. These addresses appeared in the ‘*Moniteur*’ on successive days without censure or interruption,—that is to say, with full official sanction. Upon their being noticed with just anger in the debates of Parliament, they were disavowed in a despatch from France, which in its terms was all that we could justly desire. The insertion was declared to have been accidental, and regret was expressed for it. But we have never learned from that day to this—we still hope that we may at some time learn—that this apology was inserted in the official journal through whose columns the insult had been offered. If this despatch, confessing the grave error that had been committed, is withheld from the French public, who are accessible only through their own privileged journals, it becomes in the first place plain that the so-called apology is rather in the nature of an addition to the original wrong. In the second place, a proceeding of such a kind strengthens the sus-

picion, entertained in numerous quarters, that the offensive addresses were not spontaneous, but were suggested from higher departments of the French Government, which could not venture to disavow their own deed in the face of the country.

We have done, however, with these gentlemen and their childish and noisy demonstrations. But another reserve of arguments come in the rear of their flourish—or, as we should rather say, their bray—of trumpets. The precipitate and fevered despatch of Count Walewski was followed by the more circum-spect and very elaborate pamphlet of M. la Guerronière, which we have named at the head of this article.

The letter of M. Walewski was the cart before the horse, and the La Guerronière pamphlet is the horse behind the cart. The French Ministry incredibly misconceived and undervalued the importance of its own act when it appealed to a foreign, a free, and undoubtedly in this matter a jealous country, to alter its laws affecting the security of the person, with no other statement of a case to *motiver* the demand than vague, loose, slovenly, and slipshod allegations, instead of an array of facts proved either judicially or at least by detailed, regular, and intelligible evidence. This terrible lack in the case of the despatch was evidently meant to be supplied by the pamphlet,* and the promise to supply it is formal and unequivocal. First the charges are repeated; that the plots come from London, that they are hatched there by revolutionary associations, and that these associations have for six years been preaching openly the murder of the Emperor. But the river of M. La Guerronière's eloquence at this point overflows his banks with such an inundation of impetuosity, that we should do him injustice if we did not allow him to speak for himself. He says then of the plots:

‘Ils sont tous nés au sein de ces associations révolutionnaires, qui tiennent des séances périodiques; qui proclament ouvertement depuis six ans le droit de tuer l'Empereur; qui érigent le meurtre en doctrine et en devoir; qui fanatisent les esprits qu'ils ont corrompus; qui arment les insensés qu'ils ont fanatisés; qui expédient les assassins avec leur feuille de route; et qui attendent ensuite, *sous la tolérance de l'hospitalité Anglaise*, le résultat de ces horribles machinations.’ (p. 17.)

This mere echo and amplification of an original charge upon us must not be mistaken for proof. The writer does not so mistake it: for he proceeds—

‘En veut-on la preuve? La voici. Elle est écrite dans les greffes de la justice criminelle.’ (*Ibid.*)

* ‘Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre,’ p. 17, sect. vi.

Of this generous offer we must certainly avail ourselves, and we shall accordingly advert to the proofs that are offered us. Test them we cannot, for we have no access to any documents on which they purport to be founded. We must simply take for granted all the statements of fact that they contain.

And we may admit them safely. For all the facts put forward in the pamphlet are irrelevant to the charge. It is thought enough, as the writer glibly slips over the cases unhappily so numerous, to assert that some one or more of the accused came from London, or fled to London: in short, that, so far as appears, residents in London, as well as residents in Paris, contributed a share to the concoction of political crime aimed at the Imperial Government. In several of the cases, the statements are lame to the last degree. Thus it is deemed worth while to adduce, as part of the argument for a change in the English laws, an account of one Carpeza, who was arrested at Batignolles.* What have we to do with Carpeza? It is not even stated that he ever set his foot in England. But he was a member of the 'Society of Universal Fraternity.' What, we ask, have we to do with that society? It was a society formed out of the *débris* of another society, organised by Charles Delécluze. Well, but we know nothing either of the institution or its author. But Charles Delécluze was the emissary of Ledru Rollin, who has been in England; and to whose opinion of England we shall presently refer.

But apart from this trifling, let us turn to the cases, like that of Pianori, where it really appears that the actor in the crime came from London to commit it. Now, we ask, what is the amount of our *primâ facie* responsibility? In all this part of the case, be it remembered, there is no allegation of publicity. The utmost effect of the pamphlet comes to these two points: First, that there probably exist secret combinations in London as well as in Italy and in France itself; in other words, that, as absolutism backed by espionage has not been able to accomplish their extinction, so neither has an atmosphere of liberty stifled the existence of this noxious foreign article on its reaching our shores. And secondly, that the earlier stages of certain strictly private plots, in no instance shown to extend beyond one or a very few persons, have been thought out rather than acted out in London, and the later ones in Paris. Now, why are English laws to be impugned for having failed to prevent the earlier and more crude, when French ones failed to prevent the later and riper stages of the conspiracy?

We have endeavoured to state the view and sense of this

* 'Napoléon III.,' &c., p. 19, sect. vii.

country, as we gather it, with respect to the Empire; let us consider what it is with reference also to the modern European refugees. In the great countries of the Continent, despotism almost universally prevails: in some instances, by an uniform and unbroken title from time immemorial; in others, re-established after the momentary triumph of revolution, or—which is the most formidable case of all—erected upon the ruins of a political freedom which had subsisted long enough, if not to be understood and assimilated, yet to be enjoyed, to be remembered, and, when lost, to leave a palpable and a painful void behind it. It is an inevitable consequence of such a state of things, that there should be more or less of political disquietude. However tranquil and passive may be the masses, there must, in every community, be a certain number of more fervid spirits, and among these, it is equally certain, that, under such circumstances, there will remain smouldering embers of the fire of freedom. There will be protests from the understanding and the heart of man against a system which, pushed to a certain extent, puts a violent negative on the full action of his nature and upon its legitimate growth. Besides this lawful and noble reaction, without which the whole political life of society would stagnate and even putrefy, there are, of course, the common, irrational, and guilty elements of disorder, which mingle with and modify, and, in modifying, of necessity degrade, the movement of the higher principle. It has been found more convenient by governments, from the time of the Greek republics downwards, to expel unruly and antagonistic elements, than to control them. But the inconveniences arising from the residence of discontented refugees abroad have assumed a new character. When the question was only one of a disputed succession, it would be limited to the circle of adherents of a family, and would die out with the death or the re-absorption of its last representatives. When the expulsion depended on the triumph of one sect or faction over another, and the parties were not divided by fundamental principles, then under the mere friction of time the evil gradually wore away. But the modern form of refugeeism from France, as it subsists at this moment, is deeply formidable. The refugee, in the main, represents a liberty which has existed, and has been put down; and there is perpetual and internecine war between liberty and its destroyers.

With that war, as a war of main force, as a war of clandestine invasions, like the landing at Boulogne—or, worst of all, as a war of hateful assassinations, like that of the 14th of January, 1858—England, were she permitted to exercise an option, would rather have nothing to do. Is it pretended that she courts the society
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of the expelled? What is there in her, what is there in them, that should make her desire it? If she is sordid in the pursuit of her trade, they are penniless, and cannot feed her avarice. If she is devoted to the love of order, they only tend to break and mar her stereotyped habits and the round of her peaceful occupations. If she is dogged and insular in her nationality, they come to her as foreigners, and commonly with all the distinctive points of foreigners very sharply marked upon them. Among them are to be found men high-minded, moderate, of comprehensive views; but the class, as a class, have, from the misfortune of their position, a necessary tendency to become the slaves of peculiar and narrow ideas. Blinded by calamity, irritated by persecution, the mind of man derives a partial compensation from worshipping its own theories and pushing opinions to extremes. It is not, then, because we love them that they come among us. It is not because they are attracted by the warmth of sympathy among us for their revolutionary propensities. Listen to the testimony of Ledru Rollin, the prophet or historian of our decay, as to his treatment in England:—

‘Proscrits, nous portions avec nous ce droit sacré du malheur qui, chez les barbares même, était reconnu comme une espèce de religion publique. Comment l’a-t-on respecté?’

‘Nous avons eu chaque jour à subir l’insulte; et l’aristocratie Anglaise nous a fait traîner sur toutes les claies de son journalisme, nous dénonçant à son peuple comme des forçats échappés du bagne, comme de misérables bandits, comme les immondices des égouts de Paris.’ *

Nor is this statement wholly without, at the least, palliation. We are not, as a people, too fond of strangers; our reserve towards them is, on the contrary, notorious. In truth, the virtues of the refugees are scarcely appreciated among us: with their weaknesses and their vices we are singularly indisposed to sympathise. Why, then, do they come here? Not for our convenience; not for their own; but for the convenience of the governments who want to get rid of them, who in many cases, including, if we are rightly informed, the case of Pierri himself, have actually sent them; nay, who probably at this very moment may be sending us a fair per centage of the persons arrested under the new law of Public Safety. Thus then, we have become the depository, into which all such continental governments as are actively at war with freedom discharge all that they want to get rid of. They come here, and our share in the affair is merely this, that we do not send them away. We boast too much of our hospitality in this matter; it is of a very pale and neutral

* ‘De la Décadence de l’Angleterre,’ i. 1.

tint. If we do not expel them, it is not from love of what we admit, but from abhorrence of the principle on which expulsion is founded, and from a sorrowing recollection that, if all this angry emotion, instead of finding here a safety-valve, were pent up within the limits of the continental countries, the consequence would be manifested in violent and fearful explosions, followed and avenged by more cruel punishment and by sterner repression, each pressing upon the other in a succession of alternations full of fury, guilt, and misery.

The expulsion of the discontented is an established practice of the Government of France. England is near; England is free; England is powerful, and the inward touch of nature causes them to linger as near as may be to the land of their birth. Nor on touching our shores do such persons change the character they may have brought with them from France. Such as she by the state of her institutions made them, such we receive and keep them. They continue here the same that they were there, only somewhat less inconvenient to the Government of their country. The whole power of police and of espionage is as free to follow them as they were to come. That which England would not tolerate for a moment from its own Government it has nevertheless not proscribed on the part of foreign States. The Emperor is rich, and the refugees are poor; the Emperor is strong, and they are weak. They get little here, but the cold shoulder from individuals, and the instinctive dislike of authorities; but the Emperor has all the information and all the aid that the British Government can properly obtain for him; and we believe that, though the acknowledgment of the fact has unhappily been forgotten in the official pamphlet, yet it has been information conveyed by British authority from England that has repeatedly enabled him to disconcert the designs of his enemies. Is it not enough that, besides this positive aid, foreign police and foreign espionage may dog the refugees in every hour of their existence, at every point where they find rest for the sole of their feet; may mark their haunts, find admission to their company, attract their confidence, worm out their secrets, attack them through the press, and indict them in the courts, besides putting in motion the vast power and influence of France to cover them with standing infamy? Can anything be less reasonable than in circumstances like these, after pouring out upon us a crowd of anti-Napoleonist fugitives, then to complain that some of them did here what others of them were doing in France? that here, where the liberty, privacy, and domicile of individuals are legally inviolable, some of them did what they could not be prevented from also doing in France, where neither liberty, privacy, nor domicile avail for a moment

moment against the police, where the acts of power cannot be made the subjects of public and free discussion, much less its agents called to account. The chief agents, then, in the matter of refugeeism are the expelling governments;* they alone drive the refugees hither; they alone, properly speaking, profit by their coming.

But there seems to be a growing sentiment among certain of these governments that it would be very well if, besides becoming the receptacle of whatever rubbish they may wish to shoot, we would undertake to lay it all out in gardens. The elements thus imported among us are turbid in a degree far beyond our own population. But it is to the exigencies of our own population that our system of law, and our system of police, are adapted. It seems, therefore, to be openly or covertly demanded, that we should have a separate scheme of law, or police, or governmental power, which shall do one of two things—either it shall isolate the refugees and place them as refugees under the operation of a peculiar system, or else it shall elevate and strain the laws applicable to the whole British community for the sake of restraining and punishing the handful of refugees that are among us. This it is that England, aggrieved and complaining in her turn, pronounces to be really too bad; and this it is that with heart and soul, under all vicissitudes, she means to the utmost and the latest of her power to resist.

But besides the wholly vain and irrelevant charge against us as the fosterers of crimes that are admitted to have been hatched only in the dark, there is another class of statements in the official tract, which are brought to sustain the allegations of the Walewski despatch. The revolutionary associations hold meetings,† pronounce discourses, publish writings. It seems that there is a café near Temple Bar called the Discussion Forum. How serious were the discussions of this Forum, we may judge from the narrative: *on y boit, on y mange, et on y fait en même temps de la politique*. In November last it was debated, 'Whether regicide might be in certain circumstances justifiable?' This question is said to have been openly discussed. It is not, however, even alleged that the discussion had any bearing whatever on the case of Louis Napoleon. But the case of the Discussion Forum has become palpably ridiculous. Mr. Carpenter, its pre-

* In the Times of March 13 will be found a statement, clear, detailed, and, so far as we know, to this moment not confuted, not even contradicted, showing how the criminals of January remained secure and prepared their scheme in France not less easily than in England.

† P. 21.

sident, boldly wrote to the Emperor to state that it was a society of the most unpretending kind, which gave relaxation to men of business in middle life, by the purely theoretic treatment of historical questions. The Emperor received the explanation with a manliness which does him honour. He at once, through a secretary, admitted the explanation without reserve, and expressed his regret that the author of the pamphlet should have misconstrued circumstances so satisfactorily explained. The loss, however, to the pamphlet was a serious one. This vital part of it was pillared on three allegations only; and here was one of them ruthlessly cut away by an unvarnished tale from Mr. Carpenter.

Again, says M. La Guernonière, on the 9th of February, M. Bernard, at the *Club Français*, in Leicester Square, delivered a furious speech, and declared the Emperor and his government to be the lawful victims of any one who chose to destroy them. This was received with maniacal cheers. We are not told that the speech was not punishable by law. We are not told that the French Government desired the speaker to be prosecuted. The bill of Lord Palmerston was then before the House of Commons, but as it could not have been applied retrospectively, it could not possibly furnish a reason for suffering M. Bernard to deliver an incendiary oration with impunity. Again, Pyat on the 24th of February published his *Lettre au Parlement et à la Presse*, 'le véritable manifeste de l'assassinat.' One hundred and fifty pamphlets, so we are assured, have been published since 1852, most of them in London. The apology for assassination has been a standing, almost a daily one. We ask, why do we hear of this now for the first time? If it was thought that publications which had appeared in London recommended assassination, why was not their legality tried? Nay, why was not the English, along with the Belgian press, made the subject of representation to the Congress at Paris in 1856? At that Congress Belgium was unrepresented: England was there by her foreign minister. He was invited to join, and to our shame he did join, in denouncing the press of Belgium, and in menacing that brave, wise, and free state with foreign force. At that very time, it now appears from the statement of the official pamphlet, there were almost daily defences of assassination published in London, and yet not a syllable was said on the subject!

It may be said that the silence of the Imperial Government has been due to an extreme of respectful reserve and of tenderness for the autonomy of England. Now, even were the facts of the case made good, this explanation of the silence would not suffice.

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The fact would still remain that there can be no right to complain of the inefficacy of laws which have never been tried. The case of Peltier was on record. It was there seen how, under circumstances of long exasperation, an English jury remembered its duty, and brought in a verdict against a man arraigned for libelling one who had only just ceased to be a mortal enemy. Why was it to be taken for granted, the English people have a right to ask, that there would be a less faithful application of the principles of justice, where the sovereign, whose dignity and safety were brought, and that far more formidably, into question, was only known as a fast friend? There are, indeed, dark intimations in some of the productions named at the head of this article, which might seem to supply a partial explanation of the strange contrast between the obstinate neglect to use our laws and the precipitate denunciation of them. But in truth M. La Guernonnière himself compels us to believe that the facts are not as he states them. For after the broad *hiatus*, the gaping promise, of Count Walewski, what are the proofs he has produced? First, the existence of a Discussion Forum, whose innocence has since been acknowledged by authority from France. Secondly and thirdly, a speech of M. Bernard and a letter of M. Pyat; the one spoken, and the other printed, since the *attentat*, and not before it. Where then are the 'hundred and fifty pamphlets' published chiefly in London, which drew down upon England the unmeasured wrath and vituperation of the Colonels of French regiments, and the more guarded but sufficiently serious charges of the Foreign Minister of the French Government? '*Of the three hundred grant but three.*' Of the hundred and fifty, surely one might have been quoted, to make good the cruel and stinging accusation. Even then we might still have asked why it was that no appeal was made to the protection of the laws: but there would have been at least some semblance of a case if this cloud of incendiary publications had really been engendered here. As the matter stands it is no less undeniable, than it may seem incredible, that, after the charge of Count Walewski, after the addresses of the Colonels, after the vivid description by Count Persigny of the astonishment of France at the lawlessness of England, after the miserable subserviency of the Palmerston Administration, and in the very book which is published under the immediate superintendence of the Emperor to sustain the accusations, and which expressly promises to prove them, there is not an attempt at proof, not an allegation of a single fact, beyond the existence of the Discussion Forum now admitted to be innocent, and the proceedings of M. Bernard and M. Pyat, both of which were after the *attentat*, and

and both of whom, we may add, are now under prosecution by the British Government.*

At first view, then, the conduct of the Emperor and his Ministers presents the appearance of a heap of blunders and inconsequences. Repressive measures are demanded for all France, in the same breath that the people are acquitted of having engendered the evil that they are meant to subdue. A change of laws, which no sovereign could ask from a legislature of his own without a case to sustain the demand, is sought from a foreign country without any manifesto of facts and proofs to support it. When at length a studied argument proceeds from the press of France under Imperial auspices to supply the void, the evidence for the public tolerance of the doctrine of assassination in England sinks into the miserable dimensions of three circumstances only; two of which are subsequent to the *attentat*, and the other is found untenable and is therefore promptly and wisely abandoned. We close the pamphlet of M. La Guerrière, asking ourselves 'And is this really all? Has he nothing else to say? Was it on the ground supplied by such a case as this that so eminent and far-sighted a calculator as the Emperor exposed his political credit to the discomfiture it has suffered by our peremptory refusal of his peremptory demand, and that he consented in an evil hour to exchange the warm, we might almost say the affectionate, indignation on his behalf, with which the English nation had heard of the tragical events of January the fourteenth, for that averted eye, and that firm resolution, with which they have been compelled to treat an unjust and precipitate assault upon their laws of political hospitality?'

Not only, then, have the people of England a good defence in this cause, but they have just cause of complaint. Against whom, however, is it that this complaint principally lies? We have seen that palpable solecisms glare upon us in the proceedings of the French Government; apparently it has fallen into a crowd, almost a chaos, of blunders. But for our parts, we think much too highly of the tact, sagacity, and logic of the Emperor, to accept this as an adequate solution of the questions before us. Nowhere is the human understanding more *nett* and perspicuous than in France—nowhere do men better know their own minds. When, in the examination of human action, effects do not appear duly

* Were we not indisposed to load this article with prolonged details we should invite the attention of our good friends and neighbours in France to a speech delivered by Mr. Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons on the 10th of April, 1848. Such a speech against a foreign ally would not, we are convinced, be permitted; and if at any time we have tolerated more than they think right with regard to a foreign government, at least it is less than we allow against our own.

to follow from their causes, and when the explanation of an insufficient intelligence is thus excluded, ulterior inquiries must arise. In the present instance, there are a multitude of them. One is, were the views of the French Government really limited to the enactment of a measure, such as the Conspiracy Bill of the late Administration, or did they contemplate other and more extended conquests over our laws, to be obtained successively by a judicious mixture of compliment and menace? And another is, since their delusion as to the state of opinion here was so gross and palpable, to whom did they owe it? How were they inveigled into taking so false a step, and at whose door are they entitled to lay the blame of their serious and disparaging miscarriage? These questions we will now proceed to examine.

Upon the face of the celebrated despatch of Count Walewski's, it was plain that the cravings it betokened could not be satisfied by such a visionary meal as the Palmerston Government offered it in their 'Conspiracy to Murder Bill;' that the measure which we abhorred on the score of its vicious breed, or quality, the Government of France must repudiate on the score of quantity; and that it could have no other value in the eyes of those it was intended to propitiate than as an acknowledgment of our guilt, an indication of our practical contrition, and an instalment of our debt to international comity, in the orthodox and imperial meaning of the terms. The complaint, it is true, was limited to the two points, that crime had been hatched in England, and that our laws favoured that process, and the open promulgation of the doctrine of assassination. But nothing was asked in intelligible terms; and as Count Walewski did not think fit to declare directly what it was that he wanted, we have no other means of estimating his intention than by searching for some positive declaration which may describe, at least by implication, the limit of his demands. Now, such a declaration we seem to find in one of the paragraphs of the despatch:—

'Personne n'apprécie et ne respecte plus que nous la libéralité avec laquelle l'Angleterre aime à pratiquer le droit d'asile envers les étrangers victimes des luttes politiques. La France a toujours regardé, pour sa part, comme un devoir d'humanité de ne jamais fermer ses frontières à aucune infortune honorable, à quelque parti qu'elle appartint; et le Gouvernement de Sa Majesté ne vient point se plaindre que ses adversaires puissent trouver un refuge sur le sol Anglais, et y vivre paisiblement en restant fidèles à leurs opinions, à leurs passions mêmes, sous la protection des lois Britanniques.'

France, then, appreciates our right of asylum, and would by no means desire us to abandon it. Nay, it is plain that she must appreciate

appreciate it, for she has always made a point of acting upon it, and has deemed it a duty of humanity never to close her frontiers to any honourable misfortune of whatever party. What can sound more satisfactory, than this well-considered and skilfully-poised assurance?

It may seem invidious on our part to subject to the microscope of criticism diplomatic language which satisfied Lord Palmerston in the second half-century of his political experience. Still, we cannot but feel like a customer to whom the shopman is presenting a gem with a flaw, or a figure in rare old china with a mended arm: 'Please to bring the other side forward—turn it towards the light.' When the other side of Count Walewski's paragraph is turned towards the light, the aspect of it is marvellously different. His argument is this—how could France fail to respect the right of asylum, when she has always herself granted it? Thrust the other side a little forward, and it reads manifestly thus: the right of asylum which France respects in England, and which she does not require you to abandon, is that right in the sense and to the extent in which she herself permits it, and no more. It is plain that the diplomatist, who in the day of need should attempt to quote this passage against the Government of France for any wider purpose than that we have now defined, would be ignominiously cast and exploded. It would be just as rational to present a five-pound note at the counter of the Bank of England, and demand change for a hundred in return.

How, and in what manner, it is that France understands and practises the right of asylum, it may not be easy for us to explain. For her proceedings, as to all such matters, are veiled at present in deep obscurity. Her police, like a pestilence, 'stalks in the darkness.' Personal liberty exists during the pleasure of the Government. That pleasure may be regulated by prudence, but it is not controlled by the guarantee of publicity. No *habeas corpus* keeps open for the prisoner of the State an avenue of connexion with the light of common day. The acts of authority cannot be questioned. This may, or it may not, be a good *régime*. But where such is the system actually prevailing for native-born subjects, it is vain to talk of the right of asylum for aliens. Nor is it less vain to cite the recollection of shelter afforded to the fallen and exiled royalty of England, for that shelter was afforded in a state of things wholly different. Political reasons amply covered what personal affection also prompted, and indeed a price more than adequate to the benefit had been paid for it beforehand, in the shameful subserviency of the later Stuarts to the crown of France.

Unfortunately,

Unfortunately, at the points where a casual ray glances upon the question now before us, it affords but a sinister view of the Napoleonic interpretation of asylum.

The evil genius of the late Government did not quit it even on its fall, but incited Lord Clarendon to deliver a posthumous oration. Among its most remarkable statements was the solemn assurance * that the late Foreign Secretary had repeatedly stated to Count Walewski, and had also had 'the honour of explaining to the Emperor of the French,' that the right of asylum could not be infringed. How came he thus to state it? to state it repeatedly? to state it to the Emperor? As the footprint shows the foot, and the matrix the figure that is to be cast in it, so the imprudent boast of Lord Clarendon betrays its correlative admission, namely, the demand, desire, or hint from a foreign power, that the right of asylum should be tampered with. Nay, more, the climax of that boast measures in truth the depth of the discredit that it must entail. This had been explained 'repeatedly;' therefore the suggestion and invitation had been repeatedly conveyed. But no Foreign Minister of England could be worthy of his office, who, upon the first disclosure of such a proposal from abroad, did not meet it with such an answer as would effectually prevent its being repeated at all. The fact that it was from time to time repeated by the sagacious Government of a close ally, shows that, in the judgment of that ally, nothing was wanted but pressure and perseverance to produce the desired result; that the resistance was one of decorum rather than of conviction; that England seemed to be at length found vulnerable through her agents, and vulnerable not in the heel but in those noblest organs, the head and heart, by which it is that her judgment and her affections vie with each other in clinging to the cardinal principles of freedom.

Other incidents, however, collateral to this controversy, have further illustrated Count Walewski's appreciation of the right of asylum. With the frankness which is known to be among his prominent characteristics, M. Persigny, whom we regret to describe as the *late* French Ambassador, apprised Lord Clarendon, in the very act of presenting the despatch of January 20, that France had made communications to the bordering countries,† inviting their attention to measures which might be required for the prevention of murderous conspiracies. In due time we heard that Count Cavour, the able and enlightened minister of Sardinia, had presented a Conspiracy Bill to the Sardinian Parliament.

* Speech, March 1, 1858, p. 7.

† Speech of Lord Clarendon, p. 7.

This enforced submission of his was an evident result of the gratuitous truckling of the Palmerston Administration. He could not have refused except at the hazard, nay, the certainty of war, and of the extinction of liberty in Piedmont as its result, what England, forsooth, had consented to do. England *had* consented. But what England? The England of diplomacy and administration, not the England that lives in the Houses of Parliament and in the nation that inhabits these shores. It was natural that Sardinia should conceive the necessity to be dire indeed, when she saw bending before the storm a minister who had proved his prowess by quarrelling at different times with every State in the civilised world, and with most of them several times over. She did not understand the strange idiosyncracies, and the incurable levity of character, the want of all solid appreciation of right, as it is contra-distinguished from might and from convenience, which made one and the same British minister at once the most likely to trespass upon the just claims of foreign countries, and to abandon those of his own. But when England asserted herself, Sardinia revived, and showed her repugnance to the poisoned cup, even though it was tendered by a hand she had every reason to respect. She appears now to wait for further guidance from the ulterior stages of the cause as it may be developed among us. It is plain that she will not, by her own choice, surrender one tittle of her freedom. Not even a bad example from us would, we believe, seduce her, were it not that our apostacy would have the effect of leaving her in a state of isolation, and placing her under what is equivalent to absolute *duress*.

But besides Sardinia, the painful case of Switzerland has likewise been brought before the public eye. We know not whether, in the fulness of that confidence which he had such reason to repose in men that outran all his wishes, Louis Napoleon made known to the Palmerston Government the dictatorial part he meant to play in his correspondence with Switzerland. It soon appeared, however, that the political cookery of France was not less varied in its scope, than are her operations in the material *cuisine*; and the same difference was exhibited in the tones used to England and to Switzerland, as may be perceived occasionally in the manners of some small railway functionary in his modes of address to first and to third-class passengers respectively. Here, at least, it came out pretty plainly, what good care was to be taken of the Swiss initiative, and how the right of asylum was to be interpreted on the south-eastern frontier. The replies of the Swiss Government were described by the French Minister in language overstepping, as we should have said, those
salutary

salutary restraints of diplomatic reserve which, like so many other usages of society, we do not justly appreciate until we see how when they are disregarded the weaker party suffers. They were 'dilatory and evasive.' The Swiss authorities were peremptorily required to mend their manners; and apply to refugees that system of modified confinement for which we have not the word as we have not the thing, but which the French describe by the term *interner*, and the Italian States, we believe, by the phrase *mandare da confine*. They have also been enjoined to receive at certain points authorised political agents, under the misused name of consuls; and we have still to watch with much interest for the issue. But all this evidence places beyond dispute, we apprehend, the real nature of the requisition made upon England. To respect our initiative, and refrain from indicating any particular plan, was alike graceful and astute. Such a course was calculated at once to earn the praise of moderation, and to obtain a *maximum* of present concession; while it had the immense advantage of leaving the French Government free to decline remaining satisfied with what it had not asked, and to open by degrees its ulterior views on the right of asylum. All this was obvious as the day. It was in proportion clear, that such a line of action should have been traversed by a request from the British Ministry first and chiefly for proof of the connexion between English law and the evil to be met; but secondly, for a statement of the extent and nature, as well as ground, of the claims that France thought herself internationally justified in making for legislative changes. But, in truth, a spirit of infatuation, to us wholly inexplicable, appears to have presided over the whole conduct of the late Ministry in this high and vital matter—a conduct not less dishonourable to England, not less unjust to France, than it was fatal to their own credit and existence.

And it is now time that we should consider the extraordinary particulars of that closing scene in which, as a Belgian journalist wittily says, '*L'audacieux Palmerston s'est trouvé tout à coup accusé de timidité; Phaëton est mort de prudence.*'* The French Government, as we have found, has on this occasion suffered a grievous and mortifying rebuff in consequence of having first been led into egregious follies—follies which must have had some especial cause. It is intelligible, as it is also lamentable, that within his own domain the Emperor should for once lose his head after an alarm affecting the Empress with himself, and should for the moment, contrary to his wont, found his policy, or impolicy, upon a basis of emotion. But to us, at least, it is

* Journal de Bruxelles, Mars 20, 1858.

ly incredible that he should proceed to address a 'passionate epistle, like that of January 20, to a great country, co-equal with France, of his own mere motion, without having first felt his way, without having received some encouragement to take so extraordinary a step from those to whom he would naturally look for information about the state of opinion in England. If he really sent the despatch of January 20th with a peremptory purpose to force it upon the British Government, and if it was finally received by Lord Clarendon only because he had no right to reject it, then undoubtedly Louis Napoleon has himself only to thank for the very untoward course of the affair. But this despatch was not a direct communication from the Minister in Paris to the Minister in Downing-street. It was transmitted to M. de Persigny; and the order was that he should carry it to Lord Clarendon. It must, therefore, have reached the hands of Lord Clarendon at a personal interview. We should be curious to know what passed at that interview. Did M. de Persigny make his entrance in tragic heat, such as faithfully represented the choler of his official instructor at head-quarters? Did he by his energetic language sustain the despatch, and drive home its accusations upon England? And, again, did the Foreign Secretary's ears tingle upon receiving such a letter as had never before been addressed to the representative of his country, and did he take it into his hands with a dignified protest against its injustice and his own shame? One half of these queries we cannot answer, but the other half we can. It may or (we frankly admit) it may not be, that the Ambassador addressed himself to his disagreeable business in a tone of reluctance and of apology. It has often happened that the bearer of an important mission has, by his manner or his words, encouraged the recipient to a friendly remonstrance, and has given him to understand, by methods well understood, that he was himself not unwilling to remit the obnoxious paper to its author that it might be manipulated anew, or that it might be wholly withdrawn. It would not surprise us, if ever that ricketty and tumble-down old tenement in Downing-street, which we call the Foreign Office, were to deliver up the secrets that are, as it were, its dead, should we then find that such was the course of that necessarily remarkable and historic interview. We are, at any rate, led towards, if not to, this conclusion by the tone of Lord Clarendon and of his sub-agent Lord Cowley. In his marvellous speech of the 1st of March, Lord Clarendon gives us some account of the conversation. It does not at all appear from that speech, that the French Ambassador was particularly enamoured of the Walewski despatch; but it is made plain beyond dispute that

that that despatch, which asserted that British laws favoured assassination, was received by the Foreign Minister of England with the tranquillity, not of self-command, but of actual approval. For he tells us, indirectly indeed, yet most plainly, that the despatch as a whole was so moderate as to be really below what the occasion required. If, says Lord Clarendon, England and France changed places, if what has happened in each respectively had happened in the other, and if, 'five days after that murderous attempt, I had addressed to Lord Cowley such a despatch as the French Ambassador received from Count Walewski, I should have been considered by your Lordships and the other house of Parliament, and the whole country, as a very feeble exponent of the universal popular indignation' (p. 9).

Can it then be doubted that Lord Clarendon must have spoken in the same sense as he has here indicated to M. de Persigny, and must have paid compliments to the French Government on its moderation in being content to be so 'feeble an exponent of the universal popular indignation'? Nay, even the vote of the House of Commons, the downfall of the once favourite Ministry, and 'the universal popular indignation' awakened throughout England in a sense far other than that he dreamed of, did not avail to open the sealed eyes and restore the bewildered understanding; for on that same 1st of March he proceeded to state what was then still his opinion of the despatch of Count Walewski. He said it contained neither insult, menace, nor pressure towards the people of this country;* and while he thought that in some parts, which he read, a word or two might be omitted or altered with advantage, he exempted from all reprobation, and stamped with his direct and repeated sanction and concurrence,† the assertions that assassination, elevated to a doctrine, was preached openly among us, and that our English jurisprudence favoured the designs and the plans of murderers abroad.

Meanwhile, according to the precedent of Sheridan, while Lord Clarendon here was mad in white satin, his confidant at Paris, Lord Cowley, was mad in white linen. The decision of the House of Commons threw that nobleman into a state of the strongest excitement: and the censure they passed upon the Government was, according to a somewhat novel view (as we think) of diplomatic duty, followed by the censures which the British Ambassador passed upon them. He had temerity enough to extol as prudent, in his letter of the 20th of February, the very conduct which the Parliament and the country had just solemnly condemned. Now do we not hesitate to say, judging from the whole

* Speech, p. 12.

† Pp. 15, 16.

tone of that most unwarrantable despatch, coupled with the language of Lord Clarendon, that both must too plainly have been principals *ab initio* in misleading the Government of France with respect to the public opinion in England, and luring them on to the ill-advised and ill-omened measures which have not only overthrown ministers and ambassadors, but have agitated England from end to end, have brought upon the Government of Napoleon the public discredit of a most serious political miscarriage, and have given, for the time at least, a heavy wrench to the compact relations and reciprocal goodwill of the two States.

Thus, at the critical moment of the Walewski despatch, the conduct of the late ministry would appear to have been alike unfaithful to the people and Crown of England, and injurious to the Government of France. But it was not only at that particular point of time that they erred. Beforehand they had themselves laid the train for unsettling and disturbing the relations of the two countries : and after they had lured France onward into unwise demands, they took every measure that was calculated to insure their defeat. We proceed to the proof of these assertions.

The relations between England and France had even before the present controversy been subjected on several grave occasions to shocks sufficiently rude, from that unintelligible caprice, of which we presume that we must regard Lord Palmerston as the source, and Lord Clarendon as the instrument. Nothing could be worse than the manner in which the ministry were prepared for the very inception of any misunderstanding abroad. The habitudes of Christian Europe and the rules of the modern civilisation, if they do not extinguish the emotions of rivalry and antipathy as between different governments, at least repress them : and potentates with their advisers are often compelled to act upon principles more beneficial than they either know or feel, to mankind or to themselves. Positive and disinterested friendship, rare among public men, is rarer among States ; and yet the sense of decency has been raised to such a point, that those who represent States are fain to have peace and good will habitually on their tongue, and are obliged to confess themselves bound by corresponding obligations. Nay, more, if they are slow to yield one tittle of their respective interests, and too ready to imagine serious grounds of conflict where they do not exist, still they rarely go out of their way to seek utterly bootless occasions of quarrel. The consequence is, that, as the ant in summer lays up grain for the winter, so every State, as a general rule, has in her diplomatic sphere what is analogous to a surplus in finance, and lays up in ordinary seasons a stock of ostensible and available good will for critical times. Hence when accidental collisions arrive, through
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an exuberance of national feeling, or through some indiscretion of distant agents, or through those shocks of change which man can neither anticipate nor control, the parties may at least enter into their debate with no long bill on either side of slights received and grudges cherished, no ready-made stock of combustibles heaped up, which, encountering a spark of momentary anger, must break into a flame. Such is the general habit, which regulates the intercourse of modern and Christian States. But such was not the rule of the late ministry. On the contrary, that rule was more nearly inverted. No friendship seemed ever to be cherished but for the sake of an enmity; no enmity ever to be laid aside but in order to provoke or exasperate some other more popular or promising quarrel, of which the exigencies were such as to demand the whole energies of the Foreign Office, and of its inspiring genius at the head of the Government, to conduct with adequate asperity. For even in our ashes live their wonted fires; the spirits in Erebus burnished their arms, hunted or groomed their horses, as they had done on earth; and Lord Palmerston, defunct as Foreign Secretary, retained in his separate state those habits of thought and action, and still exhibited that incomprehensible compound of the vapouring and the cringing quality, which had been engendered by the long action of self-will in a mind incapable of profound convictions; which tried Lord Grey, which vexed Lord Melbourne, which, gathering strength with its inveteracy and with the diminution in relative weight of the head of the Government, defied Lord John Russell, and despised the decencies of loyalty to Lord John Russell's Royal Mistress; which philosophically slumbered in the Home Department during the two years of the administration of Lord Aberdeen, and which, arriving in triumph at the seat of power, found ready-made in Lord Clarendon a tool alike obsequious, pliant, and effective.

We have already reminded the reader of those scandalous concessions to the French Government, with regard to the Belgian press, which were made by Lord Clarendon, without the authority or knowledge of Parliament, at the Congress of Paris in 1856. The recent acts of subserviency capped the ministerial career in a manner suited to its earlier misdeed. And yet, strange to say, the same Government which could thus exhibit its readiness to sacrifice to France on one occasion the liberties of Belgium, and on another the laws and honour of England, yet at various times not only differed with France, and resisted its policy, but differed on grounds totally incomprehensible—differed in the teeth of the most obvious considerations of prudence, nay, even abandoned its own publicly-announced convictions, apparently for no other
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reason than in order to differ with and to thwart her. And although, on the questions to which we now refer, the Government of the Emperor appears to have behaved with self-command and moderation, yet we cannot but fear that the capricious follies, of which it was made the butt, must have been observed and remembered. And should the dark day ever come when these two great nations shall once again revive the colossal feuds of their forefathers, and should their Governments be driven to rake up the grievances they may at this or that time severally have endured, among them, we believe, will be found the ill-handled proceedings to which we are now about to refer. We shall advert to the facts, without attempting to explain them. Such a task is far beyond our skill. It still remains a curious and impenetrable dilemma of psychology as well as of politics to find out how it can have been possible for a British Minister so often to provoke despots, and yet so uniformly to damage liberty; to take his recreation only in friendships and alliances, and to make quarrels alone his business; to have the appetite for squabbling so deeply set in a nature otherwise noted for its want of depth, that when, by accidental necessity, he is at a truce with enemies, he must turn round and belabour his friends.

The earliest opportunities were chosen, after the peace of Paris, for the *délassement* of quarrelling with France. And early they were indeed: for in the very year of the treaty France had already joined with Russia in an official complaint of the breach of it by England. We cannot at this time enter on the details of the quarrels respecting the Isle of Serpents and the Bessarabian frontier. We could, however, too easily show that they were marked by the usual inauspicious features of precipitancy, vapouring, and ill-success; but a later and still open breach, with respect to the political settlement of the Principalities, demands more particular notice.

Strange as it may seem, there is nothing more difficult than to make a people understand the wrongs of another people. In 1853 the English nation at last comprehended that Russia had committed a wrong against Turkey, and a wrong against Europe, by the invasion of the Rouman or Danubian Principalities. The diplomatic evil was perceived; the European danger was felt; but the cruel practical and local mischief and oppression were never thought of. There was then, and there still prevails, in England a gross and Egyptian darkness of understanding on the subject of the Principalities. The schoolmaster, if indeed he be abroad, has not had time hitherto to touch upon it; and the press, with a very few honourable exceptions, has not found the topic one suited to the palate of an English reader at his breakfast-table,

table, where the labours of reflection ought not to be too largely imposed. And yet never was there a more touching, never a more telling, rarely has there existed a more momentous case.

There was a time when the westward movement of Mahometanism was progressively desolating the fairest provinces of the world with the most cruel wars that ever afflicted the human race. The seats of ancient civilisation and of subsisting empire fell, one by one, within the withering and strangling gripe of the Sultans. Europe thrilled from end to end with fear; and even amidst the deadly conflicts of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the Elizabethan age, when the greatest of all our Queens, and perhaps of all our Sovereigns, was in almost daily expectation of a crusade by the Powers in the Papal interest against her kingdom, still prayers were ordered to be offered, in the churches of England for the success of the empire against the Turk. At that dark time, when it was yet uncertain whether Germany would stay the deluge on the West, a race little known to history had already towards the North set up on behalf of Christendom their own breasts for an impenetrable barrier. That was the Rouman race, who inhabit the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. By their own good swords they secured for themselves terms which, on the light conditions of moderate tribute and the admission of a nominal superiority, secured the freedom and the Christianity of their country.

In later times the Principalities have had another part to play. Turkey, by becoming impotent, has become harmless for aggression. Even self-defence of her provinces properly so called has been found to lie beyond her power. By a strange turn of fortune and of policy, it has become the interest of Christendom to defend Islam on the North against a formidable Christian neighbour. Between Turkey and Russia lie Wallachia and Moldavia. Wallachia and Moldavia, free and progressive, having laws, liberties, and institutions, as well as traditions, to defend, and animated with a consciousness of political existence, would interpose a living obstacle to Russian ambition. Such an obstacle is in the long run the only one worth having. For the spirit of aggression never dies; while alliances by coercion, formed to restrain it, are mutable and precarious. By a great and famous combination, Russia has been both chastised and checked; but the main purpose of the check was to obtain time in which to organize the materials not of a temporary but of a permanent, not of an exotic but of an organic and self-acting resistance to her encroachments.

Hence it was that, with true wisdom, the improvement of the permanent condition of the Principalities (we exclude Servia throughout),

throughout) was made from the very first one of the principal objects of the war. It formed one of the famous Four Points of August, 1854. It occupied largely the attention of the European negotiators at Vienna in 1855, and at Paris in 1856. There was one grand object to gain: to give these important countries fair play, to expand their resources, and to consolidate their institutions. There were many rocks to avoid. Turkey, with an excusable but purblind selfishness, naturally thought that the best thing for them would be the blessing of an incorporation with that decrepit Empire, instead of a merely nominal subordination to Constantinople. Austria could not afford to have in the neighbourhood of Hungary a State flourishing under a free political organization, so that she has naturally enough fallen in with the views of Turkey. Russia had before her either of two games to be played. One was to renew the corrupt combination with Turkey against Roumanian liberties, trusting to her own skill and strength to obtain the lion's share of whatever might be filched or plundered from these cruelly misused provinces. The other was to become their champion, and trust to good-will as the basis of future influence. Happily there were three Powers concerned who had no selfish interests to serve; and their judgment in the matter was prompt, decided, and unanimous. Articles were inserted in the Treaty of Paris, which provided for an appeal to the people of the Principalities with respect to the future form of their internal organization, subject always to the preservation of the rights of Turkey, namely, the suzerainty (*not* sovereignty), and the tribute of, we believe, some 40,000*l.* a year. In opening the discussion on this part of the subject,* the French Plenipotentiary, who was also the President of the Congress, at once declared that the question of questions for the two Principalities was, whether they should be single or united; and he declared loudly for their union. Lord Clarendon followed Count Walewski, and, on the part of England, shared and supported (*partage et appuie*) the same opinion. Turkey replied, that the union was not desired by the inhabitants of the Principalities. Austria said the union should not be forced on them, but that after the elections, if it should prove to be desired by the two populations, then it might be granted. She had herself military possession of the country, and, in concert with Turkey, she was taking care to provide that the elections should be so managed as to exhibit no such desire. Sardinia sided unequivocally with France and England. Russia was prudently silent. She had not, with her compact organiza-

* Protocol, No. 6, 8th March, 1856.

tion, the same motives, as dislocated Austria, for dreading freedom on her frontiers ; but it was hardly to be supposed she could much desire an union which would be so hostile to her illegitimate influence upon the Principalities, and, above all, which would leave her effectively and not only in name separated from the provinces of Turkey proper.

Up to this point all was satisfactory : the outlines of a noble policy had been freely and boldly sketched. The Powers felt that they were now really busied about the objects of the war, and were finishing by policy what force had well begun. Austria and Turkey had spoken, Russia had been silent—each of the three for herself respectively : independent Europe was adequately represented by the consentient voices of France, England, and Sardinia. But then we had not yet obtained the inestimable boon of a better understanding with Austria. Nor had the time yet, we presume, arrived of those mysterious proceedings, whatever they may have been, connected with the relation of Austria to her Italian possessions, which have since formed the subject of smart debate in the House of Commons, and of the statesmanlike and effective letter of the historian Farini to Mr. Gladstone.

In the summer of 1857 the elections took place in the Principalities. It then appeared that the Wallachian divan would be all but unanimous in favour of the Union, but that the divan for Moldavia would, on the contrary, be hostile to it. At the same time it appeared that France, supported by Russia, Sardinia, and Prussia, was loudly denouncing the violence by which the Moldavian elections had been carried. By an outrageous act of usurpation, Turkey had put down the freedom of the press. Officers, appointed during the temporary régime under Austrian and Turkish influence, whose business it was simply to prevent the use of any interference whatever with the free will of the people, had, it was alleged, by the grossest use of intimidation, and even of violence, deterred the principal part of the electors from voting, and had succeeded in packing the divan. The publication, which is named fifth on the list at the head of this article, conclusively proved the charge by original documents. Many of these were quoted last year in Parliament, and, astounding as was their nature, their authenticity was not denied by the then Government. Yet, strange to say, it transpired that England was engaged in supporting these shameful transactions against the instances of France and Sardinia. She supported them in vain. The Elections were cancelled. The Divans met, and all but unanimously declared for the union. But the Ministry had wheeled about, and England was now an opponent of the measure. For the sake of Austria, Lords Palmerston and Clarendon were
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willing to falsify their own declarations, to doom about five millions of oppressed Christians to continue in their former state of weakness, and to have their territory still the miserable focus of those foreign intrigues which must ever entail internal misgovernment as their result. Nay, more yet, by allowing Russia—now a declared friend of the union—to figure as their protectress, this indescribable policy threw into the arms of the Czar those whom beyond all others we ought to keep in an attitude of jealousy as well as of independence towards him. There is no key within our knowledge, either to the infatuation or to the self-contradiction of this course of conduct except one. We pursued a course agreeable to Austria. In 1856 we were for the union; but then Austria said it might be granted if the Roumans should show that they wanted it. In 1857 we were against it; but then Austria, having failed in the elections, had been compelled to throw off the mask, and frankly declared it to be intolerable.

Lord Palmerston has been overthrown in 1858 for Gallicanism carried to a pitch at which it involved total blindness to his English duties. But his Gallicanism of 1858 is nothing to his Austrianism of 1857. Nor, if we are asked why Lord Palmerston is thus devotedly attached to Austria, can we suggest any other reason than the fact that he was so long her bitterest enemy.

This question of the Principalities is one of European importance; and in regard to it Lords Palmerston and Clarendon had not only opposed France, but had broken away from and reversed their own solemn declarations in order to oppose her. They have not been, as we trust they hereafter will be, called to justify in Parliament these as yet incomprehensible proceedings. They have not vouchsafed to the country any information upon the grounds and ends of their strange tergiversation. We might follow up this case by showing other instances which appear to have been grasped at with a kind of morbid avidity for the purpose of finding the means of a *bellum mixtum*, or diplomatic war with the French Government. Among these is the resistance which these noble Lords thought fit to offer to the formation of a canal for ships across the Isthmus of Suez. We have in a former Number* adverted to this question. We do not enter into the scientific or commercial merits of the scheme: but by these it ought to stand or fall. But to offer it a political opposition was a grievous error; and to found that opposition in part upon its being dangerous to British power in India was such a blunder as might have been taken almost to betoken aberration of intellect.

* Quart. Rev., No. CCIV., Art. III.

However, the plan, though approved by Europe, had the misfortune to be a French plan; the reference of Lord Palmerston to British power in India had obviously a French meaning; and it was then the cold fit, as it has been the hot fit since. That Ministry, which was but is not the organ of England, could only purchase the luxury of thwarting France almost up to the point of insult with impunity in one year, by being prepared with some astonishing subserviency, at the cost of the British people, to be tendered in the next by way of compensation.

But, unhappily, though it was well meant, this subserviency proved a far heavier injury to France, than the bullying and contrariant humour. On the late occasion the Ministers went on from one folly to another. They had utterly misconceived the temper of the people; they never took the pains to consider the gist and spirit of the laws. They had become the sponsors, if, indeed, they were not, through Lord Cowley, rather the parents, to Count Walewski's imputations; and they now hit upon a mode of meeting his demands which combined all possible faults into one cluster of deformity. It excited England to the uttermost, by a proposal which at the same time did not meet the real demand of France, nor consequently abridged her title to ask for new innovations. Again, the change proposed in the law proposed to alter what was good, while it left unchanged all that was questionable; and finally, as a crowning demerit, it had not the smallest tendency to check the specific evil at which it purported to be aimed. Thus the first fault of the now defunct Ministers was that they encouraged France in unjust accusations. Their second was that they admitted indeterminate demands. Their third was that they stung the best feelings of this country to the quick. Their fourth was that the measure they proposed, although it might seem for the moment, as all servility does, to gratify and tickle the self-complacency of those to whom it is a tribute, yet, being entirely beside the demand made, it did everything indeed to acknowledge, but nothing to satisfy that demand. The last in the long string of offences was that by deluding France they sorely wronged her, and that by provoking a new shock to the friendship of the two countries which they had before so unnecessarily strained, they inflicted an injury on both, and, indeed, on Europe at large. The only consolatory item in the whole case was, that all this mischief could be ascribed to no worse motive than blundering inadvertency. They could not mean deliberately to sacrifice the honour of their country; and they could scarcely avoid seeing that the project was likely to cost them the small remainder of their own popularity.

It remains, however, to make good such of our allegations as touch the merits of the now defunct Bill for altering the laws of conspiracy to murder.

It would appear that, after all, this ill-starred measure was founded simply on what is called the necessity of doing something. It was seen that a storm was rising beyond the Channel. A terrified Cabinet rushed hither and thither, looking for expedients. They encountered a snare which was disguised as a godsend. They pitched upon what they thought an anomaly in the British laws, and some wisacre suggested that they might felicitously offer as a measure at once of domestic law-reform and of foreign conciliation what, in truth, meant nothing but retrogression in the one department, and delusion together with dishonour in the other.

By the law of England conspiracy to murder is indictable as a misdemeanour. By the law of Ireland it constitutes a capital felony. The happy, the heaven-descended, idea of the measure was to split the difference. A little severity here, a little leniency there, and all parties would be pleased. So conspiracy to murder was to be subject to one law in England and in Ireland, and was to be a felony in both, but punishable with death in neither. To give dignity and weight to the proposal, it was introduced by the Prime Minister himself, who on this occasion commenced his exercises for a degree in laws. What he had to show in the first place was, that the Bill would do something to diminish the evil of conspiracies to murder. If this were proved, he could then justly urge that it would be both a boon to the Emperor of the French, and also an improvement in domestic legislation. But it was as plain that, if the proof failed on this point, the measure was delusive as regarded France, and retrogressive as regarded England. The argument offered by Lord Palmerston was simple—nay, it was even original. Augment the punishment, said the Liberal Premier, and it stands to reason that you diminish the frequency of the offence. Unfortunately, every British statesman for the last five-and-thirty years has been engaged in applying the precisely opposite doctrine; in seeking to diminish offences by mitigating penalty, and thus giving certainty to the operation of the law. On many subjects our political parties and our public men have differed; but all our political parties, and all our public men, have agreed that not only reason but experience proved the soundness of the maxims on which for the third part of a century our legislation has been based. Strangest of all, Lord Palmerston has himself been a member of the Governments of Lord Liverpool and of Lord Melbourne—the very Governments that most largely acted upon
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the principle which, in perfect ignorance of his subject, he thus oracularly reversed.

The country at once repudiated this doctrine of a Minister whom, as it then somewhat late discovered, it had pampered into satiety, and even into arrogance. The proposal was founded on reversal of its established maxims and on contempt of its prolonged experience. We were not only to change the law because a foreign Power desired it, but the change was one which the head of the Government could only justify by condemning in a lump all antecedent Ministers, and himself into the bargain. The Government of Sir Robert Peel had actually converted certain attempts upon the life of the Sovereign from felony, nay from treason, the highest of all felonies, into a 'high misdemeanour,' and this change in the law had been attended with perfect success. But the principle on which it had proceeded could not stand with the Bill, still less with the speech of Lord Palmerston. Nay, the argument by which alone he justified any part of his own Bill was directly fatal to one-half of it: for if it was really plain that offences are to be prevented by heightening the penalty on their commission, then by mitigating the penalty in Ireland the Ministerial measure gave a direct encouragement to the commission of the offence. In short, bad as was the origin of the Bill, and bad as were its provisions, the speech that introduced it was worst of all.

The old English common law of conspiracy to murder has been rarely put in use, as the need of that form of procedure has been little felt. Hence it happened, that scarcely any one seemed at the moment to have a ready-made opinion on its merits. But when the Bill set men thinking about it, they soon came to the conclusion that it was a very good law. In the first place, the common sense of the nation at once brushed away the sophistry which had sought to make out a case for compromise between the law of Ireland and that of England. The law in Ireland, which made conspiracy to murder a capital offence, was not the old law even of that country, but was passed towards the close of the last century to meet the pressing emergency of a state of society which we may happily pronounce altogether different from that which now subsists either in England or in Ireland. It was part of a system based upon coercion bills, and on suspension from time to time of constitutional liberty. Such a system might be justified by the special occasions which produced it, but with them it ought to pass away: and to catch hold of a miserable rag of it and try to make it an ingredient in the framing of a new and permanent, nay a reformed, law for the two countries, was as rational as if, upon the expiration of the last Irish

Irish Coercion Act, one moiety of its clauses, with a view to harmony and uniformity, had been incorporated into the laws of England.

But now what is this offence of conspiracy to murder? It is an offence commonly consisting in spoken words. This branch of law is, be it remembered, wholly distinct from the law of accessories to murder. The law of accessories presumes that a murder has taken place, and inquires who besides principals had a part in it. The law of conspiracy contemplates intention, and makes intention an offence independently of action, when it is proved to exist as a joint intention of two or more persons. It has therefore these two properties—that it resides in the mind, and that it must ordinarily be proved by words relating to a mental act which has not taken outward effect. How wide and how ill-defined a field do these considerations disclose! On the one hand, it becomes at once plain that the guilt of conspiracy to murder may rise very high. The intention may be ripe and fully proved, the words so clear and definite and the purpose so fixed, that only time and opportunity are wanting for the act, which is complete already as far as moral agency is concerned. But here the spirit of prudence whispers that law must not be hasty to attempt overtaking the whole domain of moral agency; but, as it must above all things look to the palpable and clear, must commonly be content to touch what is without, and leave what is within to the postponed but unerring judgment of our Maker. Again, we perceive that, as there might be a very high degree of guilt in this offence, so, on the other hand, the offence might be judicially proved with a degree of guilt either very low or very uncertain. Words of heat and rashness, words of irritation and revenge, exchanged between two persons perhaps suffering under some desperate wrong, perhaps accustomed to speak far in advance of their modes of action, perhaps as quick to forget resentment as to conceive it, might be construed into conspiracy to murder. The whole subject is, in fact, full of *construction*; that is to say, it is full of pitfalls. The meaning of the words spoken will be subject to a thousand shades of doubt, and there will not be available to clear those doubts any of the light cast by deeds upon ambiguous language. The memory and understanding of witnesses will, under such circumstances, be far more variable in trustworthiness than where they give evidence turning upon facts. But if this be a difficult question to try as between private persons, what is it as between private persons here and a sovereign abroad? The present Emperor of the French, when in England, levied war upon the then King of the French. Is conspiracy to levy war upon a sovereign conspiracy to murder him?

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The line that divides the two is, at certain points, one of extreme fineness. And again: a foreign sovereign thinks he is menaced by emigrants of his own nation in England. He naturally orders his police to send agents who may follow and watch them. These agents, in disguise, beset the steps of the emigrants; having no authority, they resort to guile; they endeavour to obtain the confidence of those whom they are watching; they assume the tone of revolutionists, to see whether they can draw sympathetic answers; and the sympathetic answer, from a man soured by exile and ill-fortune, to an artfully laid train of suggestions becomes a proof of conspiracy to murder. Thus the whole subject, in the case where the aim is at a foreign sovereign, becomes vague and slippery in the highest degree.

The spirit of English law has made the best provision for handling it, of which its nature admits. It is a vulgar misconception, though one shared and propagated by the late Prime Minister, which supposes that a misdemeanour means of necessity either a trivial offence, or an offence followed by trivial punishment. The word is, according to Blackstone, properly synonymous with crime. It is eminently elastic. It can shrink into a small compass, or it can cover a very large one. The technical designation is, therefore, admirably suited to the nature of the offence, which, without essentially changing its legal character, may run through a scale of endless degrees as to the pointedness and credibility of the evidence, as to the maturity and fixedness, or the crudity and slightness, of the intention; and again, in the political category, as to the affinity, on the one hand, to justifiable if not legal efforts, or, on the other, to assassination, with which the law must and ought to deal as murder.

The late Minister grievously misinformed the House of Commons when he stated that conspiracy to murder was treated by the English law only like conspiracy to do any other act, however trivial—for instance, to hiss an actor at a theatre. The distinction is broad and clear. To hiss the actor is legal; to conspire to do it is illegal. But in the case before us, not the conspiracy only but the act contemplated is illegal, and, from its illegality, the conspiring together to effect it takes a different and higher colour. Perhaps the Minister thought that, because both were misdemeanours, both would receive a somewhat similar amount of punishment. But while the penalty is limited in kind to imprisonment and fine, in degree it is as variable, as is the nature of the crime. The misdemeanant may be fined without any limit, except that the fine must not amount to forfeiture of all his goods, which is the distinguishing characteristic of felony. He may be imprisoned without any limit but the term

term of his natural life. It is true that even grave misdemeanours are rarely punished with more than one or two years of confinement. The sentence passed in Ireland on Mr. O'Connell, the idol of the Irish people, was imprisonment for twelve months, with a heavy fine. But the offence charged against him was conspiracy not to murder, nor even to levy war, which it was well known he did not mean to venture, but to intimidate the legislature by the parade of great numbers moving at his beck. If, however, severe sentences for misdemeanour are rare, it is because high offences in that category are rare; so that, not falling within the everyday experience of the profession, they sound strangely in legal ears. It appears that there is but one known case of conviction in England for conspiracy to murder. It occurred in the last century, and the sentence was to stand twice in the pillory, with seven years' imprisonment. This was an aggravated sentence for an aggravated case. But who is entitled to say that conspiracy to murder a friendly sovereign, with the risk of confusion in France and mischief even to England, would not be held by a jury and a judge to be a case yet more aggravated? Thus, then, it would seem that that our old, and, thank God! our still uninvaded, law of conspiracy to murder is a good and a sound law, with a wide range in penalty for a wide range in criminality, and with an ample space for judge and jury to exercise their common sense on the specialties of each case, which must fix its real place in the scale. This wise latitude attracts the confidence of the people, and, in such a manner, by giving certainty gives efficacy to law. But if we are to endeavour to lift into higher and more uniform and rigid categories offences of which many are below the stamp of guilt that they would denote, we at once render the law uncertain and ineffective. Whatever may be disputable among us, nothing can be more sure than that the national spirit will revolt against attempts to change good laws, of which the working has never been found defective, in the sense of enhanced severity; that the revulsion will be stronger where the object in view is to deal with political offences; that it will rise to its maximum when the change, bad in itself and aiming at an increase of power in governments over subjects, owes its origin, in form or in substance, to foreign suggestion; and finally, that in each and all of these points the spirit of the nation will be faithfully represented by its juries.

If, therefore, Lord Palmerston could have succeeded in his rash and impracticable attempt, what would have been the result? In the first place we should have found, as was promptly observed by the sagacity of Lord Lyndhurst, that we had done nothing to improve the means of detection, nothing

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to touch the point where the difficulty really lies. We should have supplied the council for prisoners with admirable opportunities for denunciation of a law of foreign manufacture; for pictures of legions of spies laying traps in private conversation for unwary refugees; for appeals to the sympathy of juries on behalf of freedom, almost extinct on the Continent, and now menaced in England itself; for sound argument upon the false juridical basis of the change. To give evidence in such cases would have become odious; honest witnesses would not have been forthcoming; the dirtiest class of agents would alone have appeared in the box; the law, discredited from its birth, would have become more and more lax in operation; the foreign government would with bitter disappointment, and with ample ground for it, have renewed its appeals. 'You have owned your debt, but not discharged it: we plead your promise, and we wait for its fulfilment.'

Now let us glance for a moment at the practical upshot of these proposals. In the view of Englishmen, the condition of a great part of the continental countries as to their political institutions is not such as to afford us any security for the permanent stability of their governments. Each country, which carries this impression of mutability, becomes for its neighbours not one country but several, as it is represented from time to time in its foreign relations by Empire, Royalty, or Republic. Each of these representative organs in turn is not only distinct from, but by the laws of its existence hostile to, the one that precedes and the one that follows it. Hence is imposed upon us a difficult duty. We are bound to be good friends with all in succession, though they are not friends but foes to one another. Our friendship with each must accordingly be regulated with care, or it may come to wear the aspect of hostility to those that have gone before, and to those that may come after. To alter the law of asylum at the instance of a Government which came uppermost by the strong hand, and which still holds by a contested title, is no slight matter.

In stating that the Imperial title is still contested, we mean neither to express an opinion adverse to that Government of France which has been among the most loyal of all its governments to ourselves, nor to deal with a matter of opinion at all, but to keep strictly within the borders of dry fact. But what we must see is this: that the process which has made a Government might also erect others on its ruins; and every rational Englishman, shrinking from the contemplation of the slippery questions of allegiance that such vicissitudes cannot fail to raise, must retire within himself ten times more (if possible) than ever determined that his own country shall do no act, direct

or indirect, palpable or constructive, great or small, which can by possibility make her a party to the strifes or the successions of contending occupants or claimants of power abroad. And the first consequence of the miserable legislation into which it has been attempted to drag us would have been, that England, instead of being simply the faithful ally of France, whether under a Napoleonist or any other dynasty, would herself have become a party to the internal divisions of France, and would have counted as a pillar of Napoleonism as against other *isms*. Our partisanship might indeed have proved a very doubtful benefit to those whom it would have been meant to favour; for if France cherishes the spirit of national independence that befits her history and her position, no ruler or dynasty can be recommended to her favour by the fact that it reckons influence from abroad among its domestic props. But, at any rate, its mischievous tendency to compromise the independence, dignity, and impartiality of England in relation to Continental Revolutions is most plain. And it will be for the statesmen of the present and any future Ministry to take good heed that, when they give countenance to the French alliance, they do not become parties to any policy which in France would degrade her alliance with England into a dynastic engine, and would substitute for the beneficial friendship of two great nations a jobbing partnership, by which the name and influence of the one Government should become available to sustain the credit of the other in the maintenance or consolidation of its internal position.

The career on which the Palmerston Ministry had proposed that we should embark would have led us to another result even less inviting than the former. We have already become the bolting-hutch, into which all foreign Governments think it convenient to discharge their unruly and impracticable material. The recent proposal went in effect to set up in our laws exceptional provisions for the control of the refugees whom we had thus involuntarily received. They were not indeed aimed at by name, but our laws were to be changed bodily on their account in a direction the very reverse of that which our established policy and our domestic experience would have dictated. Enactments which were really intended for them were not the better, but the worse, because, in order to mask the object, we were all included in their provisions. The real effect of proposing such a change, in deference to a demand so naked of the scantiest vesture of proof, was to promise much more than it performed. The silence of the Ministry on the night of the despatch of January 20, was an admission of its charges in the face of the world, an admission to which the world would justly have held us bound. The charges being admitted, we thereby took upon ourselves the responsibility

responsibility for the acts of the refugees; and the fulfilment of our engagement would of course have been rigorously exacted. Our laws must have been progressively enhanced in rigour, to meet the more and more desperate efforts of men who saw themselves more and more cut off from the hopes of any gradual or peaceful change to a system of free discussion and legal opposition. Our police must have become, in relation to the refugees, a branch from the head office at Paris.* To speak in plain terms, we must at length have stooped to be, for political crime, the great penal colony of Europe, doomed to receive whatever it might be found convenient to discharge upon us, and bound to keep in order for behoof of other states what they themselves could not manage to control in their own interest, on their own soil, and with their own unbounded prerogatives and powers.

Such were the necessary results of the anti-national policy of Lords Palmerston and Clarendon in its full development. England was to be alike partizan and tool in the internal quarrels of Continental States; she was to find a roomy political gaol to which they might at pleasure commit their offenders, and she was to enjoy in return the honourable office of turnkey for life.

But from the deplorable predicament at which we were so near arriving, the folly of rulers has been saved by the energy and determination of the ruled. And even now, in looking back, there are other topics of surprise. It is, however, matter for special wonder that among all possible courses the Government should have contrived to hit upon the very worst. There were, and there are, some points fairly open to doubt about the state of the law. Though the law of conspiracy, which they attacked, be sound, yet the law of accessories, which they let alone, may require either to be amended or to be cleared; for the sound principle manifestly is, that domiciled aliens ought to be treated, for the purposes of criminal law, as British subjects, so far as the rights of their own Government over them, and as the law of nations, will permit. The right of asylum means a right to remain here and obey the laws, but conveys no title to an exceptional system of favour or an exemption from the obligations of the native-born citizen.

The law of accessories to murder is regulated by the statute 9 Geo. IV., c. 31. The seventh section of the Act provides in the following words for the case of a murder committed abroad by a British subject:—

‘And be it enacted, that if any of his Majesty’s subjects shall be charged in England with any murder or manslaughter, or with being accessory before the fact to any murder, or after the fact to any murder or manslaughter, the same being respectively committed on land out of the United Kingdom, whether within the King’s dominions

or without, it shall be lawful for any justice of the peace of the county or place where the person so charged shall be, to take cognisance of the offence so charged, and to proceed therein as if the same had been committed within the limits of his ordinary jurisdiction.'

Thus, if a British subject conspires to commit murder abroad, he may be tried as an accessory; and it is much better so to try him than as a mere intender of murder, because it shifts the case from slippery to solid ground, and the proof will turn in all likelihood on matters of fact. But various doubts have been raised upon the language of the statute. Can an alien be held for penal purposes a subject of her Majesty? Is the 'any murder or manslaughter' of the indictment, to which the party is to be charged as accessory, limited by the language to be a murder or a manslaughter committed abroad *by a British subject*? or, more at large, is the wilful and predeterminate destruction of life without cause in a foreign country murder in any case where it has not been expressly made so by English law, inasmuch as it is not triable in the courts, and is unknown to them as an offence?

According to the doctrine of Sir Richard Bethell, a murder committed abroad by an alien is no legal murder, and can have none of the consequences of murder in English courts by the general rules of law; so that a conspiracy to commit a murder abroad by the hands of aliens is, in his view, no offence at law. We pass lightly by opinions so startling, though proceeding from so eminent a personage. The Ministry whom Sir R. Bethell so energetically served were in difficulty; and strange, indeed, would be the case in which his self-deceiving subtlety could fail to invent some way of escape for his friends. It is perhaps enough for us to remind the reader that the high legal authorities of the House of Lords at once and unanimously put down the inventions of the Attorney-General, and that they justified their breach of parliamentary rule by the grave importance of preventing refugees from being misled into crime with an expectation of impunity resting on the public declaration of the first law officer of the crown.

Of the doubts raised on the Act of the 9th Geo. IV. we do not presume to speak; but it is plain that if an alien be not in the case supposed a British subject in the view of law, or if the other doubts be well founded, then an alien does enjoy in this country a licence to commit crime, which ought, beyond all question, to be taken away from him. Now it seems hardly possible to conceive the infatuation which could have drawn away the attention of a Cabinet from this really weak or obscure place in our law to a most unwarrantable innovation. Here, the Ministers would have addressed themselves to a *bonâ fide* uncertainty:

uncertainty: in the department they selected all was clear. Here they would have dealt with aliens *ex professo*; there they proposed, for the rare and singular case of a conspiracy to murder abroad, to alter the rights and liabilities under the criminal law of every Englishman for every act charged in England.

But the avenger was at hand. On the 7th of February the Bill was born. On the 20th the Cabinet was dead. It must not be supposed that Mr. Gibson, the minister of justice on this memorable occasion, laid hold on a chance flaw in a procedure generally sound. The whole course of conduct was condemned alike by the House of Commons and the country. It is not too much to say that Europe at large applauded the vote by which Lord Palmerston fell from the giddy summit of power. It was felt that a great stroke had been struck, and that in an evil day, for freedom, for justice, and for national honour and independence. Sardinia took courage; Switzerland breathed again; old England was true to them and to herself. The night was indeed dark, but the lamp of Europe was not put out; it shone enough, if not to illuminate the atmosphere, yet to point the way. Secret murmurs and alarms, which had been largely used by the partisans of the Minister for the purpose of influencing votes, were heard no more. The conspirators of the far-famed China vote of March, 1857, had met again in the same lobby. Mr. Bright and Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Roebuck, and the friends of Sir Robert Peel, once more rubbed shoulders together. The Parthian drank of Arar, and the German of the Tigris. They had met for the same reasons, with the same results; but they were now, as Lord Derby has observed, conspirators no longer—they were patriots. Members of the late Government itself confessed, to their honour, that the vote was a good and a right vote. Nay, in France a sentiment seems to have prevailed that England had acted worthily of herself; that she, France, would under the same circumstances have done the same; that her ancient foe was really all the fitter to be a friend for having shown that she could not forget her duties in her fears; and that those who respect themselves are, after all, the most likely, as they are the most deeply bounden, to respect others.

Though without the least pretension to completeness either in the political or in the legal picture of the case, we have not scrupled to detain the reader upon it from a deep conviction that as long as the sea washes our shores, or as the white cliffs present their bold front to the stranger, so long these scenes, these events will be remembered among us. For they involve the deepest of all earthly interests; they touch the springs of patriotism at their root; they concern the question in what spirit the minds of men are to be reared, on what traditions they are to be fed, in what mould the character of England shall be cast.

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The curtain has again been drawn up. New actors are upon the stage, having at least this title to favourable notice, that they have been involuntarily, if not reluctantly, summoned to the arduous duties of national representation. It will probably also be admitted, by many who are not their habitual partisans, that they may fairly lodge another claim. They succeeded to a great national dilemma, as yet unsolved, and to a generally embarrassed state of foreign relations. At home an empty Exchequer stared, and as yet stares, them in the face: the Government of Lord Palmerston had earned popularity last year by parting prospectively with *their* money; and it has left them to settle the account and provide for the public service. The domestic history of the late Ministry (we omit some painful features of a more personal character) will be chiefly memorable for profusion in the public expenditure, carelessness as to the means of providing for it, relaxation in all the rules of public administration, and an unlimited multitude of legislative abortions. Indeed its few achievements in legislation have been chiefly such as to make the country thankful for the failures as the lesser evil. The present Finance Minister has lately informed the House of Commons that he cannot estimate the charge of compensations under the Court of Probate Act passed last year at less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds *per annum*. At this modest price it is that the nominal testamentary powers of the Episcopal body have been extinguished, a vast body of well-paid and contented officers compulsorily turned out to enjoy salaries and do nothing in return, and new and valuable offices created to feed and occupy another set of functionaries, who may some day get compensated and sent out to feed on the fat pastures of idleness, in their turn, should Parliament, at any time, think fit to reinstate what Mr. Bright has well declared to have been the very worst Government of our time. What titles Lord Derby may make, in the regions of legislation and administration, to public gratitude, remains yet to be seen; but he starts with infinite advantage in the power of establishing, at small cost, a favourable contrast with his predecessors. His opening address to the House of Lords produced a favourable impression. It carried, at least, the conviction that we were now governed by a man of conscientious earnestness as well as of brilliant powers. In foreign affairs already and at once we have derived immense benefits from the change of Ministry. The liberation of Mr. Hodge in Piedmont, and of Watt and Park in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, has probably been due to this cause. The Conspiracy to Murder Bill has been definitively abandoned, and this, we hope, in some mode well studied with reference to the susceptibilities of France, which, we must never forget, has received great injury from the follies and

and the blindness of the late Government. M. Bernard has been put fairly on his trial, both for conspiracy to murder and likewise, under a separate charge, as an accessory to murder before the fact. The public may probably have learned, before this article appears, what the law really is. They will learn it, in the most authentic form, from the verdict of a jury, directed by judges of unsurpassed integrity and ability, and aided by the keen discussions of a bar which does honour to the country. Parliament will then know its ground, and will be in a condition either to maintain with firmness a law of evident sufficiency, or, without indignity, to apply a remedy to proved defects. Other legal proceedings are in progress against persons who are charged, as publishers or authors, with having elevated assassination into a doctrine. On the prudence of these proceedings we reserve our judgment until we are more fully informed; but, whether they be expedient or otherwise, at least there is nothing dishonourable in submitting the character of a publication to the verdict of a jury. Much, too, may depend, in such a case, on the wish of the French Government, if such there were, that the law should be appealed to. And we must not forget how Lord Clarendon* has told us that the charges of Count Walewski could not be contradicted, because they were true: that assassination *was* elevated into a doctrine and *was* preached openly among us; though he strangely asserted, in the same breath, that in no one of the cases could evidence be had which it would be prudent to submit to a jury; and, more strangely still, appeared as an author of a measure which tended to make evidence not more accessible and efficient, but, on the contrary, more difficult to obtain, and less likely, when obtained, to prevail. But, whatever be the issue of these trials, we cannot admit by the remotest implication that British tolerance is responsible for the evils which they disclose.

The truth is, the complaint is not against England alone, nor against Switzerland alone. It is now most audible against them. In 1855, when the same state of facts existed, it was against Belgium; and England, with Sardinia, was among the parties complained to; now Sardinia is, with England, among the parties complained of. All are bad—all are the harbourers, all are the nurses of assassins. That is to say, the refugee naturally longs to return to his country; the end is justifiable; in the choice of means some wicked and many exasperated spirits may grievously go wrong. But what is the cause? Is it something peculiar to the French refugee as distinguished from other refugees? Or is it something that belongs to the French Govern-

* Speech, pp. 15, 16.

ment as distinguished from the neighbouring Governments? England, Switzerland, Belgium, and Sardinia are pestered with refugees from France. France is not pestered with refugees from England, Switzerland, Belgium, or Sardinia. When France sends wine to England, and England sends no wine to France, we conclude that the French soil and climate are adapted to the production of the commodity. Should not the Emperor and his advisers consider whether it is not in some degree the political soil and climate of the present French institutions, that are adapted to the growth of refugeeism; whether they can cherish the tree and renounce the fruit; whether they can strain the bow and complain of the recoil. When their laws generate a public nuisance the indictment should not be brought by those whose acts have mainly produced it, and against those who only deplore its production; who have no means, no power to extinguish the evil; nay, whose firm belief it is that asylum affords the only practicable, though insufficient mitigation to it, by opening these shores to afflicted humanity, and thus averting far more terrific outbursts of volcanic violence.

NOTE ON ART. V., No. 205.

A pamphlet has been recently published, entitled 'Correspondence relating to Cuddesdon Theological College, in answer to the Charges of the Rev. C. P. Golightly and the Report of the Commissioners thereon.' These charges of Mr. Golightly were founded upon some statements in our last Number, and we refer those interested in the discussion to the pamphlet published by the Principal of Cuddesdon, and to the other letters which have appeared on the subject; but as our assertions have been supposed to imply a belief that Roman Catholic doctrines were favoured at the College, it is necessary we should state that no such suspicion entered our minds. The questions were purely questions of ritual, upon which there is, and always has been, great difference of opinion within the English Church; and though we retain the same sentiments that we expressed in the Article, we entirely acquit the authorities of entertaining any ulterior or covert designs.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE ON THE 'PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE.'

Since our Article was printed, a new and by no means insignificant boon has been conferred upon agriculture by Mr. Rarey's admirable process of taming the horse,—many valuable farming horses being rendered nearly worthless by an unmanageable disposition. But we refer to the subject here for the sake of its more general bearings, and to testify that his plan is one of uncommon merit and is founded upon a deep study of the character of the horse. His method is not more remarkable for its success than its humanity, and we feel that we are doing a public service in recommending a system which must prove of such immense benefit to both man and horse.

